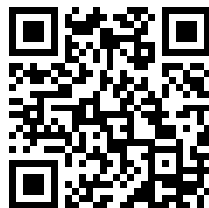
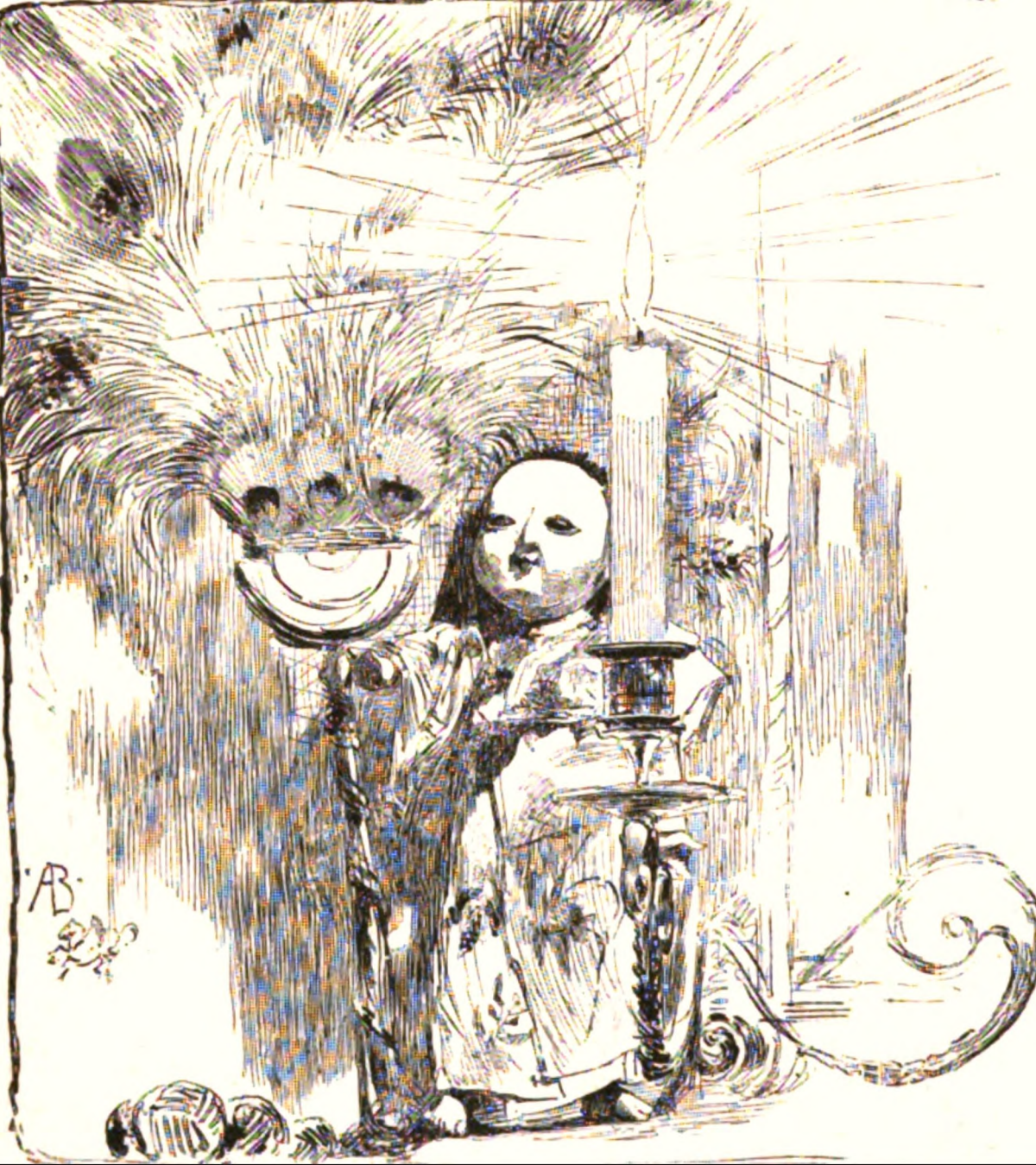

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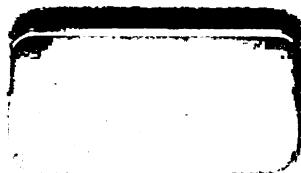
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Our little ones and the nursery



OUR LITTLE ONES

AND

THE NURSERY:

ILLUSTRATED STORIES AND POEMS

FOR

LITTLE PEOPLE.

WILLIAM T. ADAMS

(OLIVER OPTIC),

Editor.

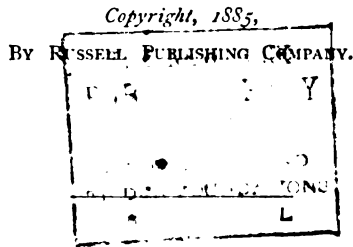


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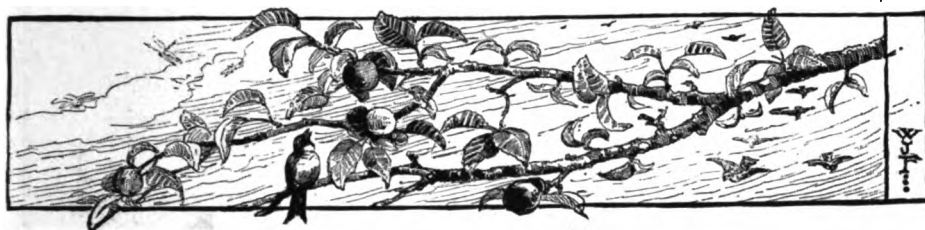
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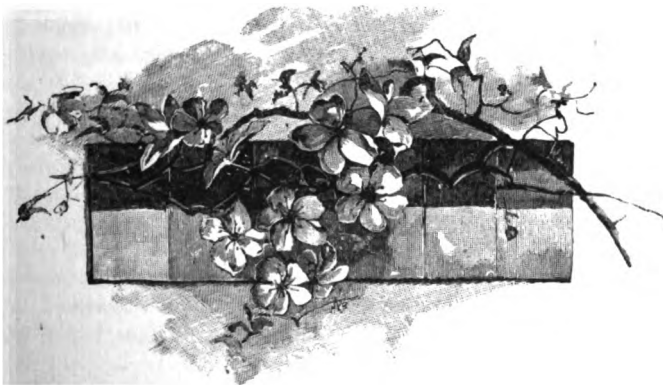
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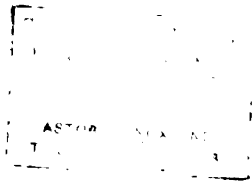
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VOL. V.

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No. 1.

WHAT THEN, BABY?

WHEN the golden sun goes down.

What then? What then, baby?

Little birdies hide away,

All the wee lambs homeward stray;

To its lily-home the bee

Hums across the dewy lea;

Baby's eyelids downward creep,—

Baby's last to go to sleep!

Do you know that, baby?

When the sun peeps up at morn,

What then? What then, baby?

Little birdies wake and sing,

All the wee lambs baa and spring.

Cow-bells tinkle o'er the lea;

From the lily hums the bee;

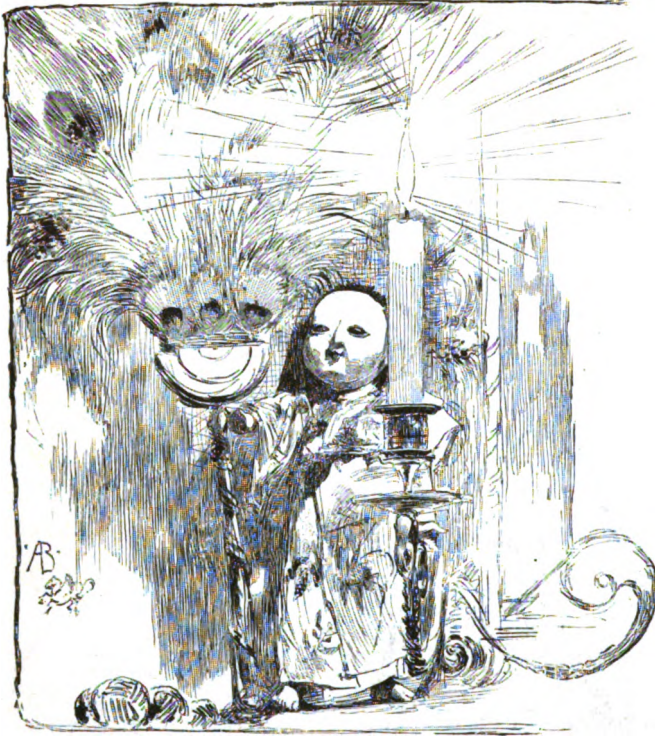
But, to softly coo and call,

Baby wakes the first of all!

Do you know that, baby?

GEORGE COOPER.

THE FALL OF GREAT CHUNG KEE.



THE Artist had named him Chung Kee. He was a little, still-life Chinese model, with looking-glass eyes, and a scarlet mouth, nicely tucked in at the corners.

There were many rich, beautiful draperies, curious vases, swinging lamps, soft rugs, and I don't know what all, in the Artist's studio, but Chung Kee was considered by

far the most perfect thing there.

He must have been a mandarin, or something, in his native country, he wore such a splendid buff paper robe, shot all over with crimson poppies and olive leaves.

Chung Kee was conscious of his high calling, and all day long there hovered about his lips a completely self-satisfied smile. The Artist had made what he called "an arrangement" out of him; that is, he had stood him on a mantel-piece covered with blue velour in front of an old yellow sampler in the shade of a peacock fan. The Artist then painted a full-length portrait of Chung Kee in this position, which he sent to the Academy, and which was decorated with the small salmon-colored ticket—*Sold*, the first day of the exhibition.

But Chung Kee was destined to have a rival. One morning a little live model walked into the studio. It was a nice, cool, shady place to come to on such a hot June day. When the Artist tied the

strings of a big, white frilled night-cap under her chin, and posed her in a funny big oak chair, the little live model rather liked it.

At first Chung Kee gazed down serenely from his velour mantel-piece at all this. When the little live model, beginning to grow



restless, was treated by the Artist to Boston-chips and marsh-mallow drops, his parchment whistle burned with jealousy.

"He never offered them to me, and I have posed by the hour," Chung Kee thought bitterly. "I could not have eaten them if he had."

Things were growing worse and worse. The next day the little live model came again. As she did not have pretty hair, the Artist, in the meantime, had painted in, with his clever brush, a profusion of lovely golden curls.

The little live model walked straight to the big chair, tied on the night-cap and sat down. When it was time to rest she looked over the Artist's shoulder at the picture.

"That isn't me," she said, tossing her head; "my hair is berrerr enn that!" And she pulled off the night-cap to show her back hair, which was about an inch long. Chung Kee's looking-glass eyes sparkled with cruel pleasure.

The Artist, while glancing about to find something to amuse the little live model, met



those same envious looking-glass eyes. He went to the mantel and, taking Chung Kee down, carried him over to show to her. For a moment the two models were face to face, then suddenly the little live model caught him in her sticky fingers and threw him on the floor.

It was a naughty thing to do, and it broke Chung Kee's parchment whistle. When they lifted him up there was a sticky stain on his chin. It would not wash out. When they stood him on the blue velour mantel, under the peacock fan, his head hung down and they could not persuade him to lift it.

WILLIAM THEODORE PETERS.



FRISK AND FANNY.

FOR a long time a red squirrel made his home in our stable. He was an active little fellow, and we all loved to see him frisk about. He would perch on a box or barrel, and watch us with a saucy kind of look. He would let us get almost near enough to touch him, and then dart quickly away to some hiding-place.

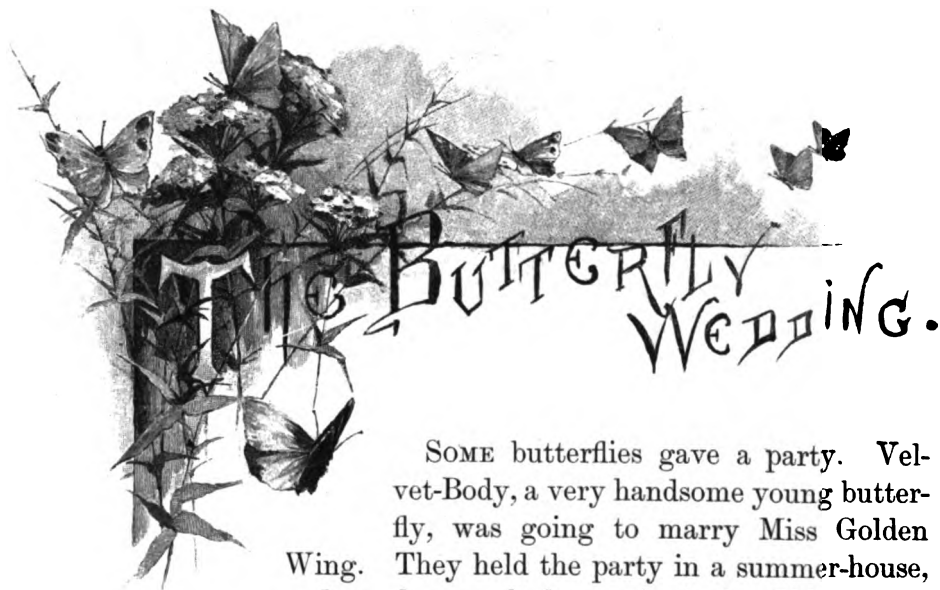
Our little girl named him Frisk. Frisk seemed to think that his best friend about the place was Fanny, our gentle old horse. He had no fear of her, and would eat grain from her stall every day. He got so that he knew when it was time for her to be fed. He would come out as soon as her feed was brought, and eat with her. I often watched them, from a distance, and could not help thinking that Fanny liked to have the squirrel with her.

One time, when I went to the stable, I found the squirrel sitting on Fanny's back, as though waiting for a ride. I called my little girl to enjoy the sight with me; but as soon as Frisk saw us he jumped lightly down, and ran away.

Soon after this we missed our squirrel from the stable, and have

never seen him since. I do not know what became of him. I think he must have got killed; for I do not believe he would have left us of his own accord.

H. L. CHARLES.



SOME butterflies gave a party. Velvet-Body, a very handsome young butterfly, was going to marry Miss Golden Wing. They held the party in a summer-house, and nearly everybody was invited. Old Mr. and Mrs. Butterfly were nearly a month getting ready, sending out the invitations, laying in the good things to eat, and so on. Robin Redbreast said that he would pipe for them all to dance by. Bumblebee stood guard at the door. The cut worm wanted to come; but the Butterfly family all said No, and when they were told that they were worms themselves once, got very red in the face, and only said, "We've got up in the world since then." They served milk and honey in bluebells turned upside down, and some very nice fresh dew-drops flavored with violets. A military-looking butterfly gave the bride away, and as she danced the first set with her new husband she showed off her rose-leaf fan and little slipper of dwarf-pear blossom. The bride wanted to have strawberries; but it was too early in the season. Miss Jenny Wren sang a pretty love-song. There was cider handed in little pink shells and made of apple-blossoms. The



carpet was of lovely moss. The pale moonlight was very becoming to all the ladies, and every one seemed happy. After the moon went down the gentlemen saw the ladies all to their homes, using lightning-bugs as lanterns. Old Mrs. Butterfly swept the crumbs all up and set the summer-house to rights, and pretty soon all was still as a mouse.

R. W. LOWRIE.



TWILIGHT FANCIES.



LITTLE one, here in the
twilight,
Nestled against my heart,
With wondering eyes up-
lifted,
And questioning lips
apart,
Surely a sweeter wisdom
Than old philosophers
teach,
Lies in the childish fancies
Dropped from your silver
speech.

“I see a beautiful angel,
With wings, and a shining
dress ;
He's flying away from the
sundown
To light up the stars, I
guess :
The robin up in the tree-top
Is trying to sing his
prayer ;
If I should sing, ‘ Now I lay
me,’
Do you think that the
Lord would care ?

“If I were away up yonder,
Close by that twinkling star,
Do you think you could see me, mamma.
And I could see you, so far ?

If no one has been to heaven,
 I don't see how they can tell;
 But little girls might get lonesome,
 Who don't know God very well.

..Just see how the stars are winking,
 And the moon is nodding her head;
 At night, when there's nobody looking,
 Does she creep in a cloud to bed?
 Now sing me about the mother
 Shaking the dreamland tree,
 I'll open my eyes and tell you
 If a little dream falls for me."

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

KIND-HEARTED MAJOR.



UR neighbor Major is a very kind dog. You have read how he once carried a hungry kitten, in his mouth, to the farm-house where the family bought their milk. Since then he has shown his good heart in another way.

Major is a large dog. You might suppose that he would be fond of teasing other dogs. Some great boys like to vex, and sometimes hurt, smaller boys. But Major has no such fault.

A little while ago there came to the house a poor, lean, hungry stranger. It was a dog who had lost his master and had no home. When he saw Major he stopped and looked frightened. But Major bade him welcome in dog language, and seemed to pity him.

The stranger looked so forlorn that the family let him remain and rest. He was fed and washed, and permitted to sleep by the kitchen

fire. He stayed at the house a few days, and then began to look strong and happy.

One day Major's mistress said: "Now that dog is well again, he must go away. It is time that he went to his own master."



So she took the broom, and made a motion with it, to drive the stranger from the kitchen.

And what do you think Major said to that? Why, nothing in words! But he walked up to the poor dog, and put one arm gently over his neck. Then he looked at his mistress severely, as if to say, "If he goes, I go too."

The poor dog was permitted to stay till his master came for him.

KHAM.



THE BURDOCK BOUQUET.



"Poor little Johnnie!" Miss Bird said when she first saw him. Go with her down the narrow, dirty alley, and up the three steep flights of stairs into a low garret. If you had seen the thin, pale child on the bed, where he had lain ever since the day he fell downstairs and hurt his back, I am sure you would have said, "Poor little Johnnie!"

Miss Bird was one of the ladies of the Flower Mission. Every week

she used to take a basket full of flowers down to this alley, and leave them in the poor homes where so many little children lived. Before she came they had never seen a flower.

Johnnie was always so glad to see her, and have some one to talk with him. And the flowers she brought him! You cannot think how he enjoyed them, unless you have lain day after day with nothing to amuse you.

One day she brought him something better than flowers. He did not think so, at first, when she laid a large bunch of burdocks on the bed. When she sat down and began to pick off the burrs and make them into men and women, Johnnie clapped his hands with glee.

Miss Bird showed him how to make baskets, and chairs, and tables,

and many other things. For days he amused himself with these burrs. Sometimes he made them all into people. After playing with them until he was tired he would pull them to pieces, and make a town with houses and trees.

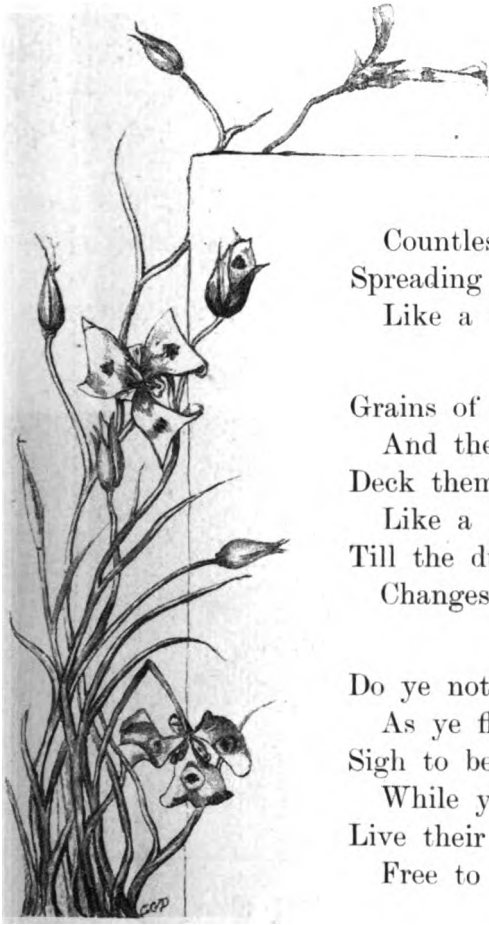
Once he played menagerie. The animals looked a good deal alike ; but Johnnie thought them very nice. At last the burrs were so worn out they would stick together no longer, and Johnnie's mother threw them away.

I wish the little boy who slipped the burdocks into the basket of flowers his mother sent to the mission rooms, could know how much Johnnie enjoyed them.

HELENA MAYNARD.



THE MARIPOSAS.



NODDING on the sunny hill-
sides,
Smiling to the cloudless
skies,
Making bright the barren
places.

Countless mariposas rise,
Spreading out their tinted petals
Like a troop of butterflies.

Grains of gold are in their rootlets,
And they draw them to the sun;
Deck themselves in shining armor
Like a king upon his throne;
Till the dull old world about them
Changes to a fairy one.

Do ye not, O mariposas!
As ye flaunt and glitter there,
Sigh to be in chains and captive
While your brethren of the air
Live their little day in freedom
Free to wander everywhere?

Nay, I need not ask the question!
You, at least, are all content,
Glad to live where God has placed you,
Glad to be what God has meant,
Glad to brighten all about you,
Glad to fade when life is spent.

CLARA G. DOLLIVER.



“LOOK HERE, STUPID!”

A LADY had a parrot, which, among other words, picked up the above. This sentence the bird probably learnt from hearing the housemaid scold a girl for neglect in dusting. So Poll would often surprise visitors by bursting out with “Look here, stupid!”

Poll was often allowed to go about the room out of her cage. One day, when the lady was away from home, the servants left the front door open, and Poll, being out of her cage, flew away from the house, and could not be found. All gave her up for lost.

Towards the end of summer, when the nights began to get cool, the lady was walking in some pleasure-grounds under a grove of trees close by. All at once she heard the voice of the parrot with the well-known words, "Look here, stupid!"

"Polly! Polly! Pretty Polly!" said the lady. "Come and have a bit of sugar! Come, Polly!"

Polly flew down, and was soon safe in the lady's hands. Polly had plenty of sugar when she was safe again in her cage.

T. CRAMPTON.

GOOSE-GIRLS.



Among all the happy-hearted "goose-girls" of Pierré-fitte, in France, none was so much beloved as Aimée Guardillé.

None was so tidy, or had so sweet a smile. She was ready with a kind word for every one. No one was more industrious with her

needle than this little French maiden. She was "the very eye and soul" of her feeble old Aunt Jeanette. Long before the break of day Aimée's busy hands had made ready her own breakfast and lunch, for at dawn she must be gathering into one band the ten flocks of geese under her charge. Yet Aunt Jeanette was not forgotten. When, some hours later, she rose in her feebleness, she was sure to find food and drink ready to her hand; and that too for all day; and her knitting in her basket near by.

Several young girls usually go out together, each driving the flocks committed to her care. This is their summer's business. They leave town before dawn, and lead to cheerful meadows and grass-bordered by-ways, their strutting, cackling broods. As geese seem to have no sense of order the "Goose-girls" must watch the feathered travellers well. They *will* stretch out their long necks, and often delay their march, or cackle furiously at any passer-by.

These French "Goose-girls" receive a few cents for each day's work. They take with them their sewing, and many lovely strips of embroidery come from the hands of these busy children of the fields and woods.

Near Mecklenberg, in Germany, one may see upon the heaths and commons numerous flocks of geese tended by young girls. The great birds are well fed and constantly watched, lest any harm should come to them. For much depends upon their perfect condition, for the Continent is largely supplied by them with quills. In the country round about the places where these geese are raised a great delicacy is prepared, called "Goose-breasts." That part of the bird is smoked and cured like bacon. The natives think no dainty can surpass it.

FRANCIS P. CHAPLIN.



A TRUE COON STORY.



WILLIE lay on the floor crying.

Nothing special was the matter; he had only been having his afternoon nap, and he had waked up cross, as three-year-old boys often do. He would be all right when he was awake enough. Nobody paid much attention to his crying a little at such times; they were all used to it.

The door opened, and some one came in. Something soft was put on the floor by his side, and then his father spoke: "Look there! Willie."

Willie stopped crying, and looked up. Something stood there on the floor looking at him,—a little coon! Willie thought it was a kitten, and said, "Kitty!"

"No," said his father, "Coony."

"Coony!" said Willie, and from that time that was the new pet's name, which he learned to know as well as you do yours.

Willie's father took him on his knee, and told him where he found Coony. He was coming home through the woods, when he saw a



coon come out of a hollow tree a little way off. He hurried to the tree, and reached into the hole (I wonder he was not afraid of snakes), and there were two baby coons, just big enough to walk. So he brought one home to Willie.

How pleased Willie was with his pet, for he had no kitten! His little dog had been bitten by a rattlesnake, and died not long before. Coony seemed pleased with his new home, and ate milk like a kitten. He looked a good deal like a kitten, too, except that his tail was striped in regular rings of brown and black. He became greatly attached to Willie, and followed him around all summer. Wherever Willie was, out in the middle of the road making dirt-pies, in the garden pulling off the flowers before they were fairly budded, or down at the dangerous mill where he wasn't allowed to go at all, Coony was close at his heels. If at any time his pet was missing, Willie's call, "Coony! Coony!" would bring him very quickly.

One day in the fall, when the flies were very troublesome, Willie was taking his nap, and his mother set her plate of fly-paper down on the floor, that the flies might have a better chance at it. It wouldn't do to try that when Willie was awake, of course.

She never thought of Coony, and the first she knew he had lapped all the water off the fly-paper!

Poor little fellow! It was poison, and very soon he was sick enough, and before Willie awoke, Coony was dead!

Willie woke up quite happy, and soon called for Coony. Then his mother had to tell him what had happened.

Poor Willie! He just laid down on the floor and cried, and I do not blame him either.

So we leave him where we found him.

Lying on the floor and crying!

M. C. W. B.





By
Margaret
Johnson.

"S
O
ne,
Two,
Buckle
My Shoe."

MILE on me, Baby, my sweet,
As I kneel humbly here at your feet.
My Prince, with no crown for your head,
But your own sunny tresses instead.
And your lips and your eyes gravely sweet,
Smile down on me here at your feet,
Little one.

For your Majesty's favor I sue,
As I tie on this troublesome shoe.
For a touch of your fair finger-tips,
And a kiss from your bonny red lips,
The hardest of tasks I would do;
As I kneel here to tie on your shoe,
In the sun.

What monarch beholds at his feet
A slave so devoted, my sweet,
As you with your foot on my neck,
As you, with my heart at your beck,
As you with your eyes gravely sweet
Looking down on me here at your feet,
In the sun.

Two kisses, my Baby, just two,
For tying the troublesome shoe.
Lean down to me, dear, from your throne,
Put both the small hands in my own,
And kiss me sweet kisses—one, two,
For tying the dainty wee shoe,
Little one!

MARGARET JOHNSON.





ABOUT JAPAN.

MY DEAR ZAY:—This is a little girl coming from school. She has a paper umbrella to shade her head from the sun. She is barefooted. Do you see her shoes? See how they are fastened to the foot.

How would you like to wear shoes like that? That white thing in her hand is her copy-book. She writes her lessons in the book. Funny letters they are. They would be hard for you to learn. The Japanese have good schools, and all children go to them. They do not keep as quiet as you do in your "Kindergarten." They all recite

together, and when they study, they do so aloud, so that a school is a very noisy place.

See, the little girl smiles at you. She thinks you look very funny in your queer dress. Not at all like her. She thinks your hair is too light, and not at all pretty.

What do you think about it? How do you like her umbrella? Would you like to have one as large as hers?

I think this is a good little girl, and when she gets home will take the baby out for a walk. There always is a baby at home, you know,



just like the Jap dolly, or Yukisan, I sent you last summer. She looks like her exactly. The older one always has to take care of the next younger, carry it around and amuse it, as this picture shows. These two little girls are not so well dressed. They are poor children, and run about on the streets. Both have babies on their backs. One baby is asleep, the other has a plaything in its hand. Notice how the girls are dressed. One wears wooden shoes.

Though the streets swarm with children, there is little quarrelling, and the small nurses take excellent care of their charges.

PAPA IN JAPAN.

SNOWBALL.

"Mew! mew!" came a soft little cry from the porch by the dining-room door.

Minnie Vine, in the room all alone, eating her breakfast, dropped her spoonful of bread and milk back into her mug and listened.

A little louder came the cry again, — "Mew! mew! mew!"

Then Minnie ran and opened the door and caught up in her arms the little kitten she found there. It stopped crying, and curled down in her arms, purring softly.

Minnie ran to her mamma and asked her if she might keep the kitty for her own. Mamma said she thought it was a little runaway, but she might keep it until she found the owner.

"Well, mamma, I want to give it some breakfast and name it," said Minnie.

"What will you name it?" asked mamma, smiling.

"It was so white, it looked like a little snowball when I first saw it, and I think Snowball would be a pretty name."

For three days Minnie kept the kitten, and was beginning to think it was really her own. She was sitting by the fire, rocking Snowball to sleep, when some one knocked at the door. She went to open it, still holding the kitty in her arms. A little boy stood there, who said, "I heard my kitten was here and I came after it."



"But are you sure it's yours?" asked Minnie, tightening her hold of Snowball.

"Yes, I'm sure, and I want it."

When Minnie saw she must really let it go, she thrust it into the boy's hands, saying, "Good-by, my poor little Snowball." Running



to her mamma she climbed into her lap, and cried very hard for her lost pet.

The next morning when Minnie came into the dining-room she heard that same little cry at the door. Opening it, there was her dear little Snowball come back to her.

She clapped her hands with delight, and said she should hide it if any one came after it again; but mamma said, "When its owner

comes after it again perhaps he will sell it to you, for it seems to wish to stay here."

And it was not long before the owner came. This time Minnie's mamma went to the door, and asked him if he would let them keep his kitten, as she seemed to want to stay with them.

"I will buy it," she said, "if you will sell it."

Minnie held Snowball tightly while she waited for his answer.

"Well," he said after a little, "I don't care much for a kitten that will run away all of the time. You may have her for ten cents."

"Please give him more, mamma," whispered Minnie, and Mrs. Vine handed the delighted little boy a bright twenty-five cent piece.

"You are worth a great deal more than that," said Minnie. Snowball looked up at her and purred softly, as if she would say she knew that Minnie was right.

L. C.

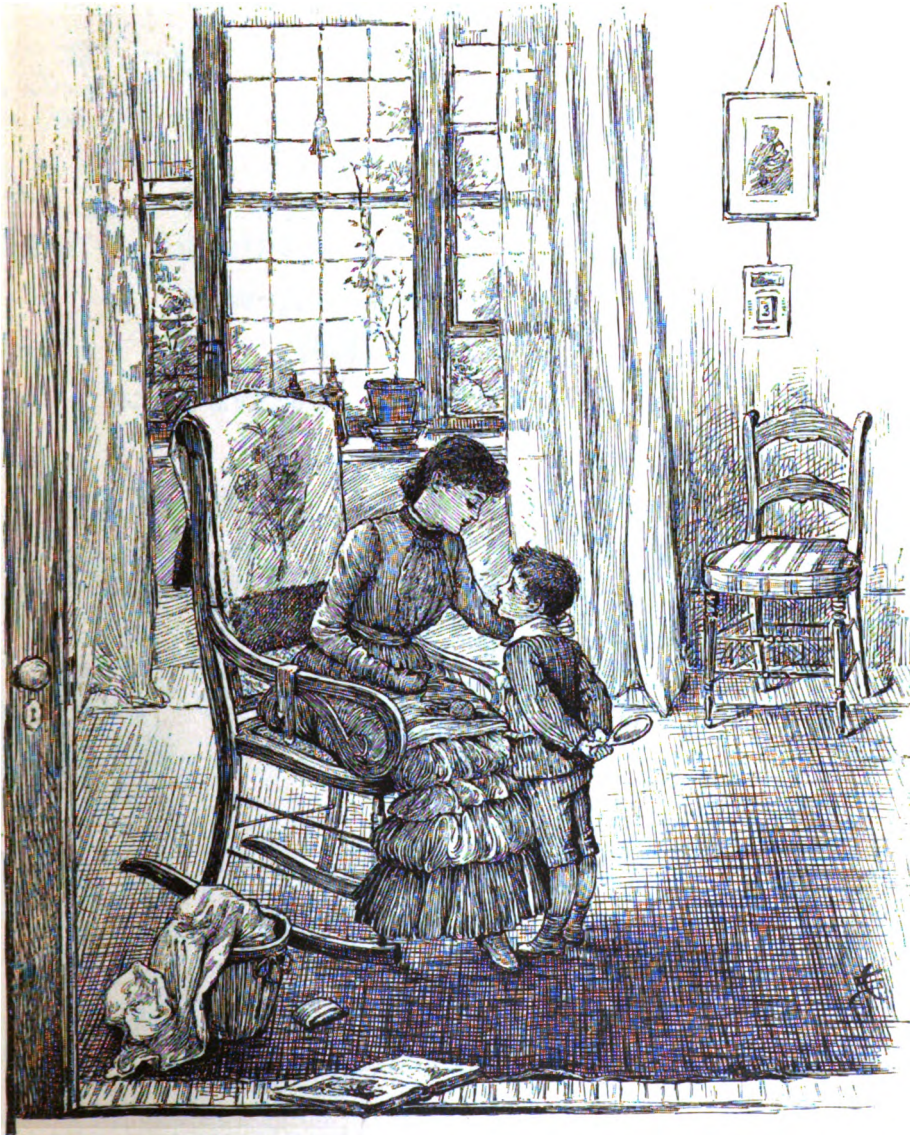
MY SWEETHEART.

"Now, mamma, if only you'll promise me true
That you never will tell, I will show it to you—
This beautiful picture—and then you will see
How lovely the face of my sweetheart must be.
Her cheeks they are rosy, her eyes they are bright,
Her hair always shines when it catches the light,
Her voice is so soft when she speaks with a smile,
I know she is loving me well all the while.
And when I am hurt and—well—cry (for you see,
They have to sometimes, even big boys like me),
She puts her arms round me and comforts me so
I'm sure to forget it the first thing I know.
She sings about sunshine and fairies and flowers,
And the stories she tells—you could listen for hours.

Who is she?—Well, tell me what name do you guess?
When you get to the sweetest of all, I'll say, Yes—

No, no — you are wrong. I must give you a peep;
But you'll surely remember the secret to keep,
And never let out who is fondest of me?
Ho, ho, mamma! look in this glass and you'll see!"

SYDNEY DAYRE.



KITTY KA-TINK.

BY MARY A. ALLEN

NELLIE:

"O KITTY KA-TINK
QUICK QUICK AS A WINK
NOW CLIMB UP THAT FRIENDLY OLD TREE;
FOR OLD DOG BOW-WOW
IS AFTER YOU NOW,
AND CRUEL AND FIERCE IS HE.



O KITTY KA-TINK
YOU RISE AND YOU SINK
WITH THE SWAY OF THAT BENDING BOUGH.
WHAT IF YOU SHOULD FALL
TAIL, CLAWS, EARS AND ALL
RIGHT INTO THE MOUTH OF BOW-WOW.

W. H. SHELTON.

“O Kitty Ka-tink,
 Before you could blink,
 He'd shake you until you were dead.”
 But Kitty don't care,
 She springs through the air,
 And alights on the top of the shed.

“O Kitty Ka-tink,
 You're sweet as a pink” —
 (CHARLIE:) “But you're selfish, Miss Puss, for all that.
 If you're free you don't care
 How poor Bow-wow may fare;
 And that's always the way with a cat.

“O Kitty Ka-tink,
 Cats, — and girls too, — I think,
 Are selfish as selfish can be;
 For why it don't please 'em
 That dogs — and boys — tease 'em
 Is something I never could see.”

O Kitty Ka-tink,
 Dogs — and boys — always think,
 Cats — and girls — were made to annoy;
 But then if they run
 They spoil all the fun,
 For the poor little dog — and the boy.

MARY A. ALLEN.



The Little Pedlers.

Words by MILLICENT MOOR.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

Lively.

Voice and **Piano.**

1. We're play-ing we are ped-lers; And we're go-ing up and down,
2. Now, won't you buy an el-e-phant,— 'Tis not so ver-y big?

Just as they do to sell their goods To peo-ple in the town.
Or would you like a cur-ly dog, Or fun-ny chi-na pig?

We each one have a bas-ket, To car-ry on our backs;
Then we can show you rib-bons, Some ap-ples, and some cake;

We've fill'd them full of ev-ry-thing, And play they are our packs.
We'll be de-light-ed to sup-ply What-ev-er choice you make.

ALL THE LEADING DRUGGISTS SELL PEARS' SOAP

PEARS' SOAP

PEARS' SOAP

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PEARS' SOAP

THE FAMOUS ENGLISH COMPLEXION SOAP.



ROCKWOOD PHOTO N.Y.
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Henry Ward Beecher

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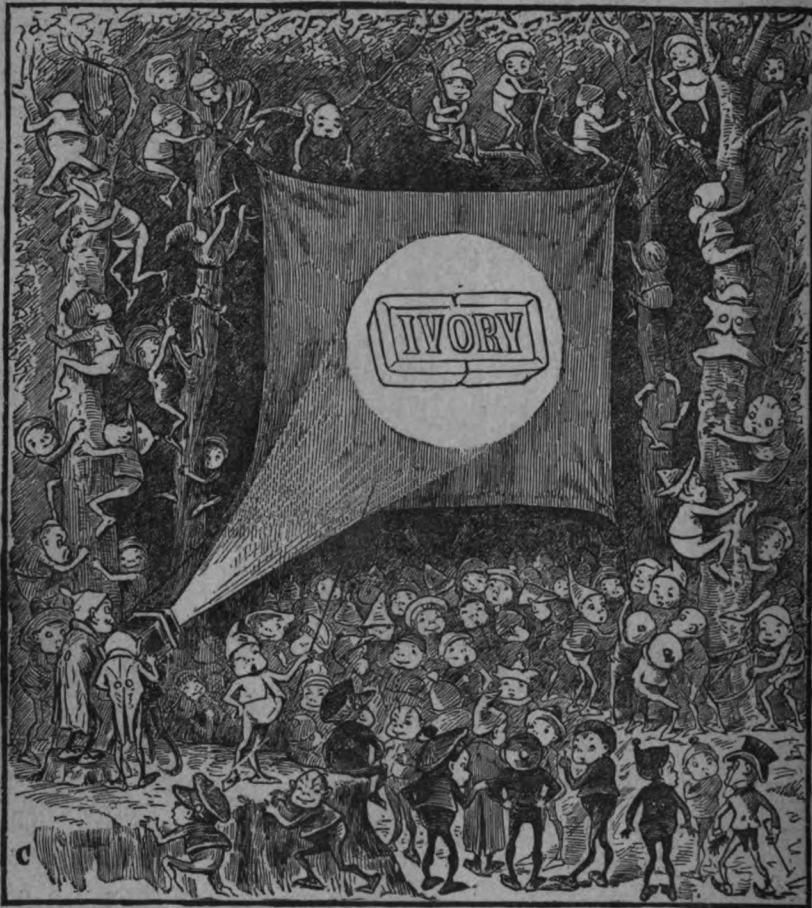
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 Of war, or wild Niagara's flow,
 Of London, with her thousand spires,
 Or Ætna, belching forth its fires.
 We show to husband, child and wife
 What more concerns their daily life,
 Whate'er their station, age or hope,
 We show a cake of IVORY SOAP.

It pleases all who choose to buy,
 And none should fail its strength to try;
 They'll find relief they little thought,
 And bless the day the soap was bought,
 For those who proved its magic power,
 Will ne'er forget the golden hour
 When first with ease and no delay
 It swept their vilest stains away."

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DECEMBER

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1884.

OUR LITTLE ONES

AND

THE

NURSERY

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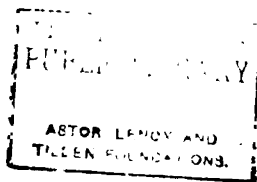
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NO. 2.

ON THE WAY TO GRANDMA'S.

SHE sings softly as she walks,
And right royally she feels,
With her parasol outspread,
And her kitten at her heels.

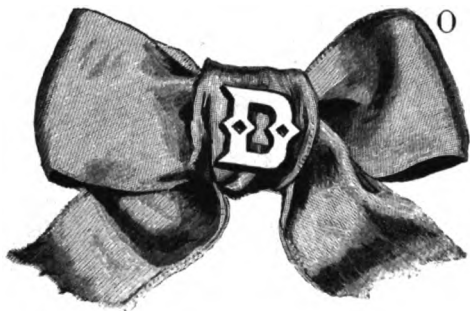
She fondly hugs her dollie,
She flirts her palm-leaf fan.
And gives the boxwood border
A half-suspectful scan.

"Ah, good-morning, Mr. Gobbler!
And good-morning, Mother Hen!
My dollie's name is Gracie,
And my kitten's name is Ben.

"I'm on my way to grandma's
To get an apple-tart;
I'm going to spend the day with her,
And made an early start."

FRANK H. STAUFFER.

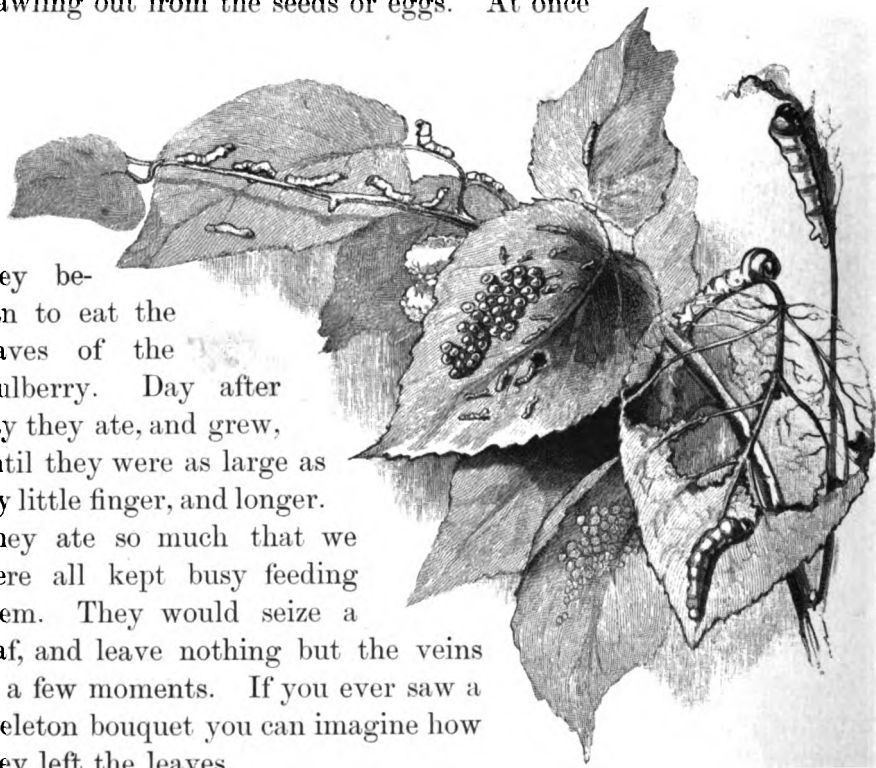
HOW SILK IS MADE.



O you ever think, children, when your pretty sashes and ribbons are tied on, and you look at them admiringly, that the glossy, beautiful silk is made by a *worm*? Some of you may have seen silkworms, but many do not know what an interesting story their little life makes.

Last winter there was sent me a tiny package of what looked like little gray seeds, or beads. I had to keep them very cold until the mulberry leaves were well grown. Then I put the seeds in a warm place. In a day or two there were myriads of tiny little creatures crawling out from the seeds or eggs. At once

they began to eat the leaves of the mulberry. Day after day they ate, and grew, until they were as large as my little finger, and longer. They ate so much that we were all kept busy feeding them. They would seize a leaf, and leave nothing but the veins in a few moments. If you ever saw a skeleton bouquet you can imagine how they left the leaves.



But one morning they did not seem so hungry. They wandered about, and climbed up the bundles of straw I had set for them. In a little while many of them began to spin



the most beautiful silken threads, very much as a spider does. Back and forth, over and over, in loops like a figure 8, went their queer "hooded" heads. By and by each one could be seen inside a beautiful

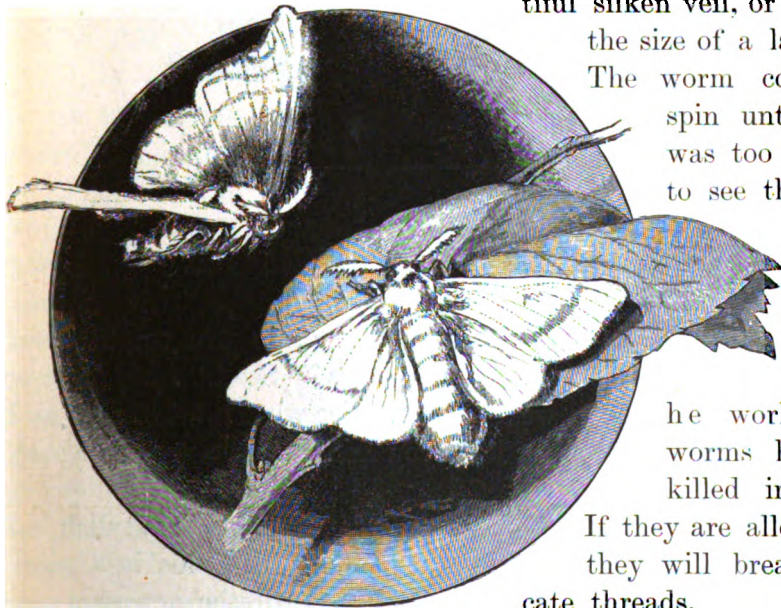
silken veil, or shell, about the size of a large peanut.

The worm continued to spin until the veil was too thick for us to see through; but

we could hear his little "click, click, click," as

he worked. The worms have to be killed in the case.

If they are allowed to live they will break the delicate threads.

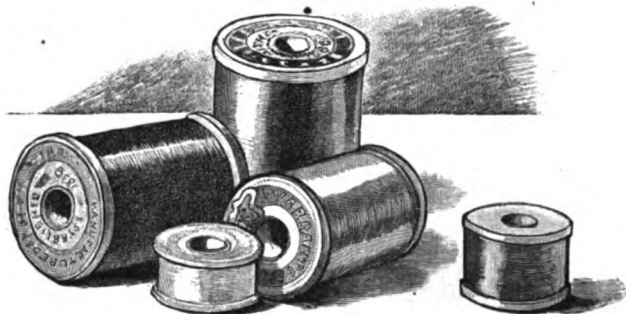


We did not kill them all, however. I wish you could have seen the room when we gathered the cocoons, which is the proper name for the peanut-shaped home of the silk-worm. All along the ceiling, behind the window-curtain, on papa's desk, in baby's rubber, — which she forgot to put away behind the pictures, — on the cord, under the

broom, on the floor, around the door-knobs, — cocoons, cocoons, everywhere ; countless numbers were also hung, like pretty birds' eggs, in the straws. From these, after a few days, came beautiful white *moths*, not at all like the ugly worms.

From the cocoons in which we killed the worms we reeled the delicate threads from which all our silk is made. Is it not indeed a curious story ?

MRS. E. C. SMITH.



ABOUT JAPAN. — THE THEATRE.

MY DEAR ZAY : — This is an actress. What do you think about her ? Is she pretty ? Do you like her dress ? See how her hair is arranged. Do you think she wears a wig ? See what a lot of pins, and things she has stuck in her hair. Do you know what a wig is ? Ask mamma.

What a fine dress she wears ! She thinks herself very stylish, no doubt. Now, don't you think it very strange ? But this is a man. Yes, — a man dressed like a woman. In Japan all the actresses are men. They dress like women, and take ladies' parts. From the dress and general air about them it is hard to believe they are not women.

Japanese theatres are very odd, and would make you laugh. You have seen *Macbeth* in Philadelphia, — you should see the Japanese

Macbeth. He kills everybody on the stage. A man in black clothing holds a black rag before the dead, and they walk off the stage. When they wear black on the stage it means that they can't be seen. They are supposed to be invisible in that color. When this actress, "Obi," needs tying or arranging, a figure in black creeps up and gives the necessary touches.

Theatres open at 3 o'clock, and the play goes on till 10 P.M. The people smoke, drink tea, receive their friends, and even eat their suppers in the theatre. Between the acts the little children take possession of the stage, and romp, play games, and have a lively time. Think of your going on the stage between the acts at one of your *matinées*, and playing with the other children of the audience!



PAPA IN JAPAN.

The music is very bad, — only drums and a shrill fife. A man strikes two sticks of wood together, to call attention, and does the talking. Funny, is it not?



AT BEDTIME.

O SLEEPY-MAN, Sleepy-man, why do you stay
 In the Islands of Slumber, far, far away?
 O Sleepy-man, Sleepy-man, hasten along
 With your tingle and jingle and lullaby song!
 Come from your home, far out on the sea,
 And play a sweet tune to baby and me.
 Two little hands, so weary with play,
 Two little feet, that have wandered all day,
 Two laughing eyes, that open will keep
 Because their wee owner has no time to sleep.
 Sleepy-man, Sleepy-man, hasten along
 With your tingle and jingle and lullaby song;
 Play a sweet tune till the laughing eyes close,
 And away to the Islands of Slumber he goes.

CLARA J. DENTON.

TOO LATE.

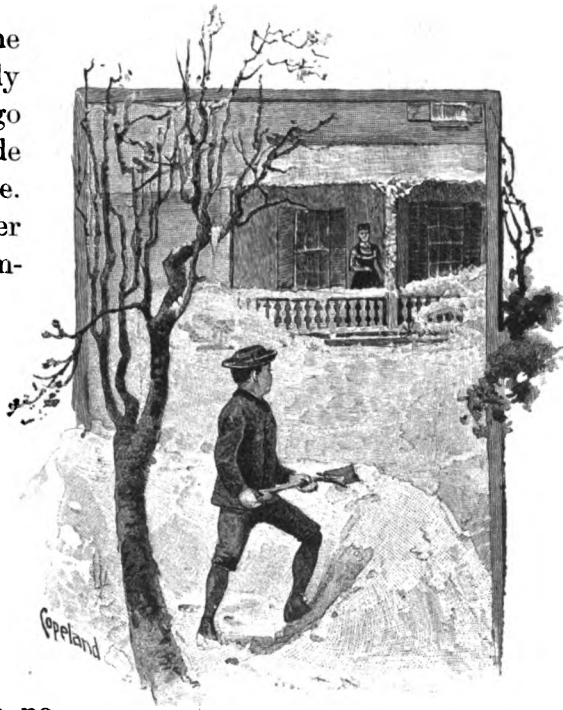
BOB had one great fault, which grieved his father and mother very much. If asked to do anything he said, "In a minute," and then forgot. If he was going anywhere he was never ready at the proper time. His mother often talked to him about this; but it did little good.

At last she said, "The next time you are not ready to go with me I shall go without you." This made him careful for a long time.

His father and mother began to hope he had improved; but one day a sad thing happened. It was Thanksgiving Day. Bob was going with his father and mother to spend the day with his grandmother. It was quite a long drive to her house; but it never seemed long to Bob, particularly if there was snow on the ground.

This year there had been no snow until the day before Thanksgiving. Then it snowed all day, and all night too. The next morning the snow was several inches deep. Bob begged his mother to let him go out and play a little while before getting ready to go with her. He promised to come in as soon as she called.

Bob had great fun tumbling about in the snow. When his mother called he had just begun to make a snow-house. He said, "In a min-



ute," and went on with his play. At last he remembered that his mother had called him. He threw down the shovel and ran in.

Bob found no one in the house but Sarah, the maid. His father and mother had gone without him. Poor little Bob! The tears would come, in spite of himself. The time passed very slowly. He had no heart to play, but sat by the fire, thinking of the jolly times



they would have at grandma's,—all the uncles, aunts, and cousins,—everybody but himself! And then the dinner! Bob's heart was nearly broken when he thought of the dinner.

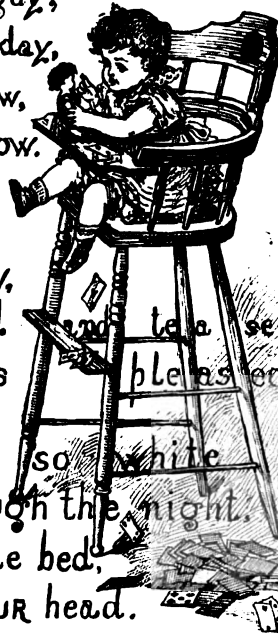
Suddenly some one called him. It was Edward, the coachman. • He had come for him with grandma's horse and cutter.

"Come," he said: "your grandma begged for you, and your father has sent me for you. Hurry! I guess we'll be in time for dinner."

Bob was ready in less time than one can think. The horse seemed to fly. They arrived just as dinner was ready. Everybody was glad to see him. He never needed another lesson.

A. M. TALCOTT.

Baby happy and gay,
 Playing with dolly all the day,
 Nothing to do but eat and grow,
 Laugh and chuckle, chuckle and crow.



Dimpled cheeks that are all aglow,
 Plump little limbs as pure as snow,
 Kissed and fondled, petted and teased,
 Everyone's glad when baby's pleased.

Ah there you are in robes so white
 Angels to watch you through the night,
 When asleep in your little bed,
 They are fluttering o'er your head.



Pretty Baby, I love to see
 You nestling there on
 Mother's knee,
 Like a floweret partly
 blown,
 Sweet
 Innocence upon
 his throne.





SADIE.

My darling cousin Sadie
Is a witching little lady,
Whose years have numbered four.
Her eyes are sapphire-blue.
And sunshine shimmers through
Her brown curls' glossy store.

"These long, brown curls," I said, one day,
"Where did you get them, sweet one, say?" —

She mused awhile with thoughtful air,
Then smiled till gleamed her mouth's pure pearls,
And said, "De dood Dod made my hair,
But mamma's own se'f made my turls."



She came to-day to make a call,
And bore a wee red parasol,
To shade her sparkling eyes.
"Ah, madam, walk right in," I said;
"My mother waits in room o'erhead."
She looked up, laughing, in surprise:
"I isn't no bid truly lady,
Ize des' your 'ittle, precious Sadie."

I caught her in my arms with glee,
 And gave her kisses, one, two, three.
 Indeed, I'd rather she were Sadie,
 Laughing, winsome, blue-eyed Sadie,
 Than any "dreat, bid, drown-up lady"
 That she or I
 E'er chanced to spy.

JENNIE S. JUDSON.

THE TORCH-LIGHT PROCESSION.

LITTLE Joe was staying with Grandpa and Grandma Harris. He went to school just as he did at his own home. He was acquainted with all the boys in the village. One night he came into the house very eager to tell something.



"O grandpa!" he exclaimed, "the boys are getting ready for a torch-light procession. They're going to carry Chinese lanterns and flags, and have a splendid time; and I want to go, too."

"Well, go along, my boy; I'm willing," answered grandpa.

"I shall have to buy a lantern and a flag, I suppose; how much will they cost, do you think?" said Joe, with an anxious look.

"Don't talk about spending money for such things," said grandpa. "I could

make a pumpkin lantern in ten minutes that would be good enough for you, and your grandma could find something in her rag-bag that she could make a flag of."

"I don't believe I should like them, anyhow," said Joe, pouting a



little. "Say, grandma, would you go, if you were in my place, and carry such fixed-up things?"

"Yes," replied grandma, "I'd go and have a good time, and save my money for something of more consequence."

"All right!" said Joe, brightening up. "Go ahead with your lantern, grandpa."

So grandpa took a big yellow pumpkin, and cut a piece from the back, and then scraped out the inside, leaving a hollow shell. On the front he cut it to look like a face, with holes for the eyes, nose, and mouth. Then he placed a candle in the middle, and fastened in the piece he had cut from the back. After he had done all these

things he set the pumpkin on the end of a pole, and it was ready for use.

Grandma did her part, and made a very pretty little flag with pieces of cloth. She put everything in the right place. The stars were scattered over a blue ground, the red and white were striped together, and when the flag was finished it was fastened to a smooth staff.

When the night for the procession came Joe lighted the candle in his lantern, took his star-spangled banner, and marched away. When he came back he exclaimed : —

“Oh, I had a tip-top time! My lantern was the funniest thing there. All the boys wanted it; so we just took turns carrying it. I'm glad enough that grandpa knew how to make one. They thought I bought my flag till I told them about it, — and I do think you're splendid, grandma!”

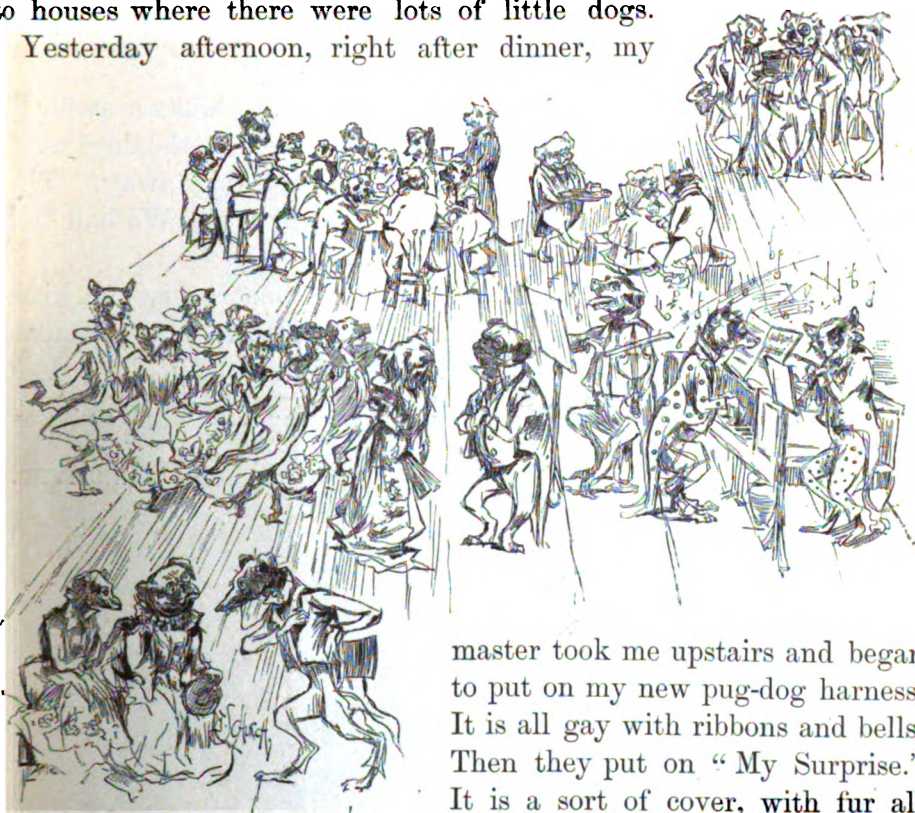
M. E. N. HATHEWAY.



SCAMP'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.

YESTERDAY was my birthday; at least, my master said so. I only know I had a great time, and like birthdays. For some time my master has been writing notes and sending them around. I went with him when he took them, and we always went to houses where there were lots of little dogs.

Yesterday afternoon, right after dinner, my



master took me upstairs and began to put on my new pug-dog harness. It is all gay with ribbons and bells. Then they put on "My Surprise." It is a sort of cover, with fur all inside and out.

Well, then we went downstairs. Soon the door-bell rang, and a little girl came in with a dog in her arms. She spoke to my master's sister and to my master, and made the little dog shake paws with me. Pretty soon some more little girls and little boys came in, and all had dogs with them. My paws got awful tired shaking with them all.

By and by the door-bell stopped ringing, and I was glad, for I never saw so many dogs together in all my life. Some were pugs, some skyes, some terriers, and in fact all sorts of little dogs. We were running all about the room, when the door opened, and in walked my master's uncle, with a great big Newfoundland dog. They said it was a New-found dog. I wish he had not found him so soon, for you ought to have seen all the other dogs run. They hid everywhere. There were five under the big sofa; three under the big chair; one jumped into the fireplace, — there was no fire there, — and the rest ran everywhere, all over the room.

I ran, too. You would have done so also, for that was an awful big dog. Then the little girls and boys laughed. None of the dogs would come out until my master's uncle took the big dog away. Then we had supper. Such a time eating you never saw. We had milk and bread and meat cut up fine, then cake.

Soon after, the little dogs left. Before they went every one kissed me. I liked kissing the girl dogs. Their masters and mistresses stayed, and they had a party. I was allowed to stay also. I got something more to eat when they all had their supper. I like birthdays.

JOHN S. SHRIVER.



LUCY LEE.

OF LUCY LEE THESE WORDS, THIS PICTURE, BY A. BRENNAN.

8 8 1.

When Lucy Lee
Was very wee
She cried, th' funny thing!
"Betause", said she,
"No one tookt me
To my Mamma's wedding?"



"SANDY," THE RUNAWAY COLT.

A TRUE STORY.

SANDY was a colt. Often, as he saw the big horses driven through the farm-gate into the road, on their way to town, he thought how nice it would be if he could go too. So, one day, seeing the gate open and no one in sight, Sandy trotted out to seek his fortune. In the evening, when the farm hands came to put away their horses, Sandy was nowhere to be found. Search was made for the runaway in



every nook and corner of the farm where a colt could possibly hide, but no Sandy. Days came and went. The farmers read of their neighbor's loss in the paper. Each one, as he drove to market, looked about, in hopes that he might somewhere see the missing

Sandy; but all to no purpose. At last his owner gave up the search, and thought he should never see Sandy any more. The weather was cold, the grass was withered, and the dead leaves were falling from the trees.

One morning a farmer's son shouldered his gun and started into the woods to hunt rabbits. During his tramp he came upon the liv-



ing skeleton of a colt. This was all that was left of poor Sandy. With difficulty the farmer's son succeeded in leading the half-starved colt home.

Sandy never forgot this foolish adventure of his youth. Though he grew up to be a fine, able horse, and was ready for any work on the farm, he never wanted to run away again.

MRS. LUCY A. SPOTTSWOOD.



“
T
hree,

F
our,

but



HE tiger-lilies bloom a-row,
The garden path is all aglow

With stately crimson hollyhocks;
The roses blossom, pink and white,
With clematis and pansies bright;
But you, my four-o'clocks,

Have only just begun to peep
With drowsy eyelids from your sleep.

I knock upon your purple door;
The yellow bees, with noisy hum,
And buzzing flies, about you come;
The clocks are striking four.

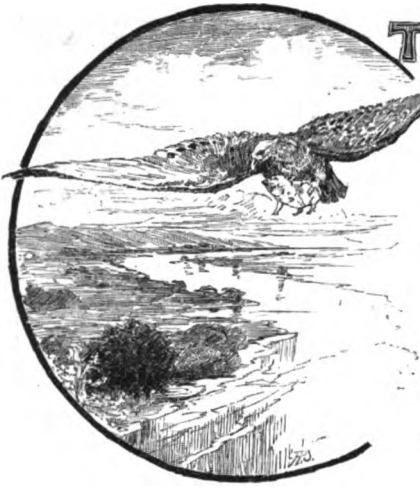
Now is the sunny afternoon,
When night will hide your face so soon;

You loose your petals folded fast,
To sun and breeze they soft uncloze,
And, blushing like a crimson rose,
You let me in at last.



But when to-morrow, down the lane,
I walk among the flowers again,
Between the tall red hollyhocks,
Here I shall find you as before,
Asleep within your fastened door,—
My lazy four-o'clocks!

MARGARET JOHNSON.



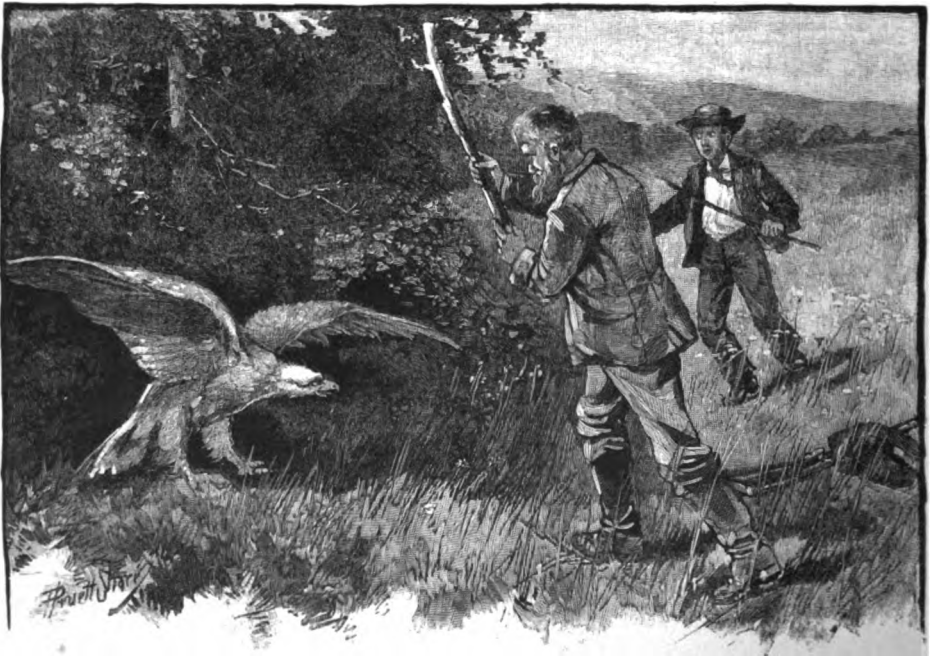
The Eagle and the Pig.

A PAIR of bald eagles built their nest in a high tree on a river shore in Virginia. I will tell you a true story about them.

Mr. Heath lived not far off, and one day, while walking on his farm, he heard a pig squealing over his head.

"I never heard of a pig with wings," he said to himself, looking up in the air. But this poor little pig did not want to fly. The huge eagle had seized him, and was bearing him to his nest. Just at the foot of the tree the bird lit on the ground, and began to strike the pig on the head with his powerful beak.

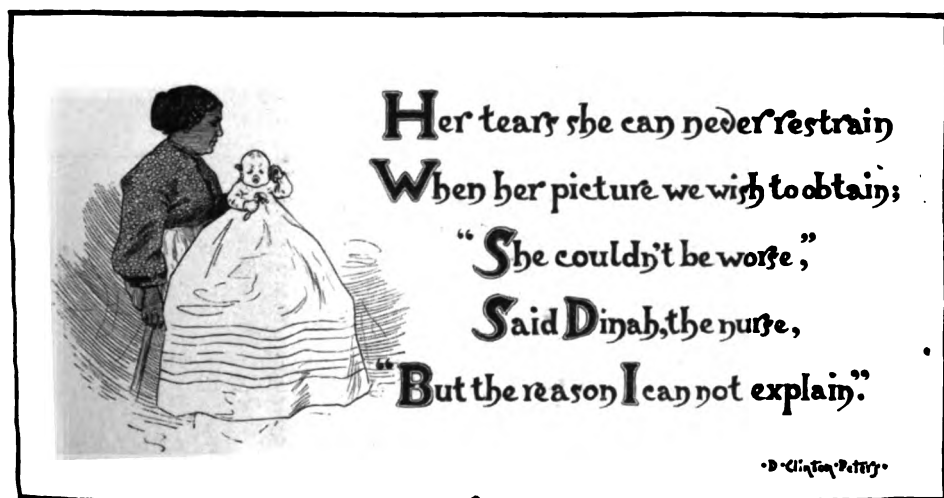
"I will have that pig myself," said Mr. Heath; but, as he ran up, the eagle rose in the air with his prey.



Not long after this, Mr. Heath shot at the same bird and crippled him. He then tried to kill him with a heavy stick, and his son ran to help him.

Now began a real battle. The eagle fixed his piercing eye on his enemy, and rushed to meet him. The first blow from the stick stunned the bird, but he quickly came to himself. When, at last, he seemed to be dead, Mr. Heath and his son set out homeward, each holding a wing of the eagle. All at once he revived, and tried to strike with his beak. They had to stop and renew the fight, and finally killed the brave bird. He was found to measure seven feet from the tip of one wing to the other.

PINK HUNTER.



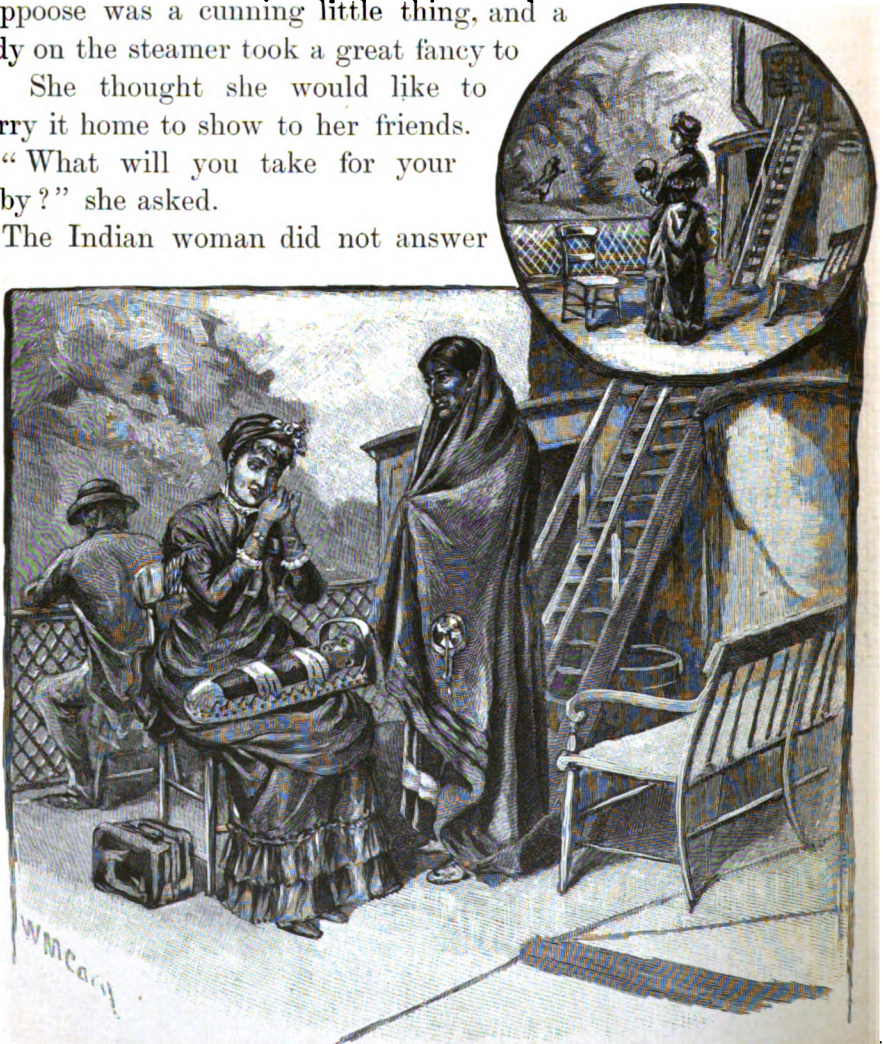
THE LITTLE PAPPOOSE.

A TRUE STORY.

ONE day, when the steamer "Minnehaha" stopped at one of the landings on the St. Mary's river, an Indian woman, carrying a papoose, came on board to look around. The papoose was a cunning little thing, and a lady on the steamer took a great fancy to it. She thought she would like to carry it home to show to her friends.

"What will you take for your baby?" she asked.

The Indian woman did not answer



for a moment. She seemed to be thinking what to ask for. Then she pointed to the lady's long gold ear-rings.

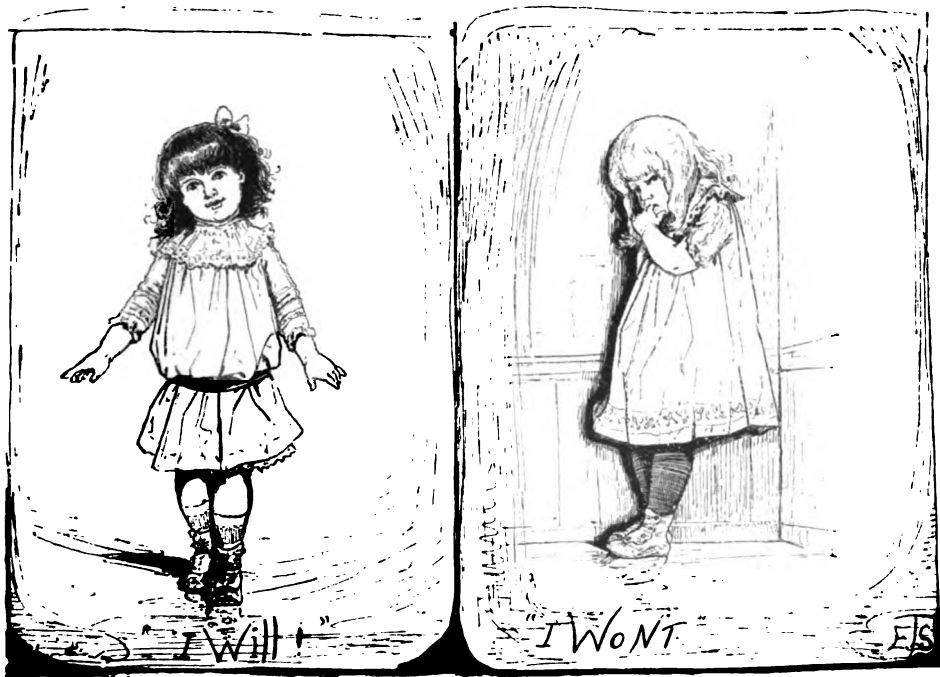
The lady took the ear-rings out, and gave them to her, and she walked off, leaving her pappoose behind her.

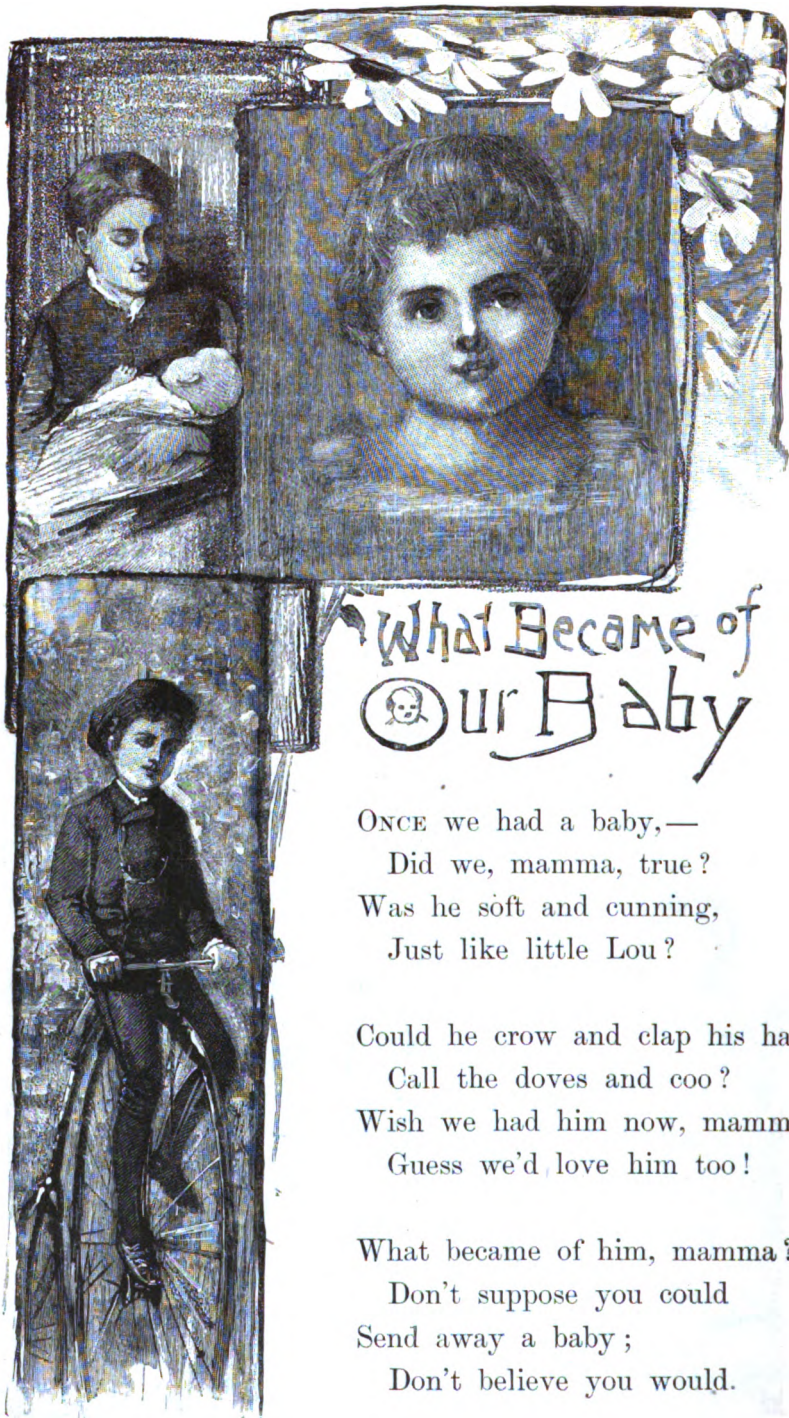
The steamer had hardly left the landing before the child began to cry, and the lady tried in vain to quiet it. She wished at last that she had her ear-rings again, and that the baby was back with its mother.

Just before the steamer reached the next landing she saw the Indian woman on the bank of the river, running at the top of her speed. The moment the steamer stopped she came on board, rushed up to the lady, dropped the ear-rings in her lap, and, seizing the baby, ran off with it. She held it close, as if afraid some one would try to get it away from her again.

It had not taken her very long to find out that her little pappoose was worth more to her than a pair of gold ear-rings.

FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.





What Became of Our Baby

ONCE we had a baby,—
Did we, mamma, true?
Was he soft and cunning,
Just like little Lou?

Could he crow and clap his hands,
Call the doves and coo?
Wish we had him now, mamma,
Guess we'd love him too!

What became of him, mamma?
Don't suppose you could
Send away a baby;
Don't believe you would.

Why, one day, that baby,
 If the truth I say,
 Crept into some trousers,
 And a jacket gray,
 Crushed a hat down on his curls,—
 Then he ran away.

And, while I was seeking him,
 To a boy he grew,
 Riding his velocipede,—
 Artie, it was you!

JANE ANDREWS.

A SWEET LITTLE PIE.

It was a little pie, and grandmother made it, for Thanksgiving was coming in two days. All the kitchens did smell so good, and all the stoves had grown red in the face trying to do their best at baking! All the chimneys were gently roaring a song of joy.

When little Nabby Jane's pie came out of the oven, and had cooled off so that she could taste a bit, she cried out:—

"Grandmother! Oh, dear!"

"What is it? That is a nice little pie, Nabby."

"But it isn't a *sweet* little pie."

Then Nabby Jane pouted. Only think of it! A big pout over that little pie!

"Not sweet? I am sorry, for all my sugar has gone into the pie, and none is in the firkin."



Oh, dear, the pout grew bigger! It looked as if it would swell up and be big as the pie!

Grandmother guessed, and guessed rightly, that the pie might be sweet enough. The fault might be in Nabby's taste, and that would



soon be all right. She only said, "I know how to make it a sweet little pie."

"How?"

"Do you see that house down the road near the pines?"

"Why, yes! — Tommy Winkle lives there."

"You go and give Tommy a piece of your pie; then come and taste what is left, and tell me if it isn't sweeter."

What a funny idea! Grandmother had a way, though, that people could not well oppose, and Nabby said she would go.

"You may take a big pie for Tommy's mother, if you will," said grandmother.

Down the road trotted Nabby.

Such a house as the Winkles lived in! It was black, and the chimney looked as if it wanted to tumble, and there were rags in the broken panes of the windows. Tommy's father was a drunkard; but what could they do?

"Is Tommy in?" thought Nabby, creeping into the kitchen. She could not find him. In a poor little room opening out of the kitchen she found Tommy and his mother. Mrs. Winkle, weary with a long walk to the homes where she did the washing, was lying on a bed as thin and poor as she was.

But how that big pie did cheer her up! And how Tommy's eyes snapped when he had his present!

But, hark!

'Nabby had climbed into a chair, and was kneeling there to reach Mrs. Winkle. Who was it that had entered?

It was the drunkard himself, and he said, "Who is that kneeling? It looks like my little Fanny, who is dead. She used to say her prayers that way."

And it set him to thinking, and he did not stop thinking until he said he would be a new man. It did not all happen that day, but in God's good time.

Nabby had such a nice call. When she returned, grandmother said, "Will you try your pie now?"

"Yes, I will."

And, oh, what a sweet little pie it was!

EDWARD A. RAND.



Little Mother Hubbard.

WORDS BY ALBERT H. HARDY.

MUSIC BY T. CRAMPTON.

Lively.

Voice and Piano.

1. Lit - tle Mo - ther Hub - bard sat
2. Pug no long - er frisked a - bout,
3. Mo - ther Hub - bard hur - ried home,

In the park at play,
For he felt the loss
Say - ing, "Mer - cy me!

With her gown and point - ed hat All of so - ber
Of his sup - per and his cake, So was tired and
Pug shall have some frost - ed cake And a cup of

gray.
cross.
tea."

And she looked so wondrous wise
And this self - ish lit - tle pug
But the cake was eat - en up

That I scarce be - lieved my eyes;
Wished himself up - on his rug;
And the nurse had lost his cup;

And she looked so wondrous wise
And this self - ish lit - tle pug
But the cake was eat - en up,

That I scarce believed my eyes.
Wished himself up - on his rug.
And the nurse had lost his cup.

pp

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF LUCK AND PLUCK.

Two wondrous babes invite my muse,
Both healthy, strong and able;
No wonder, for their mother used
A soap box for their cradle.



Their names were Luck and Pluck, the twins.
No older heads could cope,
With their bright wits—as sharp as pins—
They were their mother's hope.

Now Luck and Pluck so bright did grow,
The neighbors did suspect
Their mother used SAPOLIO
Upon their intellect.



Yes, this of course was droll, I know;
But listen, for I hope
To prove to all, SAPOLIO
Surpasses other soap.

The twins applied its benefits
In odd and curious ways,
They polished manners, minds and wits,
And brightened gloomy days.



And, having thus been raised on soap,
They cast its rays on all,
'Til naught was left within their scope
On all this earthly ball.

Like Alexander, then they sighed
For other worlds to scour,
Since naught on earth was left untried
To show SAPOLIO's power.



Said Pluck, one day, "I'm going to prove
To people, just for fun,
SAPOLIO will quite remove
The spots from off the sun."

Agreed—No sooner said than done,
They set off for the skies,
Where dimly hung the freckled sun
Ago with blank surprise.

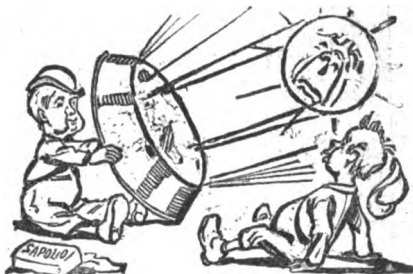


But heedless of his fret and fume
They scrub and rub and scour,
'Til soon SAPOLIO brought a bloom
That changed his aspect sour.

The moon in anger frowned and scowled,
The stars winked in affright,
And all the folks got up and howled
At the increase in light.

And Luck and Pluck, half blind and dazed,
Came sliding down a cloud,
And found the people nearly crazed
And howling long and loud.

"Ah, ha!" said Luck, with knowing leer,
"I'll soon fix that you know,
Just bring me out a pan, my dear,
And some SAPOLIO."



The pan shone out with equal light,
Reflecting back the glow;
And young and old, with all their might,
Extolled SAPOLIO.

What is Sapolio?

It is a solid, handsome cake of scouring soap, which
has no equal for all cleaning purposes except the laun-
dry. To use it is to value it.

What will Sapolio do? Why, it will clean paint,
make oil-cloths bright, and give the floors, tables
and shelves a new appearance.

It will take the grease off the dishes and off the
pots and pans.

You can scour the knives and forks with it, and
make the tin things shine brightly.

The wash-basin, the bath-tub, even the greasy
kitchen sink, will be as clean as a new pin if you use
SAPOLIO.

One cake will prove all we say. Be a clever little
housekeeper and try it.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

THERE IS BUT ONE

SAPOLIO.

ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS CO.,

NEW YORK.

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BUBBLE PARTIES.

One of the most amusing, as well as easily arranged entertainments for the Holidays, is a "Bubble Party." Twenty or more ladies and gentlemen, enough clay pipes so each will have one, three or four bowls of soap-suds and, say, half a dozen trifles for prizes are all that is required, the prizes to be awarded to those who blow the largest bubbles, one of the party to act as referee.

The suds should be made of **IVORY SOAP**, as it gives a clean, white, and abundant lather, with an entire freedom from oil or grease; and as the materials of which it is made are so clean and pure, it is not at all offensive to the smell or taste, like ordinary soap.

If your grocer does not keep the Ivory Soap, send six two-cent stamps to pay the postage to Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, and they will send you *free* a large cake of **IVORY SOAP**.

HOLIDAY

JANUARY,

Vol. V. No. 3.

1885.

NUMBER

OUR LITTLE ONES
AND

THE
NURSERY



THE
RUSSELL PUBLISHING CO.
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The Illustrative Department under the direction of Mr. GEORGE T. ANDREW.

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY,

(MONTHLY.)

TERMS (in advance).

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CRUELTY TO CHILDREN. Is it not cruel to keep a child in bad health? Is it not cruel to compel a child to learn hard lessons when the brain power is exhausted? Is it not cruel to scold a child for sleeplessness and peevishness when the nerves are in a state of weakness and irritability? Is it not cruel to withhold a perfect cure for all these troubles of childhood? If you would have the brain do good work you must feed it. If you would give sweet sleep and tranquility to the nerves you must nourish them. **Vitalized Phosphites** is made specially for these purposes. It is a perfect brain and nerve food, used by all physicians who treat nervous or mental disorders. **Vitalized Phosphites** sold by druggists or sent by mail, \$1. **F. CROSBY CO., 56 West Twenty-fifth Street, New York.**

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VOL. V.

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No. 3.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

THE children sing a carol clear,
On early Christmas morn,
Because it is the day on which
Our Saviour, Christ, was born.

The wondrous story o'er they tell,
Of the dear Saviour's birth:
Of how the angels came to say
That peace should reign on earth;

Of how the wise men travelled far
The infant Christ to see,
In the poor manger, where he lay
Upon his mother's knee.

And so at break of Christmas day
They sing their carol sweet;
And ask a Christmas blessing
From every one they meet.

F. H. S.

THE GOLD BASKET.

It was only a fruit-dish of white china, with gilt bands around it ; but little Vi admired it very much, and called it "mamma's gold basket."

One afternoon Aunt Emily came to make a call, and mamma brought in the basket filled with nice large Florida oranges. After everybody had eaten an orange, and Aunt Emily had gone, sister Anna set the basket on the kitchen table, and that was the way the trouble began.

Little Vi went out there all alone to play with the cat.



She chased her around and around the room, till by and by kitty, growing tired of the sport, jumped into a chair, and got upon the table.

"Come down! come down!" said little Vi. "You must not smell those oranges with your nose. Come down!"

But kitty did not come; she was trying to decide whether the beautiful yellow balls were good to eat. Then Vi caught her by the tail and pulled her backward. She did not do it roughly, but somehow that gold basket got in the way, — perhaps kitty's paw touched it, perhaps it was Vi's arm; but, at any rate, the basket was overturned, and down it fell, broken in pieces upon the floor.

Vi stared in surprise at the dreadful ruin, and then she stared at the oranges rolling, helter-skelter, under the stove.

"Who did that? How did it fall?" thought she.

But next moment it came over her that she herself was the one to blame.

"Why, I didn't mean to! That pretty, pretty basket! What will mamma say?" Little Vi's forehead was full of wrinkles, her eyes were full of tears. She stood so still that you could almost have heard the fly on the roller-towel scrape his wings.



"I'll go tell mamma I did it, and I'm so sorry. No, I'll tell her *kitty* did it: I guess *kitty* did do it. Naughty *kitty*!"

The little girl moved one foot, and then she stood still again. The clock ticked very loud,—you know how loud a clock does tick sometimes,—and the fly on the towel gazed at Vi, and she gazed at the fly.

"No, I won't tell mamma anything; I won't go into the parlor at all; I'll go out in the yard, and then mamma will think *kitty* broke the basket, for *kitty* will be in here all alone."

Vi took three steps towards the outside door, and then she stood still again, and the clock ticked worse than ever. It seemed as if that clock was watching to see Vi make up her mind, and as if that old fly was watching too.

"*Tick, tock*—if you go and leave the *kitty* in here alone it will be the same as a lie—*tick, tock*—same as a lie." It wasn't the clock that said that, but it sounded just like the clock.

"*Will* it be the same as a lie, a *truly* lie?" said the child. And then she looked at the fly, who nodded his head and kept nodding it. Vi knew he didn't mean "*Yes*," but it *seemed* just as if he meant yes. "I will not tell a lie," said Vi, turning her back to the outside door, and putting her foot down hard; "I will *not* tell a lie." And with that she ran into the parlor, for if she walked she was afraid she might not go at all. She ran every step of the way as fast as she could run, and sobbed out:—

"O mamma, it wasn't the *kitty*, it was *me*! But I didn't mean to at all!"

And her mamma kissed her, and said she "knew it was an accident, and she never had loved her little daughter so well in her life as when she came and told the whole truth, like a dear, brave, good little girl; for the truth is better than all the gold baskets in the world."

SOPHIE MAY.



A LETTER FROM A CHRISTMAS TURKEY.



DEAR LITTLE ONES : —

VERY suspicious-looking man came into the barn-yard the other day. He looked all around among my brothers and cousins. Then he pointed at me and said I was a nice, big fellow. This made me feel very proud.

When he put his hand into his pocket I supposed he was going to give me some corn. Instead of that he counted out money to my master. Then I knew he would take me away, and I began gobbling good-by to my relatives and friends of the barn-yard.

Now I am alone in the little pen he brought me to. I have been thinking of all this fuss over me, and having so many good things to eat must mean something. I gobbled to some other fowls running about in a yard, and found out from them that it was almost Christmas time.

Now let me ease your tender little hearts about my career being so suddenly cut short. I want to tell you that in Turkeydom it is considered a great glory to be the centre of attraction at a Christmas dinner table, — to be dressed up in a nice brown coat, — to be surrounded by sparkling jellies, rich cranberry sauce, and all the other good things; to hear the children cry, “Oh! Oh!” and the papas



and mammas say, "What a fine turkey!" This is what we live for, my little dears. So, when I have gobbled my last gobble, don't be sorry for

Yours, when fat.

TURKEY GOBBLER.





A CHRISTMAS PROBLEM.

“WHAT do you think my grandmother said,
Telling Christmas stories to me
To-night, when I went and coaxed and coaxed,
Laying my head upon her knee?

“She thinks (she really told me so)
That good Saint Nicholas, long ago,
Was old and gray
As he is to-day,—
Going around with his loaded sleigh,

Wrapped about with his robe of fur ;
 With lots of frolic, and fun, and stir,
 A cheery whoop and a merry call,—
 And never a jolly boy at all!



“She thinks he’s driven through frost and
 snows,
 As every Christmas comes and goes,
 With jingling bells and a bag of toys,
 Ho, ho! for good little girls and boys,
 With a carol gay
 And a Clear the way!
 For a rollicking, merry Christmas
 day,—
 With just exactly the same reindeers
 Prancing on, for a thousand years!

“Grandmother knows ’most everything,—
 All that I ask her she can tell;
 Rivers and towns in geography,
 And the hardest words she can always spell.
 But the wisest ones, sometimes they say,
 Mistake, and even grandmother may!

“If Santa Claus never had been a boy
 How would he always know so well
 What all the boys are longing for
 On Christmas day,—can grandmother
 tell?

“Why does he take the shiny rings,
 And baby houses, and dolls with
 curls,
 And dainty lockets, and necklaces,
 Never to boys, but all to girls?



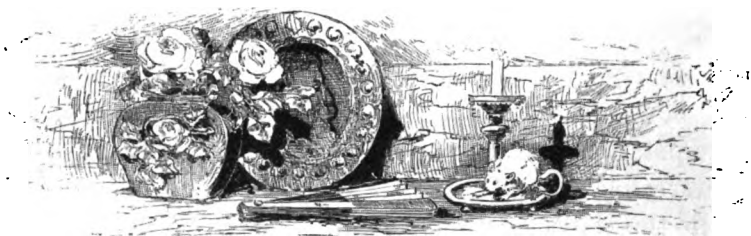
“Why does he take the skates and
sleds,
The bats and balls, and arrows
and bows,
And trumpets, and drums, and guns
— hurrah!
To all the boys, — does grand-
mother know?

“But there is a thing that puzzles
me, —
When Santa Claus was a boy at
play.
And hung a stocking on Christmas
eve,
Who *could* have filled it for Christmas day?”



SYDNEY DAYRE.





PATTY'S PLAQUE.

A PLAQUE is something used to paint on, and is made of paper, wood, or china.

Patty Gray wanted fifty cents—oh, so badly!—to get a present for her mamma on her birthday, which was very near. Patty's older sister painted such lovely things for the art stores. She got money for them, and why couldn't Patty?

One day, when mamma and sister Meg had gone out, Patty crept softly upstairs to Meg's room. She tied on a big apron, and, after hunting awhile, found a pretty plaque, which Meg was to paint on the next day.

"I guess Meg won't care," she said to herself. "Besides, I must earn some money." She got out the paints and brushes, and went to work. "Let's see; I guess violets would look nice, and a few roses,—Meg always paints roses."

Patty put two large red spots on the plaque. Now for the violets; and five or six blue spots joined the roses.

"Course they must have leaves;" and green streaks were made in plenty. But it was getting late, and Meg would soon be coming. So Patty thought she had better stop.

"I guess I'd better take it right down and get the money," she said. "Then I can get the present." Off came the apron, and on went the hat. In a few moments Patty was talking with a smiling gentleman in the art store.

"As long as sister sells hers here I'll let you have this for fifty cents," she said. "Will it do?"

Kind Mr. Blake could not say no when she told him her name. He

smiled again, and gave her a whole dollar. Only think of it! Patty was so happy she thanked him again and again. She fairly flew



away to buy a pretty present for mamma. When the birthday came, and the present was given, mamma kissed her, and called her her dear little daughter.

But Meg wanted to shake her.

MAY L. CAVERLY.

EYES FOR THE KITTIES.



JUST guess what I've got in my
apron, —

You see from outside it's alive !
I stole them, — old puss will be
coming ;

They're kitties, Miss 'Lizabeth, —
five.

We've had them from Monday to
Monday ;

They're splendid, but, oh ! (Lillie
sighs)

They squirm, but can't play on the
haymow :

They have no eyes.

At home I can't venture to tell it ;

Blind kittens, they'd say, are no good,
They'd be almost certain to drown 'em
And give to the turtles for food.

You are aunty to all of us children,

The dearest dear aunty in town ;

Now 'specially don't tell one word to
Marion Brown.

You made me my beautiful dolly ;

Papa said she looks 'markable wise.

Say, have you some more of the shining
Black beads that you gave her for eyes ?

These poor things their thanks would be mewling ;

How cunning this white one would be
With eyes standing out like my dolly's ! —
Then it could see.

The sweet pet is peeping this minute.

Look! look! it is such a surprise!

The black one, the gray, and two spotted,

Are all of them getting their eyes.

I'll carry them home to their mother,

They soon will be running alone;

A week the wee eyes only budded,

Now they are blown.

LAVINIA S. GOODWIN.



A GRAND SURPRISE.

MADGE and Edith and Helen had plenty of dolls to play with. They had a baby-house, a pair of tame rabbits, and a big dog. They rolled hoop, played at keeping store, and made mud-pies. But better than anything else they liked to dress up in their Aunt Kate's dresses and play they were ladies. Aunt Kate did not like to lend her dresses, for they were always dusty when returned to her, and sometimes were torn; and it was a good deal of trouble to put them on the little girls, for of course they did not fit, and the sleeves were too long. But the kind aunt did not know how to refuse the children when they begged so hard.

"Make a train on my dress," Madge would always say; and then Edith and Helen would beg for trains too.

"I wish there were trains to your own dresses," said Aunt Kate; "then perhaps you wouldn't want mine so often."

"And we wish your dresses fitted us," said Madge; "all the waists are too big."

While the little girl was speaking a bright idea came into Aunt Kate's head. Christmas was near at hand, and she had been wondering what she could give the children, for they already had more toys than they needed. Now she knew just what to give them.

She was shut up in her own room nearly all day for two weeks, and kept the door locked. The little girls could not guess what she was doing.

But on Christmas morning they had a grand surprise. Under the stocking of each child lay a big pasteboard box. Madge opened hers first, and found a lovely little dress of blue cashmere, which reached to the floor in front, and had a long train at the back. The waist was a perfect fit, and there was a little bonnet to match. Edith's suit was cardinal, and Helen's was pink; and they had bonnets, too.

They could hardly wait until after breakfast, so anxious were they to dress up in their new clothes.

"You couldn't have given us anything we would have liked better, Aunt Kate," said Madge.

And Aunt Kate never again had to lend her dresses.

FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.



A WINTER WASH-DAY.



“DEAR me!” said Mattie, “this is a very dreary day.”

“There’s not a thing to do,” said Nettie. “I’m tired of every one of our plays. How I wish we could go out in the snow!”

At last Mattie had a happy thought. “Let us have a grand washing,” she cried. “I’m sure our dolls’ clothes need washing.”

“Oh, yes,” said Nettie; “and we can dry them before the fire.”

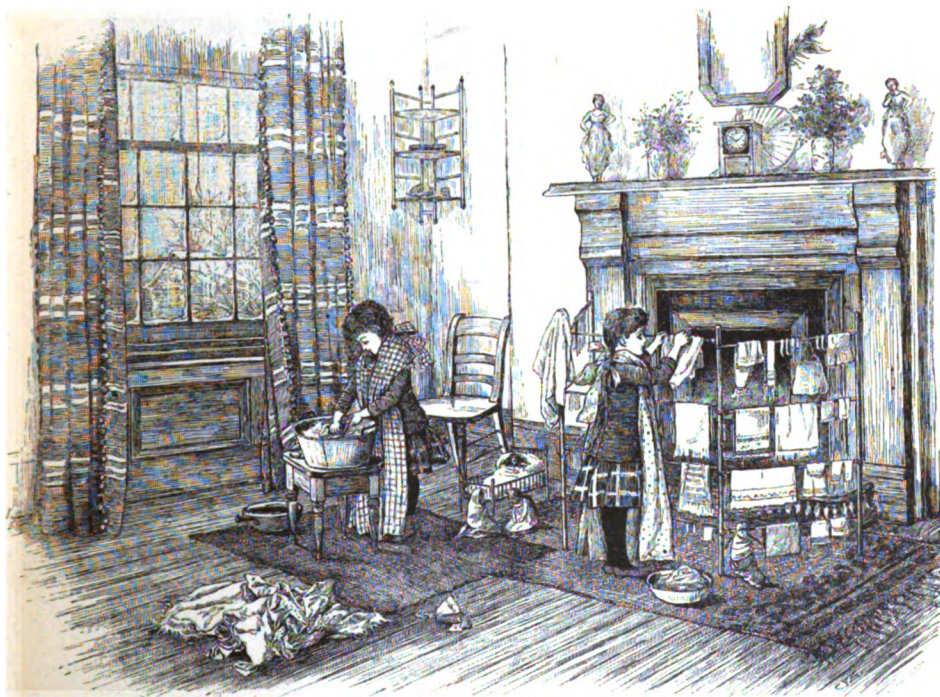
Nurse said they might do as large a washing as they pleased. She spread an old rug down in one corner of the nursery, and gave them the small bath-tub, and two washbowls. Then she fixed the light clothes-bars in front of the grate, so they could dry their washing on them. Nurse tied a large spotted apron on Mattie, and a large checked one on Nettie; then they were ready to go to work.

"We will have a very large wash," said Nettie. "Josephine McDonald has been so careless she has not one pair of clean stockings left. She kicked off her last pair into the coal-hod this morning, and they are a sight to see. Twinkle Eva Dalis is about as bad. She's worse on her skirts."

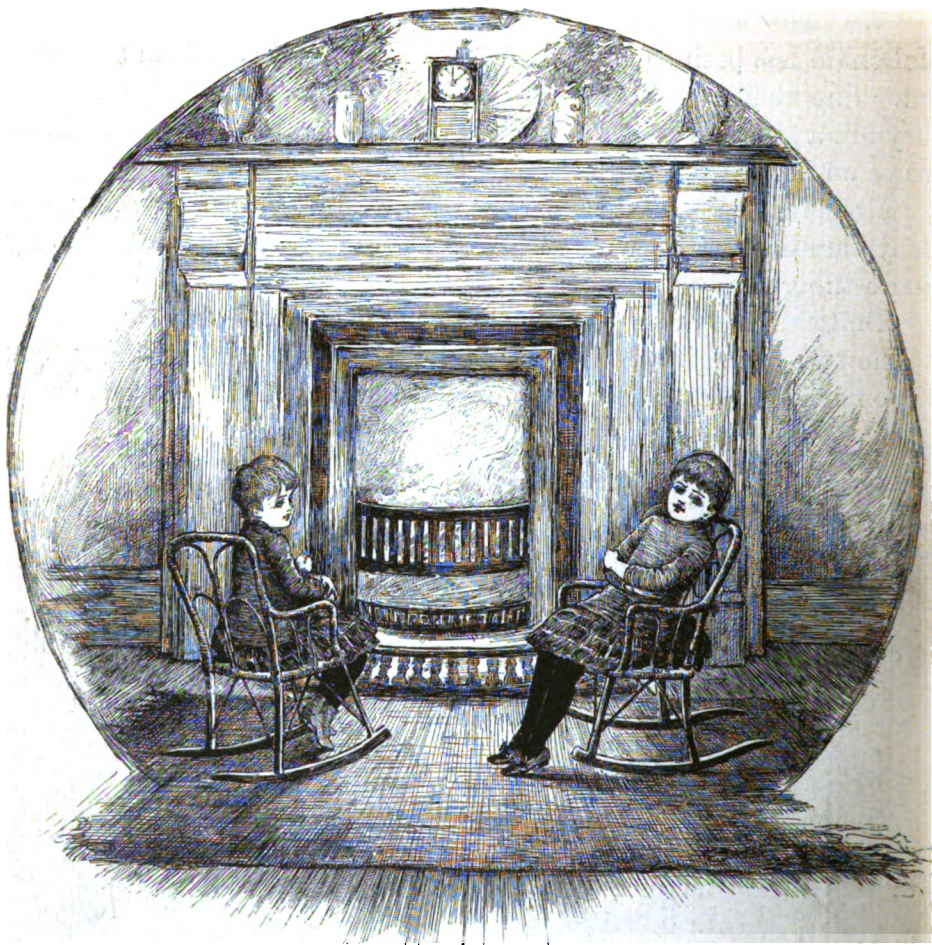
"I believe my Amy Ruth gets her aprons dirtier than anything else. Baby Bunting is just awful on her socks, and Daisy Dimple gets every single thing she has soiled in no time," said Mattie.

"Doll children are a great deal of care," sighed Nettie.

The two little girls gathered up all their dolls' clothes. They took off some the dollies had on. So one little doll, who had but one arm,



had to be wrapped up in a blanket; and another, who was weak in the back from loss of sawdust, had to be put to bed. Daisy Dimple had to be wrapped up in a towel, and placed near the grate to keep warm, and Josephine McDonald had to sit with her feet under her, because she had all her stockings in the wash.




“It will teach them to be more careful,” said Nettie.

Mattie and Nettie made a splendid suds and went to work with a will. They washed the clothes in the suds, then rinsed them, and hung them up to dry on the bars before the fire. They had such a large washing that the bars were quite full. When they were dry they folded them down ready to iron the next morning. Nettie and Mattie were so tired when their work was done that they had to sit down in their rocking-chairs to rest. Their mamma came in just then; so she told them a story to help rest them.

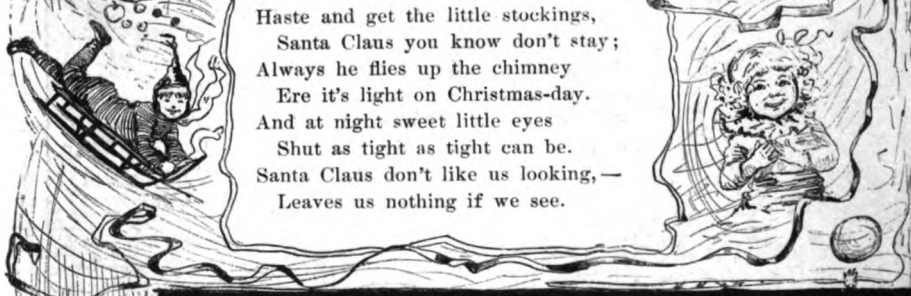
J. H. H.

CHRISTMAS, 1884.





CHRISTMAS-time has come again!
 What a joy for girls and boys,
 With its snowballing and fun,
 With its sleighing and its noise!
 Santa Claus' bag is full
 Of the sweetest, loveliest things;
 Dolls, like babies, beautiful,
 Balls, and drums, and glittering rings.



Haste and get the little stockings,
 Santa Claus you know don't stay;
 Always he flies up the chimney
 Ere it's light on Christmas-day.
 And at night sweet little eyes
 Shut as tight as tight can be.
 Santa Claus don't like us looking,—
 Leaves us nothing if we see.



Oh, the candies! Oh, the apples!
Peeping from the stocking-top;
Nuts and raisins here in plenty,
Gorgeous-looking lumps of rock.
Oh, the dolls with golden tresses!
Oh, the glorious big drum!
Let us fill the air with shouting,
Dear old Christmas-time has come!

Every face is wreathed with gladness.
Oh, it is a sight to see
Such a set of lovely fairies
Dancing 'round the Christmas-tree!
Santa Claus has left his treasures
For his darlings, every one.
Is not this a time of pleasures?
Dear old Christmas-time has come!



DAME GILFIN AND HER GOATS.

A COMELY, hard-working Scotch woman, well known to us at the parsonage, having no little ones of her own, gathered about her



humble home an odd crowd of pets. The heroine of this wonderful family was an immense goat, of yellowish-drab color, bearing the queenly name of Esther. The shaggy pet paid great attention to the minister's wife when she called at the busy cabin-home. Her ways were of a kind not always agreeable. She would put her great paws upon the lady's shoulders and sniff and sniff, until finally the mistress had to be called. Dame Gilfin knew full well what this dumb language meant, and so she said to her guest:—

“Dinna ye ken what's the matter wi' her?—Weel! weel! I'll just tell ye. When ye've yer Astrachan cloak on, Esther sets to thinking.

She kens just as well as ye do that it's made of young kids' skins. Verra likely she thinks there's some o' her ain among them. She's a rare creature to smell, is Esther!"

At the next call a shawl was worn, in which Esther had no interest. To Esther, Dame Gilfin talked as if she were a real person. When any one called Esther pushed herself in to be noticed. She was very fond of society, and her mistress would say, "Dinna ye ken I've company to-day? Now, if ye can behave yersel, ye can just sit doon in the far corner an' listen. If ye can't, ye can just go out o' doors. Do ye mind my words, Esther?"

Esther usually crouched down in a corner of the funny little cabin-parlor, and silently enjoyed the chatter going on.

It was part of Dame Gilfin's business to rear young goats, and then sell them to rich people, to be harnessed into dainty little carriages.



You can see such any day in the parks, and very likely Esther's pretty kids may be among them.

For a span of thoroughly trained ones Dame Gilfin often received two hundred dollars.

F. P. CHAPLIN.

“**P** **E** By Margaret Johnson.

ive.
ix.
Pick.
Up. **S**ticks.”

HE silent room was growing dim,
The shadows thick began to fall;
When voices gay and dancing steps
Came echoing down the lofty hall,
And, bursting in with stamping feet,
The children stormed our still
retreat.





A mighty log of hickory old
 They dragged along with merry din,
 And, perched astride its noble girth,
 The Baby, wild with glee, rode in.
 Their joyous presence filled with bloom
 The wintry silence of the room.

They rolled their burden to the hearth
 With shout and song,—the merry six,—
 And on its firm foundation built
 A wondrous citadel of sticks;
 Then in the Baby's dimpled hand
 They, laughing, placed the lighted brand.

One touch, and up the chimney sprang
 The wavering, leaping, golden blaze;
 The children gave a lusty shout;
 The room grew bright with dancing rays;
 High climbed the roaring flames and higher,—
 And so we built our Christmas fire!

MARGARET JOHNSON



WEEZY'S MOUSE.

BABY Haynes was so little that he couldn't drink very well. One morning he spilled his mug of milk all over his bib.



"He must have a clean bib," said mamma Haynes.

"Will you bring me one, Weezy, from my bureau?"

"Yes'm," said Weezy, running away in high glee. She was always proud to be sent on errands.

Next moment she came flying back, mouth and eyes wide open.

"O mamma, mamma!" cried she; "there's a mousie in the drawer! There's a mousie in the drawer!"

"A mouse?" said mamma, quietly. "Well, wouldn't he let my little girl have baby's bib?"

"O mamma, mamma! I'm just as scared!" cried Weezy, still hopping up and down.

"Afraid of a pretty little mouse? What a silly Weezy!" said mamma. "Didn't he scamper away as fast as he could?"

"No, no, mamma! I shut him up tight!"

"You did? Oh! then I think papa must catch the poor little fellow," said mamma.

She put the baby in the cradle, and went to call papa Haynes.

Papa seized the tongs, and walked upstairs. Behind him followed mamma, with Weezy clinging to her dress. Behind Weezy tiptoed Phebe, the nurse-girl. Phebe wanted to do something to help, so she brought the mouse-trap. Last of all came Bridget, swinging the rolling-pin.

“Open the drawer gently,” said papa to mamma. “I’ll try to catch the mouse when he jumps.”

Mamma pulled out the drawer a little. Papa stood close by with the tongs, but the mouse didn’t jump.

Then mamma pulled out the drawer a little farther.

“See! see, papa! There’s the mousie!” cried Weezy, pointing her little finger towards a corner of the drawer.

Papa thrust in the tongs, and drew out — well, what do you



suppose? Why, a wee, gray tassel! Mamma must have dropped it off her sleeve in taking baby’s clean frock from the bureau.

“Dear, dear!” laughed papa. “What poor eyes our Weezy must have! I’ve a great mind to buy her a pair of spectacles!”

After that they all went downstairs: Papa with the tongs, mamma with Weezy, Bridget with the rolling-pin, and Phebe with the mouse-trap. And this was the end of Weezy’s fright about the mouse.

PENN SHIRLEY.



WHAT BECAME OF DIMPLE'S BUBBLE.

LITTLE Dimple darling, sitting in the sun,
Blowing pretty bubbles, one by one ; —
Isn't Dimple darling having right good fun ?

Little Dimple darling blows a big one bright,
Sees it on the breezes soaring high and light,
Claps her little hands at the pretty, dainty sight.

Up it goes, still higher, till Dimple darling cries,
With a sudden light in her loving, soft blue eyes,
“ Oh ! I *hope* it's going where May lives, up in the skies ! ”

May's the little sister who went to heaven one day,
And ever since wee Dimple has missed her at her play,
And often asks mamma, "How much longer will she stay?"

Now the bubble dances still higher in the air,
Upward little Dimple still lifts her face so fair;
Eagerly she's shouting, "Oh, it's almost, almost there!"

But presently the bubble has disappeared from view.
Has it burst, I wonder? Ah! but the watching eyes of blue
Have *seen* it sail to heaven; and Dimple says it's true

That her lovely, precious bubble was caught by sister May,
Who, even up in heaven, with Dimple likes to play.
"But, mamma," she questions sadly, "how much longer will she
stay?"

MARY D. BRINE.



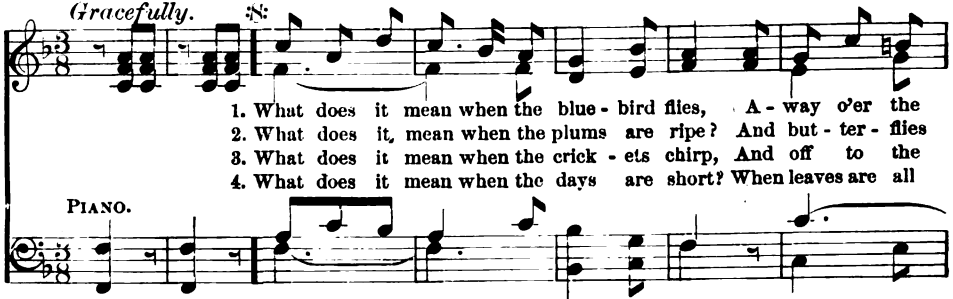
THE SEASONS.

Words by M. E. N. HATHEWAY.*

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

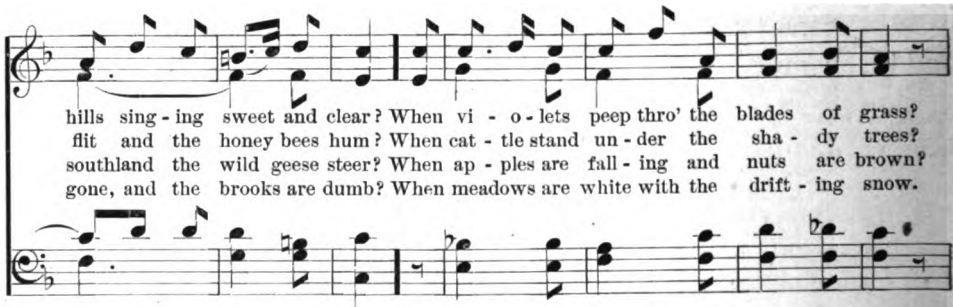
VOICE.

Gracefully.



1. What does it mean when the blue - bird flies, A - way o'er the
 2. What does it, mean when the plums are ripe? And but - ter - flies
 3. What does it mean when the crick - ets chirp, And off to the
 4. What does it mean when the days are short? When leaves are all

PIANO.



hills sing - ing sweet and clear? When vi - o - lets peep thro' the blades of grass?
 flit and the honey bees hum? When cat - tle stand un - der the sha - dy trees?
 southland the wild geese steer? When ap - ples are fall - ing and nuts are brown?
 gone, and the brooks are dumb? When meadows are white with the drift - ing snow.



These are the signs that spring-time is here; These are the signs that
 These are the signs that sum - mer is here; These are the signs that
 These are the signs that au - tumn is here; These are the signs that
 These are the signs that win - ter has come; These are the signs that



spring-time is here.
 sum - mer is here.
 au - tumn is here.
 win - ter has come.

* "Our little ones." April, 1882.

PEARS' SOAP

IT KEEPS THE PORES OPEN. THE COMPLEXION CLEAR. AND THE HANDS AND SKIN SOFT. A VERY DURABLE SOAP.

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COUNTLESS BEAUTEOUS LADIES, INCLUDING MRS. LILLIE LANGTRY, RECOMMEND ITS VIRTUES
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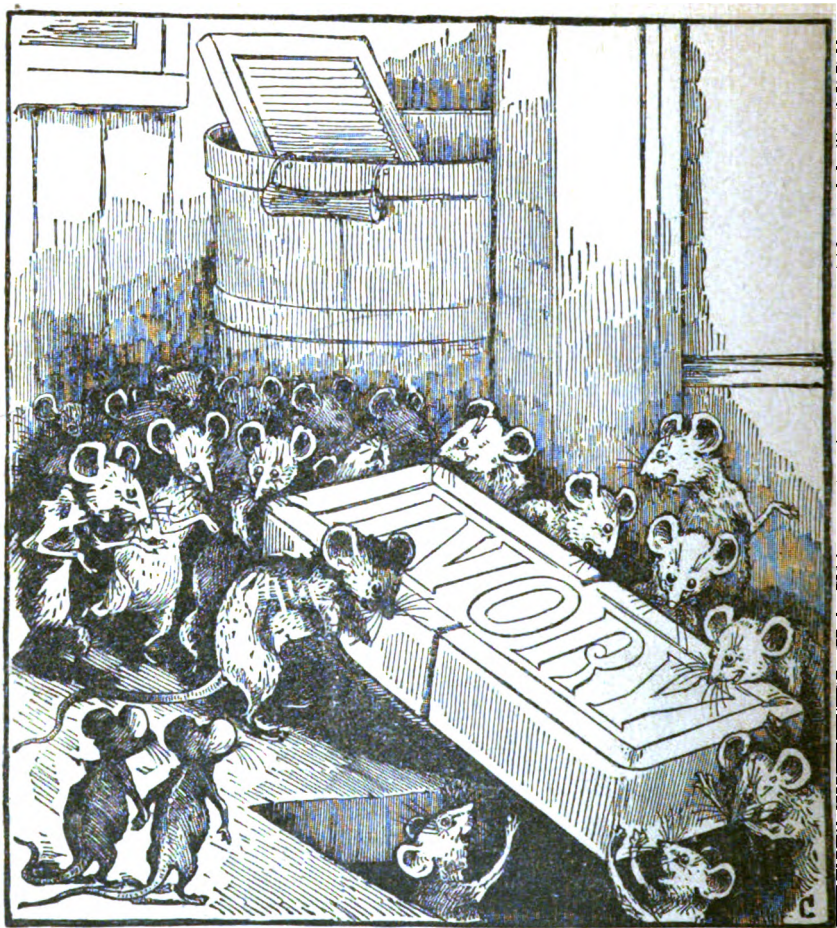
The following from the world-renowned Songstress is a sample of thousands of Testimonials:

Testimonial from Madame ADELINA PATTI.

"I HAVE FOUND IT MATCHLESS FOR
THE HANDS AND COMPLEXION."

Adelina Patti

PEARS' SOAP IS FOR SALE THROUGHOUT THE CIVILIZED WORLD.



PURE AND HARMLESS.

Now some may think it wrong, I wis,
 For us to help ourselves like this,
 And call us villains born and bred,
 And say we should to cats be fed;
 But when the grain is under locks,
 The cheese within an iron box,
 And all the open door we find
 Is one that has a bait behind,
 The IVORY SOAP we must secure,

We know the article is pure,
 It was the highest place assigned
 By men of analytic mind;
 It injures neither muslin thin,
 The finest lace, or fairest skin;
 Then down beneath the cellar stair
 Without delay the treasure bear;
 What takes away the worst of stains,
 Will soon remove our hunger pains.

If your grocer does not keep the Ivory Soap, send six two-cent stamps, to pay the postage, to Procter and Gamble, Cincinnati, and they will send you *free* a large cake of IVORY SOAP.

FEBRUARY

Vol. V.

No. 4.

1885.

OUR LITTLE ONES

AND

THE

NURSERY



THE
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The Illustrative Department under the direction of Mr. GEORGE T. ANDREW.

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY, (MONTHLY.)

TERMS (in advance).

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**RAVEN
SHOE**

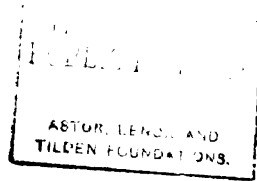
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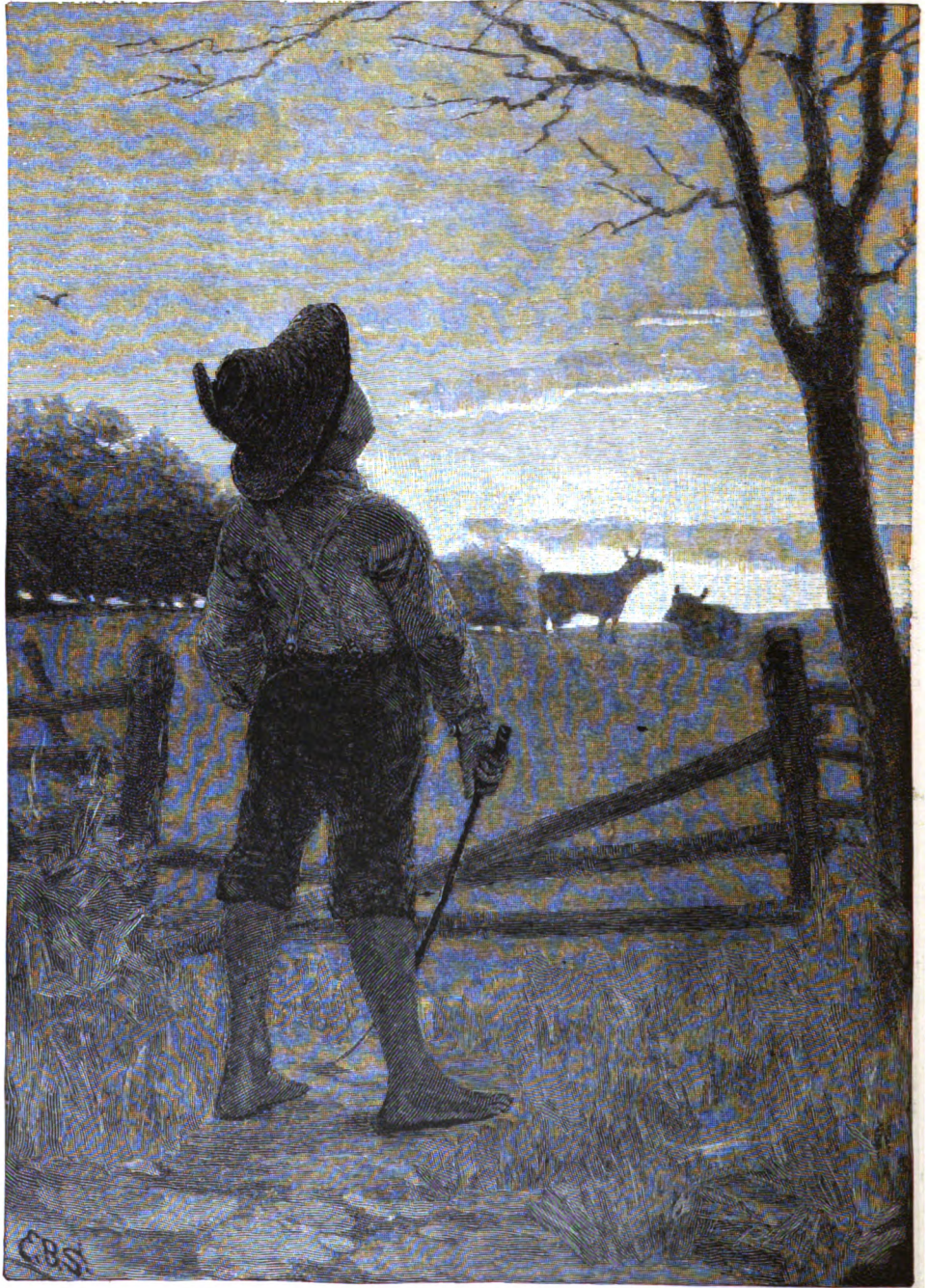
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VOL. V.

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No. 10.

THE NIGHTHAWK.

WHEN I was a boy, — I'll never say when ;
But the boys of ten were not old as men, —
The nighthawk seemed the funniest bird
I ever *had* heard ; upon my word
A wonderful thing, with that boys' delight,
A free-pass circus every night.
Two words he uttered, and only those ;
He speaks them still, — they are all he knows :
"Beef!" — like the Punch and Judy man,
"Pork!" — like the Giant Cormoran.

When the summer sun is sinking low,
And you see it red through the apple-boughs,
The farm-boy starts with glee to go
To the old stone pasture for the cows,
With his eye on high to the cloudless sky ;
For then the nighthawk, full of his sky talk,
Climbs the heavens and utters his cry,
Shrill and brief: "Beef! Beef!"

At first one sees, just over the trees,
The bird go fluttering up at his ease,

By slow degrees, in a wavering way,
Like an errand boy inclined to play;
And at every height of his jerky flight,
Till he rises almost out of sight,
That comical cry comes down the sky,
Like an arrow from Diana's sheaf:
"Beef! Beef!"

Standing under, you look and wonder
How far will he rise in the blue up yonder?
And think, alack! will he ever come back?
He has passed two signs of the Zodiac,
Aries and Taurus, — the sheep and the ox,
We see here feeding among the rocks.
Then suddenly down from his dizzy summit
He plunges, straight as a joiner's plummet;
So swiftly down you fancy his bones
Will be crushed to splinters among the stones;
But just as you shudder for poor nighthawk

In his madcap work,
He turns short up with his cry of "Pork!"
Hoarse and hollow; and then you follow
The new flight up, of the sauntering rover,
Playing the same part over and over;
Forever a wonder, and ever a joy,
To the eager soul of the farmer's boy,
Who cannot guess, in his thoughtlessness,
What is the meaning of all this show
In the great blue tent in the evening glow,
With "beef" so high and "pork" so low.

GEO. S. BURLEIGH.



SLIPPERY SOLOMON.

SLIPPERY Solomon was a gentleman who formerly lived in a certain aquarium in London. He is dead now, so there can be no



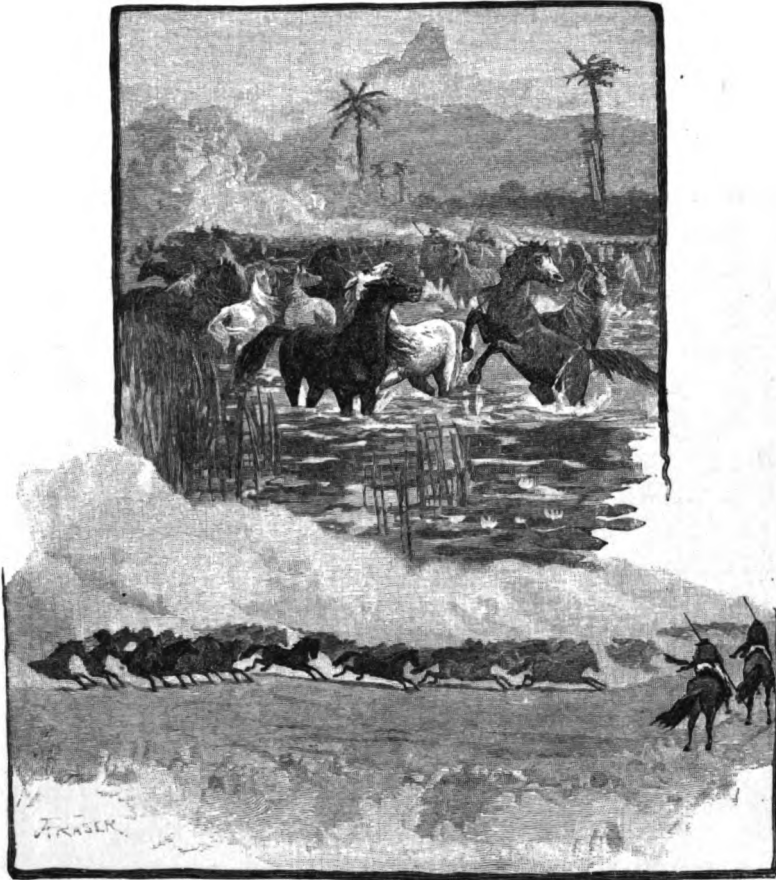
objection to my telling you all I know about him. I call him a gentleman, because his manners and appearance were polished in the extreme ; but perhaps most people would have called him an eel. In point of fact he *was* an eel, though he preferred to be called a fish. Perhaps you do not know that eels are fish. I have met a great many grown people, and even some children, who did not. "Eat

eels!" I have heard a man say. "When I want to eat fish I will eat fish; and when I want to eat snakes I will eat snakes; but I won't eat eels." But the eel is a fish, for all that, and very good to eat, as many people know. Thousands and thousands of eels are caught in the streams and rivers of New England, put in barrels, and sent to New York, where there are plenty of people ready to eat them. They are not pleasant things to cook, for even when you have cut one up into small pieces, the pieces jump, and squirm, and hop about in the frying-pan just as if they were still alive.

But about Slippery Solomon. He was a fine fellow, indeed, nearly five feet long, smooth and glossy, and very handsome in his way. Not a common eel was Solomon. Oh, dear, no! He was an electric eel, and he came from the river Amazon, in — oh, you know where the Amazon is, do you? I beg your pardon, I'm sure! He had more names than most people, for beside the two I have already mentioned, he was called *Gymnotus* by the wise men, and *Carapo* by the South Americans. He didn't like the tank he lived in nearly as well as the river Amazon, though it was a good, big tank, and he had it all to himself. He could lie at full length in it, and he could wriggle — oh! *how* he could wriggle! Positively, even a boy taking his medicine is nothing compared with Slippery Solomon when he wanted his dinner. By the way, I must tell you how he took it.

His servant brought it to him every day at one o'clock precisely. If he was late Solomon invariably bit him, which served him quite right. The dinner consisted of a number of live fish, which were thrown, one by one, into the tank. Now, how did Solomon behave when he saw a fish? Did he rush at it, and gobble it up greedily, without any consideration for its feelings? Not he! He was far too genteel and well-bred for that. He glided softly up to the fish, and merely *touched* it, curving his long black body slightly at the same time. Just a touch; but that was enough; the fish turned over instantly on its back, struck as if dead, without life or motion. *Then* Solomon ate it in a refined and gentlemanly manner, and looked up for another. Now, how did he do this, you ask? Well, you see, that is why he is called an *electric* eel. Stored up in his body, in a mysterious way, is a great quantity of that strange power which

makes the thunder-storms, and which works the telegraph and the telephone. Do you know what an electric shock is like? Ask your papa to give you one; or stroke the cat on a cold day, and you will get one without asking. Well, when Solomon Gymnotus touched the



fish he gave it such a shock that it never knew anything again, and had not the slightest idea that it was eaten. Convenient, isn't it?

The wonderful power of the electric eel is shown by the way in which the natives catch them in South America. First they catch a herd of wild horses (*that* is easy, of course! I have often caught one myself; haven't you?), and drive them down to a stream, or river,

where they know the eels live. They drive the horses into the **w**ater, where they plunge about, snorting and kicking. This makes the eels very angry, and they all come up and turn their electric batteries on the horses, gliding under their bellies, and giving them shock after shock, till the poor beasts are mad with pain and terror. They try to get away from their terrible enemies, but the cruel men (who seem to value an eel much more than a horse) drive them back into the **w**ater again and again, often till some of them are drowned. After a time the electric power of the eels becomes exhausted by giving out repeated shocks; they lose their strength, and are then easily killed by the natives, who let the poor horses go, and rush boldly in themselves, when all the danger is over. I call that the most cowardly trick I ever heard of. What do *you* think?

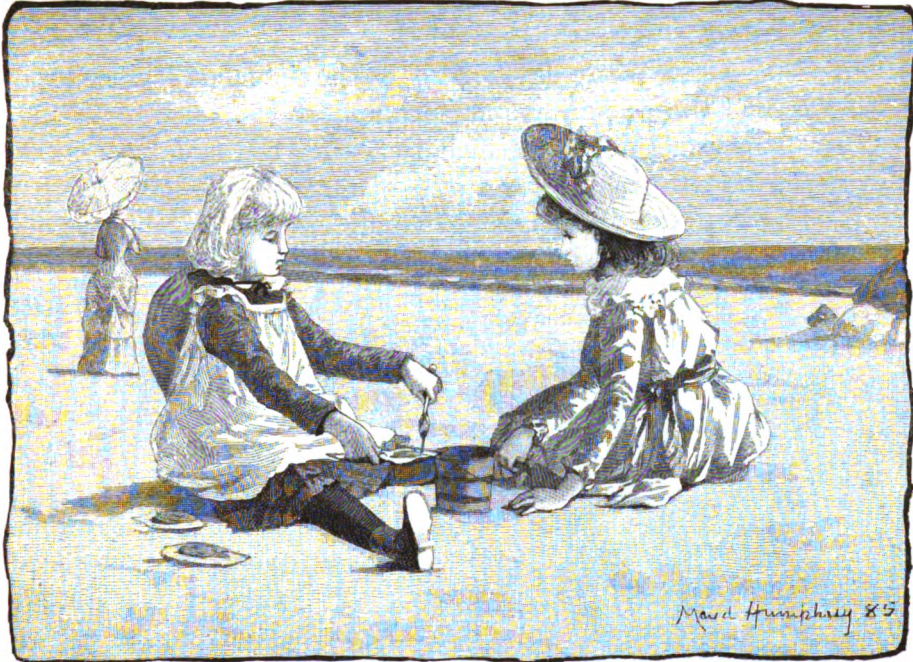
LAURA E. RICHARDS.

SAND PIES.

Oh, the apple pie is a very nice pie,
A very nice pie indeed;
And some there are who say to me,
"Of all it takes the lead."
And the mince pie, too, is a very good pie,
As good as good can be,
If the crust is crisp and brown enough,
And the raisins, — one, — two, — three.
And the pumpkin pie is a very nice pie,
For *now and then*, you know;
If it's well made 'tis fairly good —
As squash and pumpkin go.
And the cherry pie is a very nice pie,
Of fruit so tart and red;
And many a child will call this pie
Of every sort ahead.

But the greatest pies in all the land,
If you listen well to me,
Are the dear sand pies we children make
In the summer by the sea.

R. W. L.



THE CHICKEN WITH TWO MOTHERS.

FAWN and Fallow were two brown hens. They had grown up from chickenhood together, and had always been the best of friends.

One day they made their way to the shed. In a snug corner they found a box which cook had placed there for them, lined with nice white shavings.

"What a splendid place for a nest!" said Fawn.

"Yes," said Fallow, "and I think it is big enough for two."

So they both got into the box, and on the soft bed they each laid a

pretty white egg. They were so proud of what they had done that they made a great noise telling about it. This brought little Maidie to the shed, and she came into the house bringing one of the eggs.

"I left one," said she; "so I am sure Fawn and Fallow will go to the box to-morrow."

So they did, and that day Maidie had two eggs to take to her mamma.

This went on for many days; each day Maidie had her two warm fresh eggs, and one was always left in the nest.

At last Fawn and Fallow decided that they had laid eggs enough. They began to sit, keeping each other company, and having a very cosey time in their snug corner. Maidie got no more eggs.

One day, when she went to the shed, she found Fawn and Fallow stepping about, and between them was one tiny little chick. Such a fuss as they were making over it.

This is what Maidie thought they were saying:—

"This chick is mine," says Fallow. "No, it is mine," says Fawn. "I laid the egg," says Fallow. "And so did I," says Fawn.

Then Fallow clucked to little chick, and Fawn clucked, and little chick would run first to one mother, and then to the other. After a while they gave up quarrelling about it, and went strolling around the gar-



den, the little chick between them. I am sure a little chick never fared so well before. With two mammas to scratch for her she couldn't eat half they gave her. She grew so fat she could hardly waddle about.

Wasn't it a pity that old Whitey, who had seventeen yellow babies, and got tired to death every day waiting upon them, did not know enough to give Fawn or Fallow some of hers? Wouldn't it have been better all around if she had?

AUNTIE RIA.



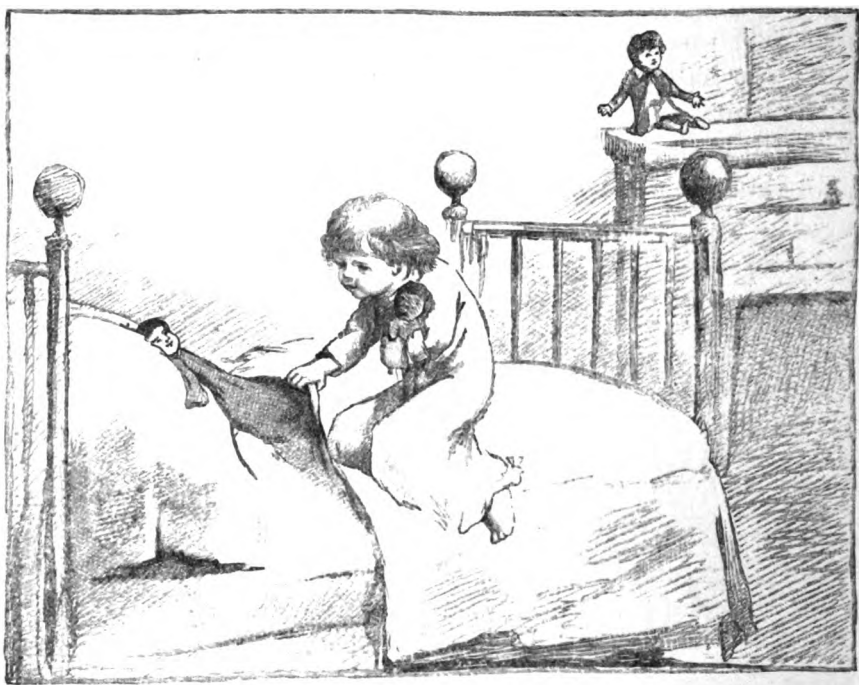
HARRY'S DOLLS.

LITTLE Harry is three years old, and he has three dolls. He calls them Matilda, Fred, and Prince Finnikin.

Matilda has a china head, but no hands or feet. She wears an old calico dress, which is the only one she has; but she seems to be contented, for she always has a smile on her face.

Fred is a soft knit doll. His shoes, and stockings, and clothes — yes, and his face — are all knit out of soft yarn. This gives him a funny look, and he does not smile so sweetly as Matilda does. But Harry loves him just as well.

Matilda and Fred both sleep with Harry every night; but Prince



Finnikin sits bolt upright on the shelf all night long, and seems to feel above sleeping.

Shall I tell you why? He is dressed in a velvet suit. He can move his arms and legs and head (when some one helps him), and can sit or stand, as he pleases. So I think he feels very grand, and does not care to go much with the other dolls.

But, like all people who feel proud and think too much about their clothes, he loses a great deal. When Harry went camping out this summer he didn't take Prince Finnikin, because mamma thought his clothes and his complexion would be spoiled. So Matilda and Fred went, and had splendid times going out in the boat, fishing, and picking pond lilies.

But poor Prince Finnikin had to stay all alone in the dark house, sitting on the shelf and smiling at nothing. Do you envy him?

MRS. M. C. RANKIN.



PLAYING SOMETHING ALL THE DAY:—
 PLAYING HORSES IN THE BARN,
 REIN AND BRIDLE OF RED YARN: •
 PLAYING CARS, EXPRESS TRAIN: •
 PLAYING SOLDIERS IN THE LANE.
 BUILDING FORTS OF SOFT CLAY.
 SENDING KITES CROSS THE WAY.
 PLAYING MARBLES IN THE WALKS.
 PLAYING INDIANS WITH CORN STALKS.
 PLAYING SOMETHING ALL THE DAY.
 TWO WEE BOYS SHOUT AND PLAY: •
 SHOUT AND PLAY IN THEIR BED, •
 TILL SLEEP COMES WITH SOFT TREAD: •
 MY HEART FILLS TO THE BRIM. •
 TWO WEE BOYS JACK AND JIM.



Boy Blue and His Gun:



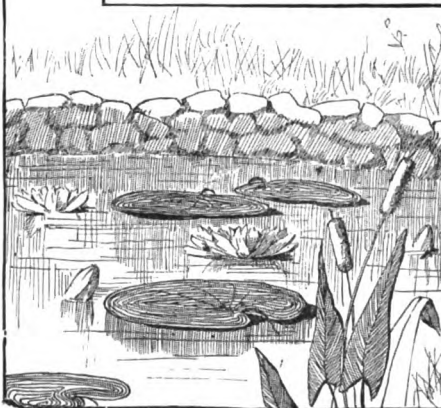
"RUB a dub dub!"
Said the boy in blue,
"I have got a big gun,
And I will shoot you."

"Oh! don't shoot me,"
Said the little brown dog;
"Go down to the mill-pond,
And shoot at a frog."

"Oh, no, no, no!"
Said the boy in blue;
"I've made up my mind
That I will shoot *you*."

"I can't shoot frogs,
They won't stand still.
Ker-splash! they go under
The wheel of the mill."

"I shan't stand still
No more than a frog;
So you *can't* shoot *me*,"
Said the little brown dog.



He ran in a hole
Right under the house,
And lay there as still —
As still as a mouse.

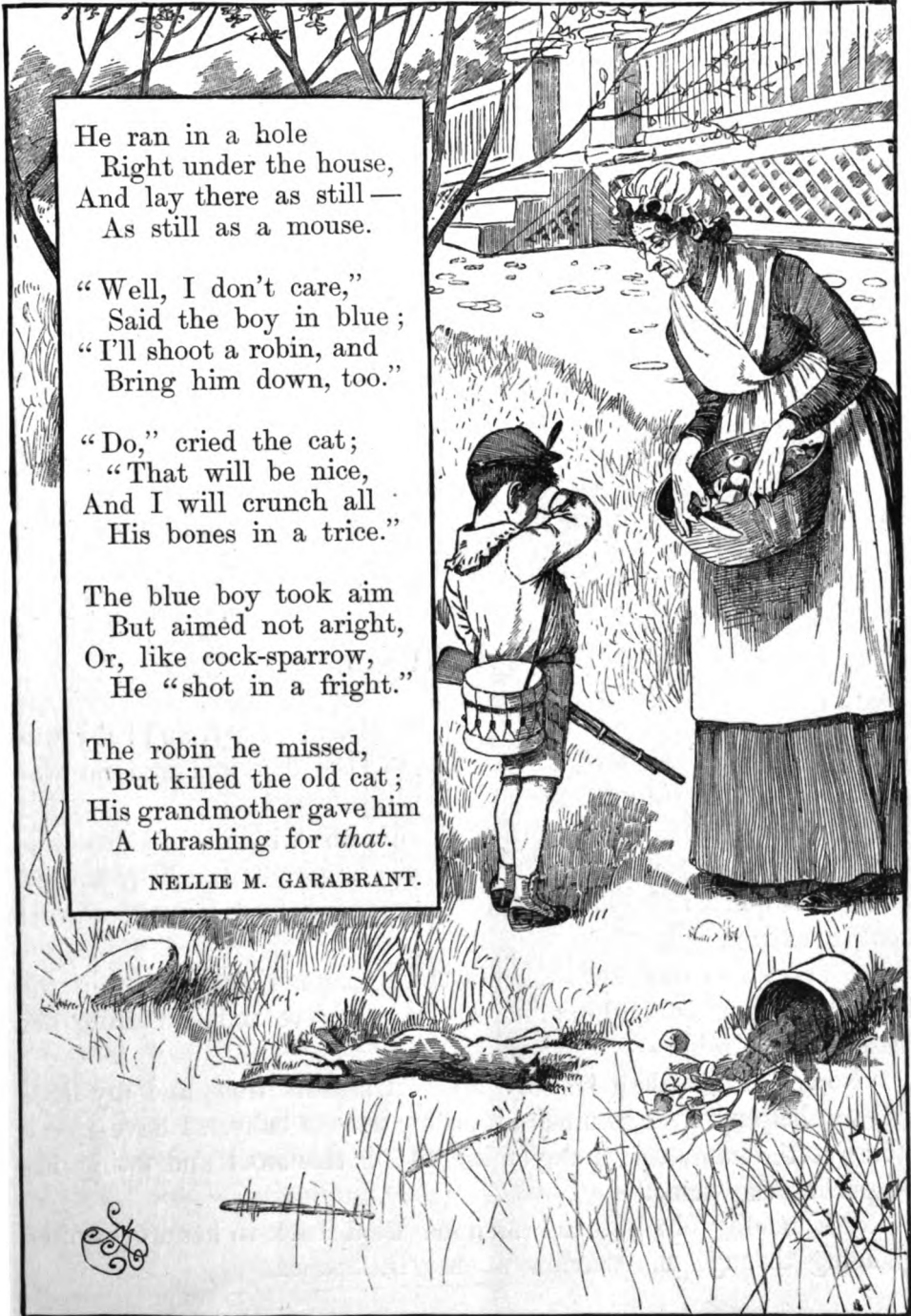
"Well, I don't care,"
Said the boy in blue;
"I'll shoot a robin, and
Bring him down, too."

"Do," cried the cat;
"That will be nice,
And I will crunch all
His bones in a trice."

The blue boy took aim
But aimed not aright,
Or, like cock-sparrow,
He "shot in a fright."

The robin he missed,
But killed the old cat;
His grandmother gave him
A thrashing for *that*.

NELLIE M. GARABRANT.





BABY'S NURSE.

It was a warm day in summer. Mamma was busy, and baby was fretful. The one servant was absent for the day, and mamma was left alone to take care of baby and do all her work.

No, she was not alone, for little Edith was with her. Edith was four years old, but in size she seemed little more than a baby herself. She was a quiet, thoughtful little thing, and helped mamma a great deal in caring for baby.

On this warm day when baby fretted, mamma placed her in the little hammock which hung under the shady veranda. Calling her little girl, she said :—

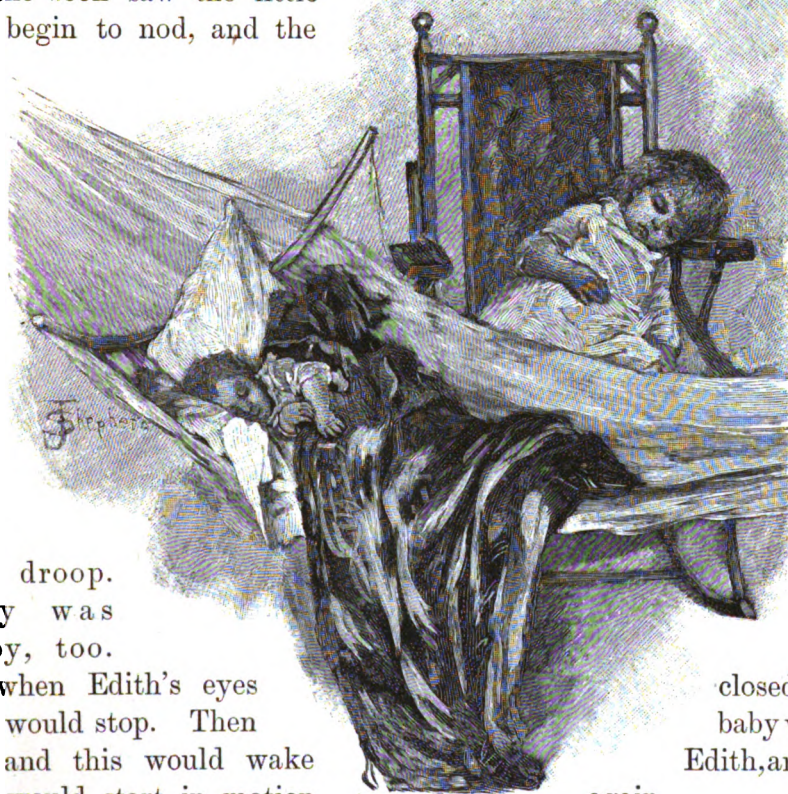
“Now, Edith, I shall be very busy for a short time, and my little girl can help me ever so much by taking care of baby. I have tied a string to the hammock, and you can sit on this stool and swing her by pulling the string.”

Edith readily obeyed, and mamma went back to her work, often glancing through the window at her little ones.

Pretty soon Edith pushed aside the stool, and put a large rocking-chair in its place. Climbing into it, she found that she could rock herself and swing baby at the same time.

Then a bright thought came to her, and she tied the string to one arm of the chair. She now had nothing to do but lie back in the chair and rock.

Mamma was watching her, and she soon saw the little head begin to nod, and the



eyes droop.
Baby was
sleepy, too.

But when Edith's eyes
chair would stop. Then
fret, and this would wake
chair would start in motion

closed her
baby would
Edith, and the

again.

This was repeated several times. At length the chair stopped, baby did not cry, and all was quiet. Mamma stepped to the door, and could not help smiling at the picture before her. Both babies were fast asleep.

H. L. CHARLES.



A BIRTHDAY CAKE.

WHAT can this be which cook has placed here ?
It seems like a cake, but oh ! how queer !
Though the frosting looks white and sweet and nice,
Yet on its top are six little black mice.

One for an infant, in dresses white,
One for a babe with blue eyes bright ;
One for a child with golden hair,
One for a maid with face so fair ;
One for a girl brimming over with fun,
And one for the very next year to come.

Six chocolate mice on top of the cake,
Which cook, at mamma's request, did make
For a sweet little girl, — a good one, too, —
But I shall not tell her age, — can you ?

KATE H. ESTERLEY.



SCAMP'S KITTEN SCHOOL.

My master's brother Alexis has five kittens.. He built them a big house to sleep in. Their mother often takes them out for a walk. They follow her one by one, and I love to sit by and see the kits strut.

I did not think they knew enough, so one day I said to myself, I will teach those kittens something new. Their mother was out that afternoon, and I went over to their house. One of the kittens was named Ace of Spades, because she was black. The others were Tiger, Fedora, Lion, and Kit. I called Fedora to me because she was the

largest. "Fedora," I said to her, "I want to teach you how to walk." The kitten put up her back and purred. Then the others came out of the house because they thought it was dinner-time. Then I bit Fedora's front leg to make her step right, but she turned on me and



hit me on the nose with her paw. Then I jumped at her, and all five of the kittens put up their backs and began to spit at me.

Just then their mother came home. She saw me teasing her children. The next thing I knew was, old mother cat had jumped on me, and was scratching me badly. I cried out with pain and ran away. I will never attempt to teach kittens better manners again.

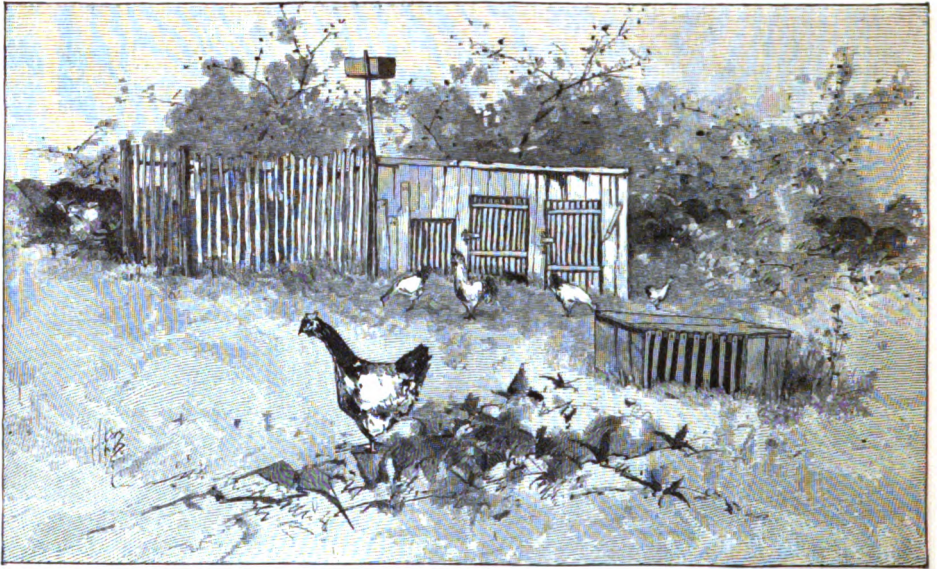
JOHN S. SHIVER.



Two little grasshoppers met on a leaf,
One dull and rainy day,
“How sad it is,” said the two little hops,
“That we can’t go and play.
Our poor little legs are as heavy as lead,
And we cannot make one spring,
And the horrid damp has so hurt our throats
That we are not able to sing.”

Thus they mourned till the sun came out,
Then they hung themselves out to dry,
And they spread out their bright green wings,
As the merry breeze passed by.
And they jumped, in their glee, quite head over heels,
And sang right joyfully.

But, alas and alack for the poor little hops!
A hen had come out for a stroll,
And she put a stop to the merry, merry dance,
For she swallowed the grasshoppers whole.



And their last sad jump was down her long throat,
And that was the end of their play.
“I am very, very glad that I heard that song,”
Said the hen, as she walked away.

MRS. DAVID A. MUNRO.





SOME QUEER DOLLS.

GRACIE was crying bitterly. She had no dolly to play with. Her fine wax doll, with eyes that would open and shut, and lips that would say, "Mamma," just like "a truly baby," had been torn in pieces by Snapper. This was a mischief-loving dog. Now she was quite heart-broken. What was to be done?



"If you will first go and get me a little basket full of smooth, clean potatoes," said her Aunt Debbie, with a very knowing look, "we will see what can be done about making up for the loss of your dolly."

Gracie ran to get them, and she soon came back with the basket running over. She wondered what Aunt Debbie could want to do with a lot of raw potatoes.

"Oh! this is a nice one," said auntie, selecting a big, reddish potato from the basket. "See what perfect, well-formed eyes and

eyebrows! A very good nose, too, and mouth! The general expression of the face is fatherly and dignified. This will make a nice papa."

What was Aunt Debbie talking about? Had she lost her senses? Gracie took a peep at the wonderful potato, and found that what Aunt Dobbie had said was true. Upon examining the contents of the entire basket what was her surprise to find that every one of the potatoes had a very life-like look. All were provided with eyes, noses, and mouths.



Such merriment as Gracie made over them!

Aunt Debbie next selected a mamma, to go with the papa. Then ten potato children were chosen. The tiniest one of all was the baby.

Aunt Debbie helped her dress them. She first ran two sticks into them for bodies. These served as a framework upon which to place their frocks. Papa was dressed in a long, scarlet robe, with drapery tastefully arranged about the shoulders, to

conceal the fact that he had no arms. Indeed, the whole family was armless. A little round Chinese cap completed his costume. The mamma was comical to look at. She wore a white frilled cap about her copper-colored face, and a "Mother Hubbard" gown of sky-blue. The children were all in ruffled caps and "Mother Hubbards."

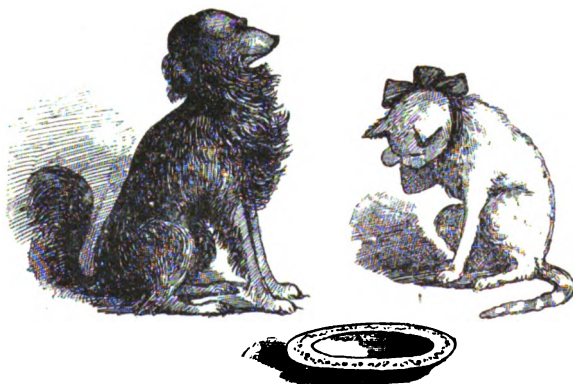
A queer-looking group they made, after Gracie seated them on her little sofa. She had a long, happy day, playing with



them. She declared that they were "the nicest dollies that ever grewed."

I think any other children who will try Aunt Debbie's idea will be equally delighted.

E. M. C.





“Nineteen,
Twenty,
My Plate’s Empty.”



Margaret
Johnson:

Y breakfast, now, if you please,
mamma;

I’m hungry as I can be!”

A round little lass, in a snowy
frill,

She sat on the low, broad win-
dow-sill,

In the shade of the maple
tree.

"What, hungry again, so soon, my child!"

The wondering mother said.

"Your bowl was full to the very brim,
And your pretty plate, with the painted rim,
I filled with the sweet brown bread.

"A breakfast fit for a queen, my dear,
And yet you are hungry still!"

Her round cheeks bloomed a rosier red:

"I haven't had any at all!" she said,
With a glance at the sunny sill.

The bowl and the plate stood empty there,

But "This was the way," said she:

"I just had climbed to the window-seat,
When pussy came purring about my feet,
And I had to feed her, you see.

"And then my Rover sat up and begged,

And watched me with wistful eyes.

His dear old paws were as soft as silk,
And I gave him the rest of my bowl of milk,
For being so funny and wise.

"And then — oh, then the thrushes came,

And sparrows, and robins red.

Right down to the window the sweet things flew,
And I tossed them crumbs, till, before I knew,
They had eaten up all my bread.

"Just hear them singing! and Rover and Puss —

How sleepy and pleased they are!

For they had plenty to eat, you see,
And I am as hungry as I can be, —
My breakfast, please, mamma!"



HERO AT DINNER-TIME.

HERO was a shepherd-dog, owned on a large farm in Scotland. Some of the fields where the men worked were at a distance from the house.

Hero liked to go with the men and stay near them while they were at work.

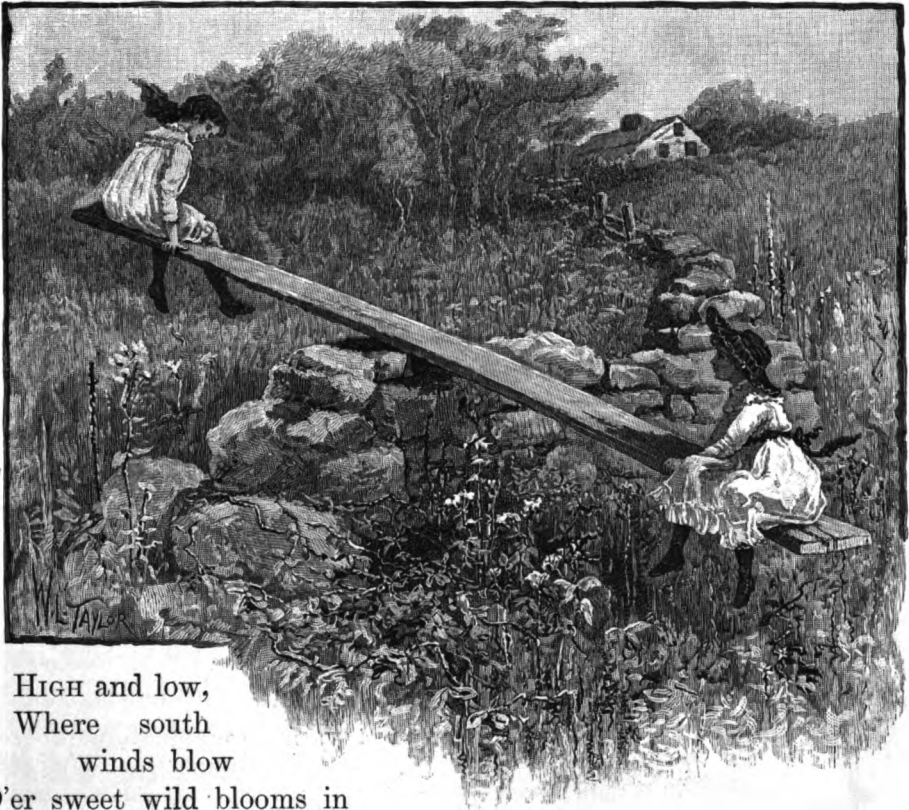
They would know by the shadows on the mountains when it was nearly noon. Sometimes, when they were very hungry, they told Hero to go and see whether dinner were ready. Hero knew very well what this meant. He would go to the house and look in at the kitchen door. Then he would return with his answer.

How did he know, and how could he tell the men? The family used what is called a trivet-table. This is not often seen here, but is common in Scotland. It is a table which, when not in use, can be folded up against the wall to make room, and let down when wanted.

If the table were let down, and a kettle of broth stood on the hearth, Hero ran joyfully back to the field, and frisked about, wagging his tail, and lapping with his tongue. But if these signs of dinner were wanting, he walked slowly back, with drooping ears and tail, and crept behind his master. This is a true story.

MRS. MARY JOHNSON.

THE SEE-SAW ON THE WALL.



High and low,
Where south
winds blow
O'er sweet wild blooms in
the meadow fair,
And toss and tumble our trailing hair;

Up and down, with gentle motion,
 As if upon some sleepy ocean
 Far afloat ;
 Through our half-closed eyes we seem
 Rocking, in a summer dream,
 In a boat.

High and low,
 Where streamlets flow
 From spicy groves through the fields away,
 'Mid fragrant drifts of the fresh-mown hay ;
 Where, on tangled briers clinging,
 Saucy bobolinks are singing,
 Glad and gay ;
 On the old, gray, mossy wall,
 In our play we rise and fall,
 Blithe as they.

KHAM.

SHEP, THE ERRAND DOG.



ROBBIE'S mamma had gone away for a time. His auntie had told him to be good with nurse until she came back from the hill where she was going to sketch. But she chanced to pick up Robbie's favorite book, and take it off to rest her paper upon.

By and by he looked for it, and of course looked in vain. Then he remembered that auntie had taken it with her. Nurse was busy.

The hill was steep. Auntie was sitting at the top. The little boy could see her, but she looked like a child, she was so far away. The more he knew he couldn't have his book, the more Robbie wanted it, as is

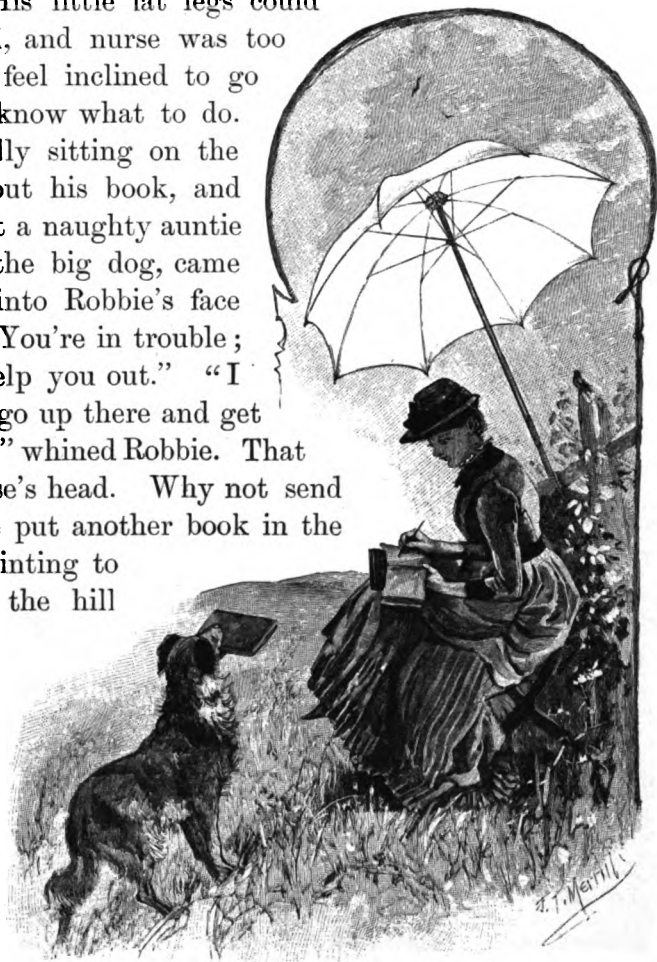
always the case. His little fat legs could never climb the hill, and nurse was too busy, or too fat, to feel inclined to go for it. He did not know what to do.

While he was sadly sitting on the piazza, thinking about his book, and thinking, also, "what a naughty auntie he had," old Shep, the big dog, came along. He looked into Robbie's face as much as to say, "You're in trouble; tell Shep, — he'll help you out." "I just wish you would go up there and get my book for me, S'ep," whined Robbie. That put an idea into nurse's head. Why not send Shep for it? So she put another book in the dog's mouth, and pointing to auntie, way up on the hill fence, she said, "Take it to her, sir; run now!" Shep started proudly off, nor stopped even to bark at a cow in his way.

Nurse and Robbie watched him till he reached auntie. He

dropped the book at her feet. At first she did not understand what he meant. But when she saw little Robbie standing on the piazza of the house, at the foot of the hill, and looked at the book she was using, she guessed what was wanted. Putting Robbie's property into Shep's mouth, she bade him trot home again. He did so, and presently the little boy was comforted and happy, as he looked at his favorite pictures in his loved magazine.

Shep has been a much-praised doggie ever since it was discovered that he could be useful as an "errand boy."



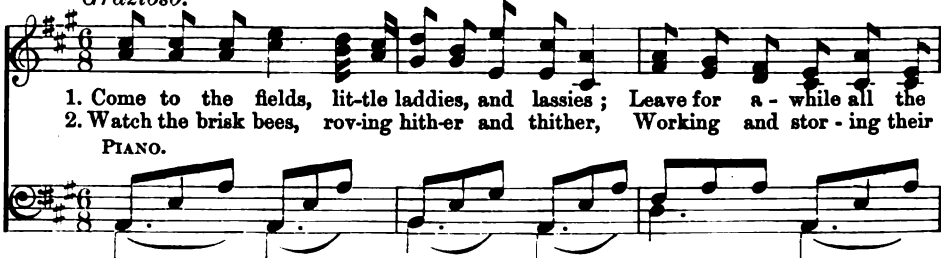
M. D. BRINE.

VACATION SONG.

Words by M. E. N. HATHEWAY.

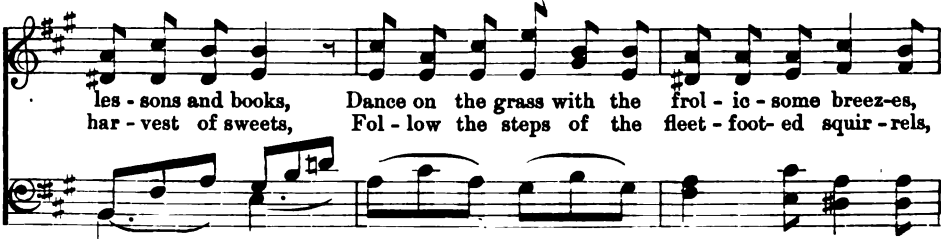
Music by T. CRAMPTON.

VOICE.
Grazioso.

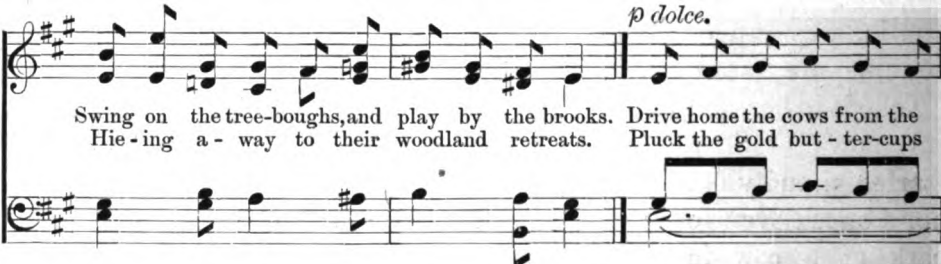


1. Come to the fields, lit-tle laddies, and lassies; Leave for a - while all the
2. Watch the brisk bees, rov-ing hith-er and thither, Working and stor-ing their

PIANO.

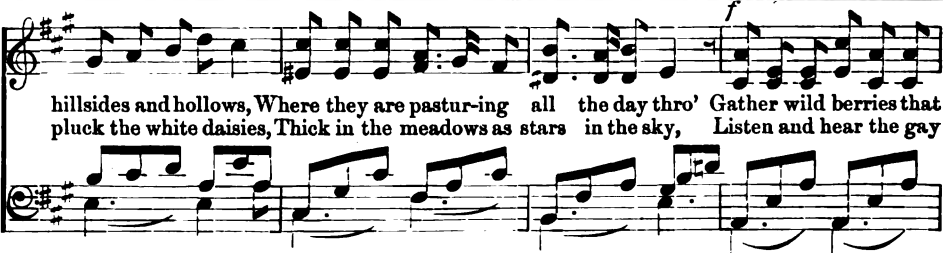


les - sons and books, Dance on the grass with the fro - lo - some breez-es,
har - vest of sweets, Fol - low the steps of the fleet - foot-ed squir - rels,



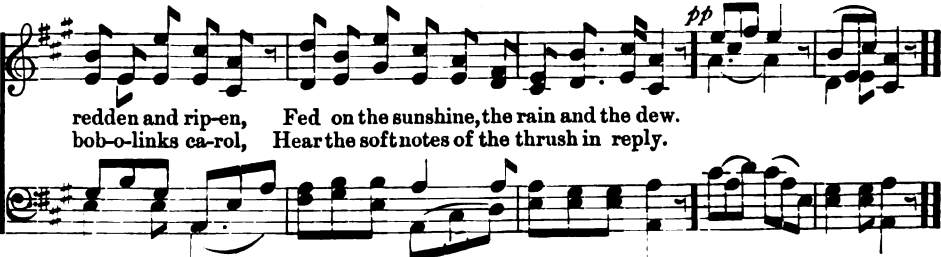
p dolce.

Swing on the tree-boughs, and play by the brooks. Drive home the cows from the
Hie-ing a - way to their woodland retreats. Pluck the gold but - ter-cups



f

hillsides and hollows, Where they are pastur-ing all the day thro' Gather wild berries that
pluck the white daisies, Thick in the meadows as stars in the sky, Listen and hear the gay



pp

red - den and rip - en, Fed on the sunshine, the rain and the dew.
bob-o-links ca - rol, Hear the soft notes of the thrush in reply.

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SEPTEMBER

Vol. V.

No. II.

1885.

OUR LITTLE ONES

AND

THE

NURSERY

THE
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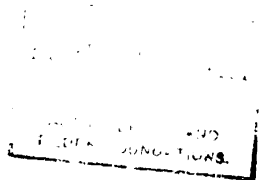
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VOL. V.

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No. 11.

THE LAST LOAD.

"HERE comes the menagerie," cried Eliza.

You would have thought from the noise that all of Barnum's animals had been let loose in grandma's house. But grandma herself only smiled, and went on frying the doughnuts, not a bit frightened. The animals were her nine grandchildren. She knew that they would be as hungry and as ready for breakfast as any real bears, lions, or tigers.

The children always waited in the morning until the last one was dressed. Then they all scrambled to see which one would get downstairs first. Doughnut-morning was always greeted with cheers; so it was especially noisy.

"What shall we do to-day, grandma?" they asked, after breakfast.

"Don't you think you had better sit still to-day? It is going to be so warm."

"Oh! but, gran'ma, not all day," said Teddy, the littlest one of all. The others all laughed, for they knew that grandma didn't believe in sitting-still children.

"What are you going to do, grandpa?"

"Oh, I'm going haying down in the south meadow."

Just then John drove up to the door with Colonel and Dolly harnessed to the big hay-wagon. "Those who want to go with me say Ay."

They all shouted "Ay," even little Teddy, who shouted louder than any of them.

"All right; hats on; jump in;" and away they went down the lane. The more they were bounced and shaken up the better they liked it. Grandma had put in pails and baskets so that they could go berrying, and there were lines and hooks for the boys to fish.

They had such a good time that they were all sorry to hear the horn calling them to dinner. But the sorry little faces grew very bright when they saw that they were to have a real picnic dinner under the trees. Sandwiches, gingerbread, and a great pile of doughnut men! One of the mammas had put in a box of marsh mallows for dessert.

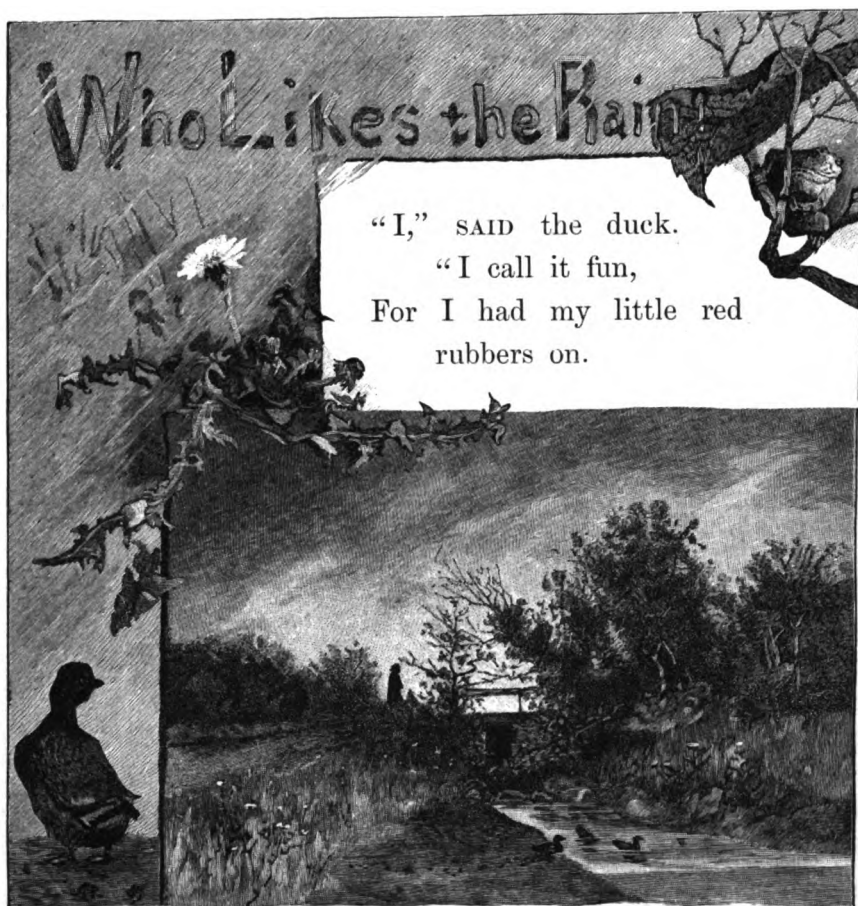
In the afternoon they all worked with grandpa. They tossed the hay, and helped rake it, and were even happier than in the morning.

But it had been a long day for such little people. When the last load was ready they were glad to be tossed upon top and have such a comfortable ride home. It was a happy ending to a happy day.

Grandpa walked by the side of the wagon, for he said it was such a valuable load he should want to pick up any of it that might tumble off. Benny didn't see why that load should be worth more than any other. But it must have been more valuable, for all the mammas, and grandma too, seemed so glad when it was safe in the barn.

J. A. M.





"I," SAID the duck.

"I call it fun,
For I had my little red
rubbers on.

They make a cunning three-toed track
In the soft, cool mud,— quack! quack!"

"I!" cried the dandelion, "I!
My roots are thirsty, my buds are dry."
And she lifted a trowsled yellow head
Out of her green grass bed.

"I hope 'twill pour! I hope 'twill pour!"
Purred the tree-toad at his gray bark door, -
"For, with a broad leaf for a roof,
I am perfectly weather-proof."

Sang the brook: "I laugh at every drop,
And wish they never need to stop
Till a big, big river I grew to be,
And could find my way to the sea."

"I," shouted Ted, "for I can run,
With my high-top boots and rain-coat on,
Through every puddle and runlet and pool
I find on the road to school."

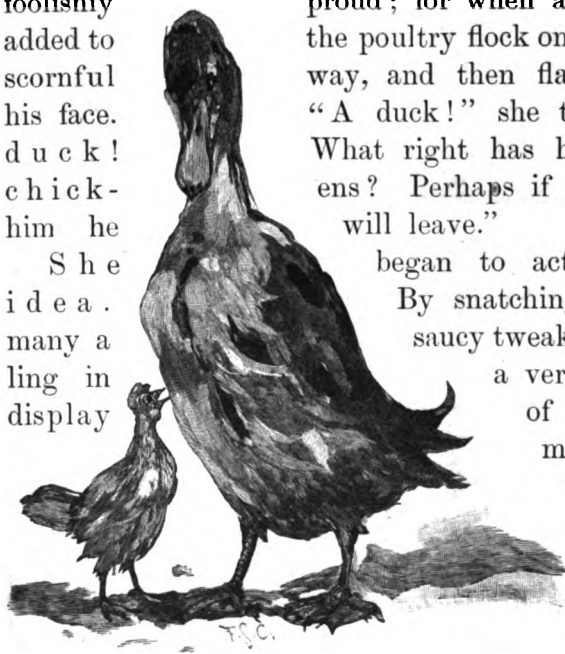
MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.

BANTIE AND THE DUCK.

A TRUE STORY.

BANTIE was little and white, sprightly and gay; but she was also foolishly proud; for when a great, ungainly duck was added to the poultry flock one day, she cackled in a very scornful way, and then flaunted her tail-feathers in his face. "A duck!" she thought, "a big, awkward duck! What right has he among a lot of genteel chickens? Perhaps if we make it unpleasant for him he will leave."

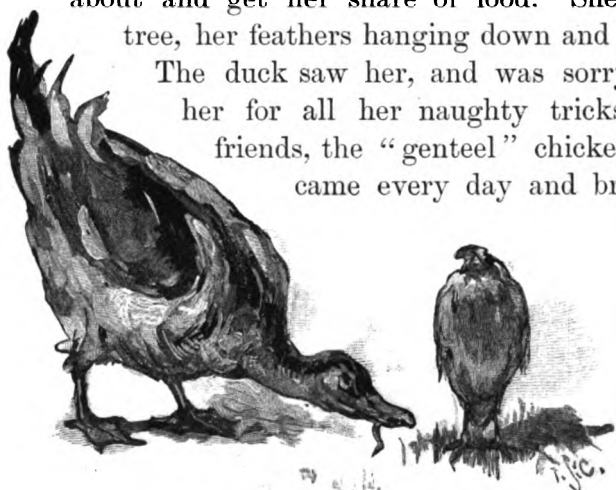
She began to act upon this ugly, selfish idea. By snatching his food, by giving him many a saucy tweak with her bill, and by cackling in a very loud tone at every slight display of his awkwardness, she soon managed to make his life very unhappy.



But he did not leave, and Bantie had great reason to be thankful that she had not driven him

away; for one day she fell quite ill, and was no longer able to run about and get her share of food. She sat moping beneath a tree, her feathers hanging down and her eyes shut.

The duck saw her, and was sorry for her. He forgave her for all her naughty tricks. While none of her friends, the "genteel" chickens, offered any help, he came every day and brought her a part of his food.



Bantie soon became blind, and the duck led her to the most comfortable corner of the chicken-house, and cared for her wants daily.

How do you suppose Bantie felt, to receive such kindness from one she had wronged? I'm sure she thought if she ever became well she would never be so proud and foolish again.

She lived for three weeks after she became blind. The duck took care of her tenderly all the time. When she died he quacked over her long and mournfully, and seemed very sad and lonely for several days afterward.

JENNIE S. JUDSON.





GOING TO BREAKFAST.

(The Dog speaks.)

QUEEN Baby is going to breakfast ;
Make way for Her Majesty small.
A Lady of Honor upon the high chair
Is waiting with welcome for all.

Queen Baby clasps tightly her treasures, —
The dollies, more precious than gems ;
While the golden hair, lying in curls on her brow,
Is fairest of all diadems.

And I am the happiest Page in the land,
As I lead my Queen forth at her gentle command.

C. L. BRINE.

SCAMP'S BEDFELLOWS.

My master, one day, a week ago, went away on a long trip. He sent me to the country to wait until he returned. I love the country, for I can run around and chase rabbits and birds. But the country



is lonesome now, for the leaves are all off the trees and my master's family have all gone to the city. Even the kittens are away.

My master gave me in charge of Lewis, the colored farmer, and told him to take care of me. Lewis has got five little children, and they love pug dogs. Anyhow they love me. The first night I arrived here I sat in the middle of the floor, and tears came into my eyes, for I did not know where I was going to sleep.

Then the children began to gather around me, and they saw me crying. One of them picked me up in her arms, and said, "Don't cry, Scampy; you shall sleep with me." So she took me upstairs and put me in the big bed. All the others got in the bed, too. I was in the middle. It must have looked funny to see the five little black



heads, and my white head and black nose peeping out over the blankets. We always sleep that way now.

JOHN S. SHRIVER.

WHAT HAPPENED TO JUMBO.

JUMBO is Millie Kingman's cat. He was unusually bright and playful when he was young. He caught a mouse before anybody supposed he was old enough to think of such a thing. His mother, Mrs. Tabby Gray, was very proud of his forwardness. So was Millie, and he was praised on all sides for his good conduct. By-and-by he began to climb trees to hunt birds. The robins that had their nests near the house were afraid every day that he would catch their little ones. His mother did not reprove him for this, for she liked the taste of a bird herself. But when she saw him stealing through the grass, ready to pounce upon Madam Topknot's chickens, she growled at him and boxed his ears severely. Mrs. Tabby was old and wise, and she knew cats that killed chickens were hated and despised, and always came to some bad end. So she watched Jumbo very closely. One day, when she was asleep, he stole slyly after the chickens and caught one, thinking nobody saw him. But Madam Topknot saw him. Before

he could run away she sprang upon his back. She held him fast with her strong claws, and pecked him cruelly.

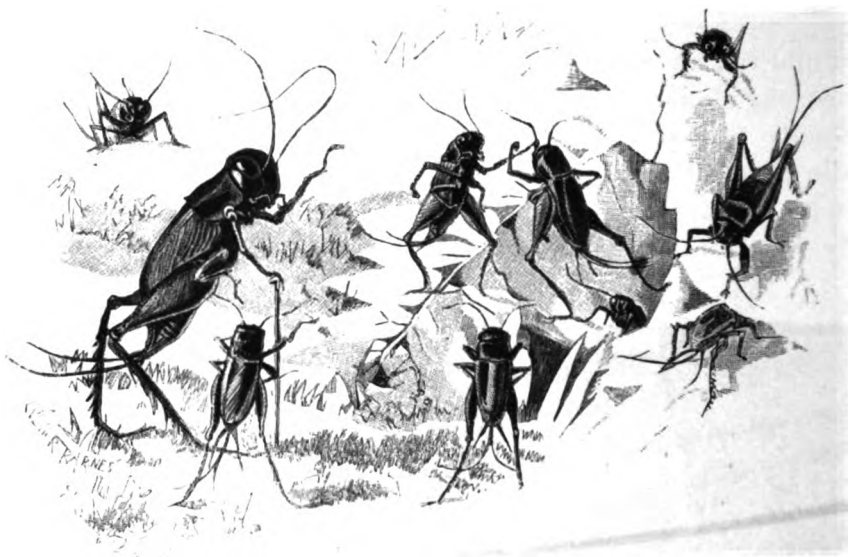
Jumbo had to let the chicken go. He struggled and howled till Millie heard him, and came and rescued him. It made her cry to see how his fur was pulled out and his flesh torn. She nursed him faithfully for several days, and rubbed cream on his wounds. Whenever



she did this his mother would lick it off very carefully. Tabby got the most of the cream, but the licking was good for Jumbo, and he was soon well again. He carried the marks of Madam Topknot's punishment all his life. The new fur that grew over the places where she had scratched him was always white, and showed plainly on his dark-brown coat.

Madam Topknot made a lasting impression upon his memory, too, so that he never afterwards wanted to go near any of the hens or chickens.

M. E. N. HATHAWAY.



OLD DAME CRICKET.

OLD Dame Cricket,
Down in a thicket,
Brought up her children nine,—
Queer little chaps,
In glossy black caps
And brown little suits so fine.

“My children,” she said,
“The birds are abed :
Go and make the dark earth glad !
Chirp while you can !”
And then she began,
Till, oh, what a concert they had !

They hopped with delight,
They chirruped all night,
Singing, “Cheer up ! cheer up ! cheer !”
Old Dame Cricket,
Down in the thicket,
Sat awake till dawn to hear.



“Nice children,” she said.
 “And very well-bred.
 My darlings have done their best.
 Their naps they must take :
 The birds are awake ;
 And they can sing all the rest.”

GEORGE COOPER.



ANNIE'S PICTURE.



WHEN Annie Taylor was only a little girl she was fond of making pictures.

Some one gave her a nice box of paints, and she soon learned to use them.

Annie thought it would please mamma to have a picture for a birthday present. She worked very hard in her own room to paint one nicely.

The day before the birthday the picture was finished. Annie was sure mamma would like it. She had done her best, and, though you or I might not have called it beautiful, few girls of her age would have done better.

While she was taking a last look at it some one called, and she went hastily out, leaving the door ajar.

Now, Annie had a dear little brother, only two years old. His name was Ross. Baby brothers dearly love to go into their sisters' rooms. When Ross saw the door ajar he toddled towards it, talking softly to himself. He pushed it open and went in. He walked all around the room, patting the pretty things within his reach, talking and laughing in his baby way.

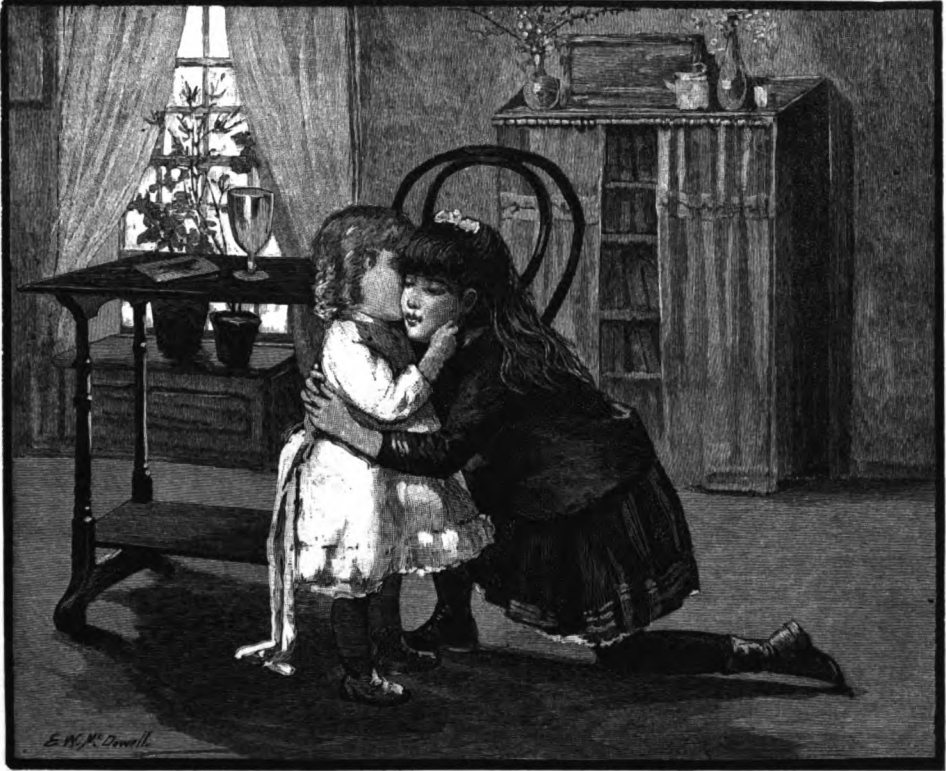
At last he came to the picture. Why couldn't he paint pretty pictures, as Annie did? The brushes, still wet, lay within reach. A moment more, and mamma's birthday gift was ruined!

He had just put the brushes down when Annie came back. For an

instant she was too angry to speak. She felt as if no punishment would be too severe for Ross: he had spoiled her work, ruined all her plans.

"You naughty, naughty boy!" she cried, rushing towards him.

But she did not strike or shake him, as she intended. Ross turned a happy little face towards her. He pointed at the picture in so



pleased a manner she could only take him in her arms and have a good cry. And as Annie thought of the matter she saw the trouble was due to her own carelessness.

This happened years ago. Annie is now quite a famous artist, but she has this picture framed and hung in her room. She would not exchange it for any other in the world. I will tell you why. It shows the marks of Baby Ross' fingers, and Baby Ross lived only a few months after mamma's birthday.

Do you think Annie ever felt sorry for not striking him?

JULIA A. TIRRELL.

By
Margaret
Johnson



"Twenty-one, twenty-two,
If I were you."

SUMMER day,

So fair and gay,

When all your breezes are at play,
And when the yellow sun looks down
On grassy field and wayside brown,
I'd never let my winds complain,
My sunny skies be dark with rain,
Or dim with clouds that hide the blue,
If I were you!



My sweet mamma,
So fair you are

When, gazing up as at a star,
I see your lovely face look down
Above your shimmering silken gown,
A trailing robe I'd always wear,
With roses in my braided hair,
And laces soft, and gems like dew,
If I were you.

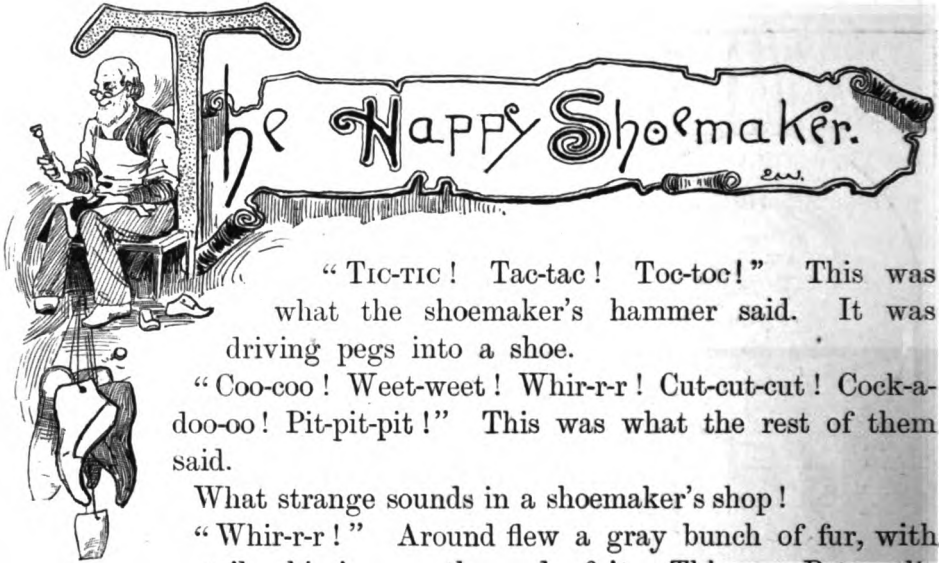




O Baby! Oh,
 I love you so!
 Your dimpled shoulders, white as snow,
 Your rosy hands and restless feet,
 And cooing voice and laughter sweet,
 I'd grow no older year by year,
 But always stay a baby dear, —
 The sweetest thing that ever grew, —
 If I were you.

O little lass
 Within the glass,
 So lazily the minutes pass,
 While dreaming foolish dreams you stand,
 Your chin upon your idle hand,
 I'd think no more of summer days
 And silken gowns and baby ways,
 But run and find some work to do,
 If I were you!

"O little lass
 Within the glass"



The Happy Shoemaker.

"Tic-tic! Tac-tac! Toc-toc!" This was what the shoemaker's hammer said. It was driving pegs into a shoe.

"Coo-coo! Weet-weet! Whir-r-r! Cut-cut-cut! Cock-a-doo-oo! Pit-pit-pit!" This was what the rest of them said.

What strange sounds in a shoemaker's shop!

"Whir-r-r!" Around flew a gray bunch of fur, with a tail whizzing on the end of it. This was Peter, the gray squirrel. And "whir" went Jim, the red squirrel, in another cage close by.

The shoemaker looked up and smiled. "Tic-tac! Good morning," said the hammer and he together.

"Cut-cut!" cried the bantams in one corner of the room.

"Are those chickens eating shoe-pegs, maker?" Mr. Shoemaker?

"Oh, no! Oats, of course! You might think they were shoe-pegs, though!"

"Jocko, don't you want to come out and see the lady?" continued the shoemaker.

"No, no!" squeaked a white-faced monkey, almost as plainly as a child. And he shook his head, as he took a fresh bite of his apple.



"Oh, you don't! Well, then you come, Jumbo."

Jumbo, the black and white guinea-pig, only said, "Wee-wee," and the little pigs squeaked "Wee-wee" in chorus.

"They came all the way from China," said the shoemaker.

Then all the doves in half-a-dozen cages began to plume themselves, and say "Coo-coo!" very softly.

"Yes; you are handsome creatures, and you know it." There were



several kinds of doves. One great beauty, white and brown, flew and perched upon the shoemaker's shoulder.

"You must be happy, working here amid so many pets," said the lady.

"Oh, yes! I teach them all sorts of tricks. Now see this youngster!"

The shoemaker laid down his hammer, and reaching to a cage of white rats, took out a baby one. "I am training him to walk the rope," said the shoemaker.

He took the pretty little thing, who peeped softly all the while, and put him to the gas-pipe, which hung down near the bench.

The young rat began to climb. "Gently now! Don't fall off!" And the shoemaker helped him with his finger. The rat climbed up till he came to a rope. Then he crawled across the rope to his cage again.

"He does his lesson very nicely," said the lady.

"Yes; they are all well behaved," replied the shoemaker. "If Jocko wasn't so busy with his apple he would come out, too."

"I am very happy indeed, with my pets, as you said, madam. It is pleasant to work among so many creatures that love you."

"Tic-tic! Tac-tac! Toc-toc!" went the hammer again. The birds, the guinea-pigs, the squirrels, and the monkey began their joyful chorus.

The lady opened the door to go away.

"Good morning!" said the shoemaker, with a bright smile.

"Coo-oo! Pit-pat! Wee-wee! Tic-tic!"

KHAM.

A FANTASTIC FLY-CATCHER.

COME with me into my garden, and I will show you something. Where is my garden? Why, it is in Africa, of course; where else should it be? Don't ask foolish questions, but come down to the farther end of the garden, and sit down on this bench, under the thick green leaves of the cork-tree. Now look at that branch, and tell me what you see on it. "Leaves?" Yes; but what else? "Nothing else." Why, where are your eyes? Put your finger on that leaf, and see — "Oh! oh! It is alive!" Indeed, it is very much alive.

That is a chameleon, and a very singular fellow he is. He is a kind of lizard, and — see! Look! how his color changes! He was green when we first saw him, and now he is nearly black, with round yellow spots all over him. He can change the color of his dress whenever he pleases, without having to change the dress itself; that

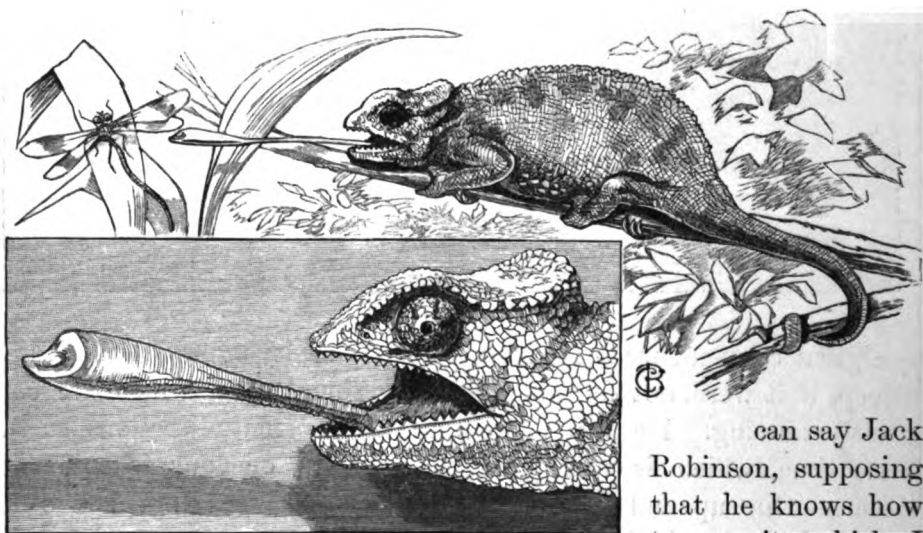


is a great convenience. He is so perfectly still you might think him asleep, if it were not for his green, big, round eyes, which are constantly moving. He can move them in different directions at the same time, which is more than you can do, or your schoolma'am either. One up and the other down; one forward and the other back; truly, that is the way to use one's eyes. It seems very paltry to be obliged to move both at once, and in the same direction. Ah! he moves a little, just a very little; now he is still again. I think he sees that large fly which has just lighted on the branch. He says to himself, "It is dinner-time." (N.B. — It is always dinner-time whenever he sees a fly, or any other insect.)

Now, how do you think he is going to catch that fly? It is so far off he certainly cannot reach it from where he sits, and his motions are so slow that the fly might be half a mile away before he had uncoiled his tail from the branch round which it is closely twisted.

Flash! What was that? Out from his mouth darted a long, slender, round thing, as long as his whole body almost; it darts back again, with the fly on its tip; and Mr. Chameleon swallows quietly the first course of his dinner. That long, slender thing, as

straight as a billiard-cue, and as sure of its aim, was the gentleman's tongue. "What a very remarkable tongue!" you say, and you say well. It is gun and fishing-rod, knife, fork, and spoon, to the chameleon. He will sit there for hours, perhaps, perfectly motionless, except for his tongue; and whenever a fly, or other insect, alights within reach of that wonderful member, flash! it is out and in again, and the unhappy insect is devoured before he



can say Jack Robinson, supposing that he knows how to say it, which I

doubt — Ah! look! You did not look quickly enough, my dear. In the time that it took you to turn your head a dragon-fly came, and was seen, and was conquered, and the last wing of him has just disappeared from view inside the chameleon's gaping jaws. And now I do believe the creature is changing color again! Yes! the yellow spots fade out, and the black lightens, until now he is a light-brown all over, — just the color of a dead leaf. Pop! Another fly has met his fate.

Have you seen enough of this very greedy fellow? Jump up, then, and shake the branch. Whisk! Scrabble! He is gone. You see he can make haste, after all, when he tries.

LAURA E. RICHARDS.



THE WOODCHUCK'S HOLE.

TOM "had found something" on the
hill ;

We all went out to see ;

"A bird's-nest ?" "No." "Some
field-mice?" "No."

"Oh, dear ! what could it be ?"

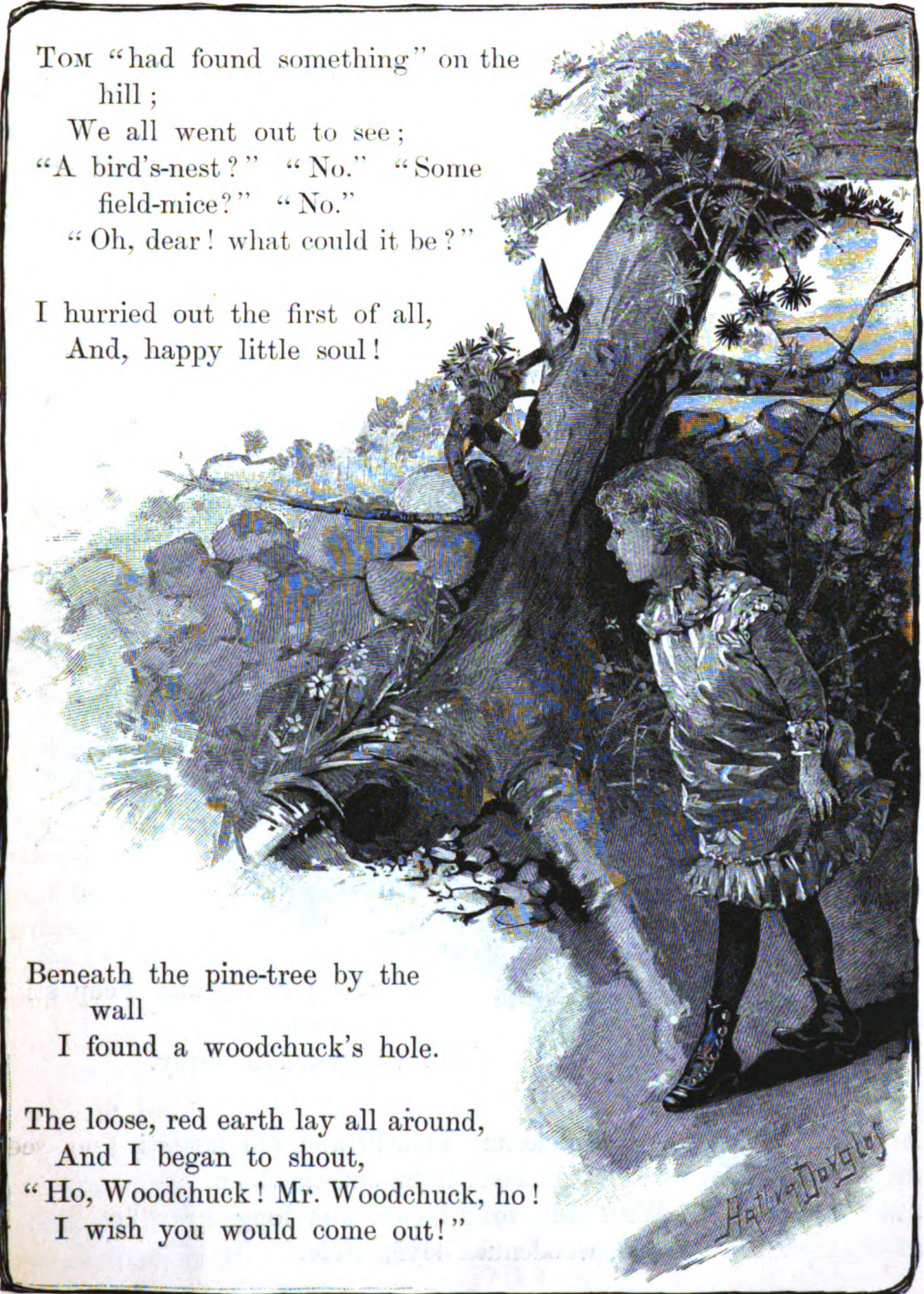
I hurried out the first of all,
And, happy little soul !

Beneath the pine-tree by the
wall

I found a woodchuck's hole.

The loose, red earth lay all around,
And I began to shout,

"Ho, Woodchuck ! Mr. Woodchuck, ho !
I wish you would come out !"

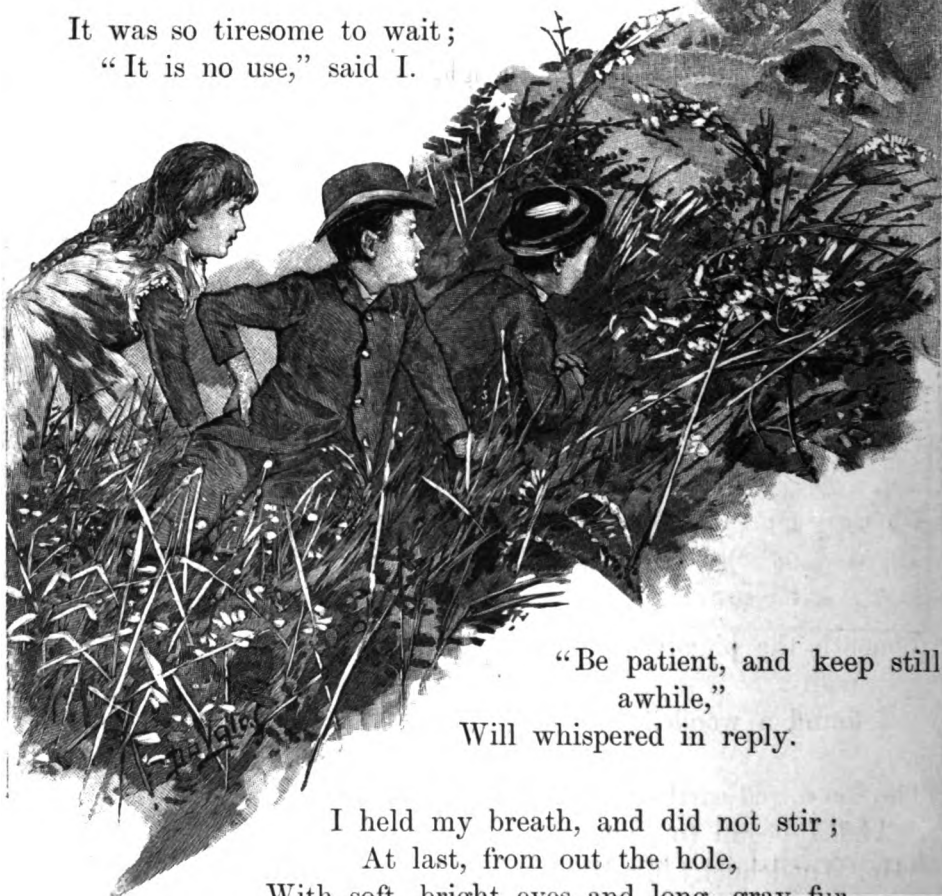


But, "Hush!" said Tommy, close behind.

"Hush! hush!" said Brother Will;
"The way to see the woodchuck is,
Be patient and keep still."

So, just a little way beyond,
Down in the grass, amid
The tall ferns and the blackberry-vines,
Like partridges, we hid.

It was so tiresome to wait;
"It is no use," said I.



"Be patient, and keep still
awhile,"

Will whispered in reply.

I held my breath, and did not stir;
At last, from out the hole,
With soft, bright eyes and long, gray fur,
A woodchuck slyly stole.

He munched a few green leaves ; he cropped
Some clovers, blooming red ;
Then straight on his back feet he stood,
And turned each way his head,

As if he listened to a sound.
'Twas such a funny sight,
To see him, as he looked around,
I laughed out for delight.

Back sprang the woodchuck to his hole ;
Out from the fern we came ;
"I did not mean to laugh," said I,
"I was not much to blame.

"But we should not have seen at all,
The woodchuck, Brother Will,
If I had not done as you said, —
Been patient, and kept still."

MARIAN DOUGLAS.



A STRANGE TRAMP.

"LITTLE Sister" was lying asleep on the snow-white bed, her pink hands curled like crumpled rose-leaves. Mamma was upstairs, very busy, so Louie was quite alone. He looked up at a shelf on which were some bottles. His mother had forbidden him to touch them.

An ugly little spirit whispered to him, "There is no one here now to see you: you can get all the bottles down, and have a nice time playing with them."

Louie listened to this ugly little spirit, instead of driving it away. He dragged his high-chair in and took the bottles from the shelf. One of them held ink. As he opened it with a jerk, the contents flew out all over the carpet. He tried to wipe away the ugly stains, but did not succeed.

Then he opened a bottle of shoe-polish. After "shining" his own



shoes he drew his little sister to the edge of the bed so that her feet hung over. Then he began to polish her little bronze slippers.

The baby waked suddenly and gave a slight turn. In doing so she fell from the bed to the floor, knocking the bottle from Louie's hands.

Oh! how she sobbed and cried! Mamma came to her quickly; but it was a long time before she could be comforted.



"Louie," asked his mamma, when the baby was still, "who took the bottles from the shelf?"

"I don't know, mamma; it must have been a tramp," answered Louie, with his head bent down.

His mother sighed heavily, but she said nothing. She looked very sad, and sat for a long time in silence. Louie tried to play and be

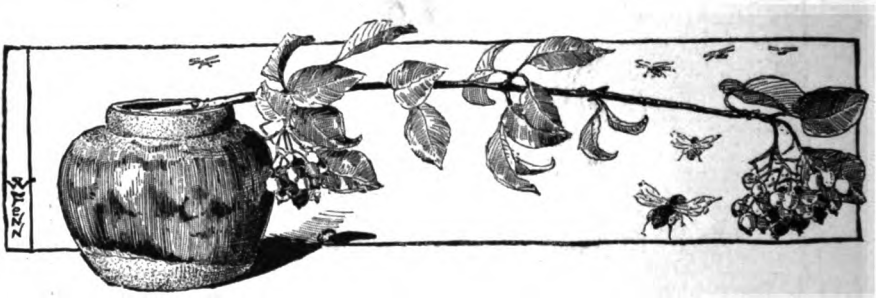
cheerful, but mamma's sad face and his own guilty heart troubled him.

Then all of a sudden, with his eyes full of tears, he ran to his mother's side, and sobbed out, "O mamma! I took down the bottles. I was the tramp. I am so sorry I told a story."

"The *first* wrong made the second one, my little boy," said his mother. "If you had not disobeyed you would not have told the story. See all the trouble you have caused: my pretty carpet is ruined, and your little sister's head is bruised."

Louie was very sorry indeed. Afterwards, when his mother forbade him to touch anything, he always tried to obey.

JENNIE S. JUDSON.



FREDDY AND BILLY.

FREDDY was three years old before he ever saw the country or his Grandma Stone. He was delighted with both, and asked more questions about the many new things he saw than his grandma could answer.

He saw a flock of sheep feeding in a field beyond the barn. He ran up to the fence to watch them "nip the grass." One big fellow, with crooked horns, came up, shaking his head.

"Oh!" said Freddy, "he's making me a bow: I'll make him one;" and he bowed very low. Billy (that was the sheep's name) took this for a challenge. Stepping back a few steps, he darted forward with

all his might. Of course his head struck the fence instead of Freddy. The little boy clapped his chubby hands and shouted in high glee.



“He wants to play with me, just like Fido,” said he; and he went into the field. Billy darted at him again. In an instant Freddy was knocked flat upon the ground. He hardly understood this rough treatment.

“Fido don’t do that way,” he said, as he got upon his feet again. He was no sooner up than Billy came at him a third time, and down he went.

Freddy began to cry and scream with fright. Grandma heard him and ran to his rescue. There was blood on his hands and face, and collar. He had struck his poor little nose in falling. He was soon comforted with some peppermints. But he promised that he would never, never go near Billy again. And he did not.

LIZZIE MAY SHERWOOD.



I've got the funniest dolly
That ever you did see.
He came from Yokohama;
I named him Ko-Chung-Kee.

His eyes are small and twinkling;
His mouth is just as sweet!
He has cunning hands and fingers,
And little fat, bare feet.

He wears a paper petticoat,
With gown of blue and red;
And he only has a fringe of hair
On the top of his blue head.

He looks just as the babies
In the Japan pictures do;
And though his body's papery,
Why, maybe theirs are, too.

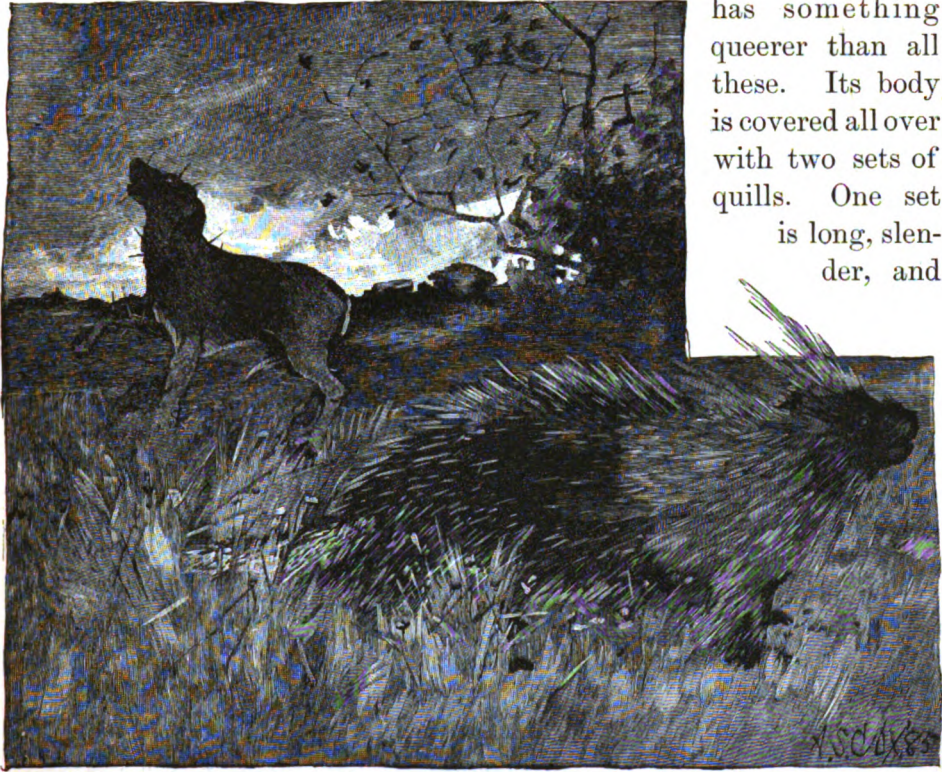
He squeaks just like a baby;
And he is so dear to me!
And here's a truly picture
Of Ko-Chung-Kee and me.

E. S. TUCKER.

THE PORCUPINE'S QUILLS.

EVERY animal has an instrument of defence. Some have claws, some hoofs, some spurs and beaks, some powerful teeth and stings.

The porcupine has something queerer than all these. Its body is covered all over with two sets of quills. One set is long, slender, and



curved; the other, short and straight, very stout, and with sharp points.

Whenever the porcupine is chased by any animal, and finds he cannot get out of the way, he just stops and bristles up all his quills. Then he backs quickly upon the animal, so that the short, sharp quills may stick into the body. If any happen to be a little loose, they stick so fast in the flesh, like an arrow, that they often make a very bad wound. Remember this whenever you come in the way of the porcupine.

MRS. G. HALL.

A MAYING.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

VOICE.

Allegretto.



- | | | |
|-----------------------------------|----------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Trip-ping o'er the meadows, | Ev - ing thro' the meads, | Where the flick-'ring |
| 2. Flow'rs of spark-ling lus-tre, | Bloom a-round and glow, | Pale prim ro - ses |
| 3. Tho' the woods are tan-gled, | Wreathing flow'rs entwine, | Trees all dew - be - |

PIANO.



- | | | |
|------------|---------------------------|------------------------------|
| sha-dows | Play a-mong the reeds. | Let us go a May-ing, |
| clus-ter, | And wild blue-bells grow. | Vio-lets blush, half hid-den |
| -spangled, | In their ver-dure shine. | Birds are soft-ly sing-ing. |



- | | |
|------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Ev - 'ry flow'r and tree, | Lov - ing - ly is say - ing, |
| Mod - est - ly from view, | But - ter - cups un - bid - den, |
| With har - mo - nious voice, | And the lark up - spring - ing, |



- "Come and look at me."
 Flush in gold - en hue.
 Bids our hearts re - joice.



What d'ye lack, my Masters, What d'ye lack?

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yon, and for keepynge y^e
handes inne nice ordere. Y^e Proprietors
of PEARS' SOAP are y^e makers bye
Royal Warraunt to y^e *Prince of Wales*.

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goodlie youths and menne of America will
truly find that y^e wonderful virtues of
PEARS' Soap, which all y^e druggists
sell, have not been over-rated.



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JULY
Vol. V. No. 9
1885.

OUR LITTLE ONES

AND

THE
NURSERY



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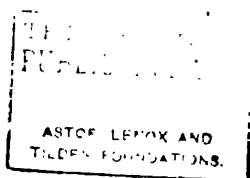
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VOL. V.

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No. 9.

A PICTURE.

DAINTY little Marguerite,
Tripping down the stair,
With the dancing sunlight
In her golden hair,

Through the open doorway,
In the sunny brightness,
Where the morning-glories
Nod in airy lightness.

Mamma, coming downwards,
Sees her darling stand,
Snowy ruffled apron
Held in either hand,

Making stately courtesy
With a childlike grace,
And a reverent brightness
On her upturned face.

"What art doing, baby?"
Called the mother's voice,
While the pretty picture
Made her heart rejoice.

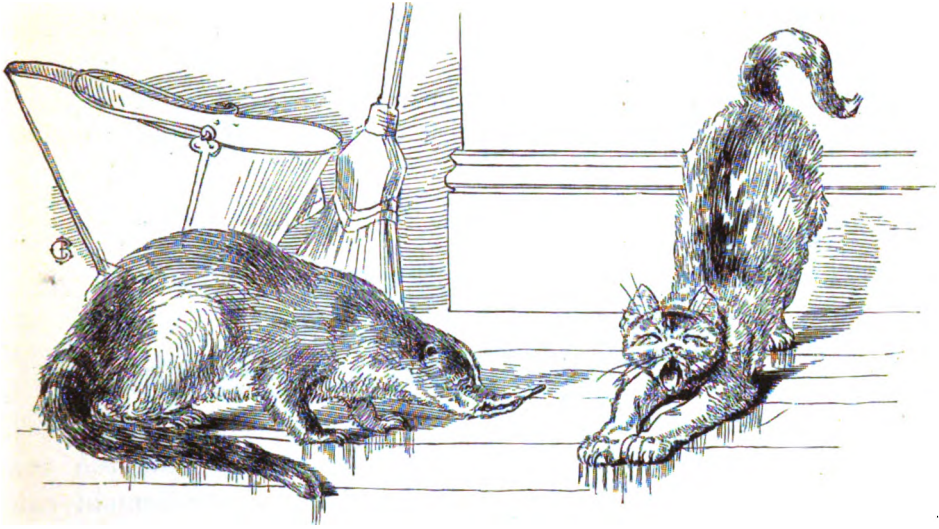
Morning-glories kissed the curls
 The open brow adorning,
 As the little maid replied,
 "I'm wishing God good morning."

JACK BARLOW.

NAUGHTY NASNA.

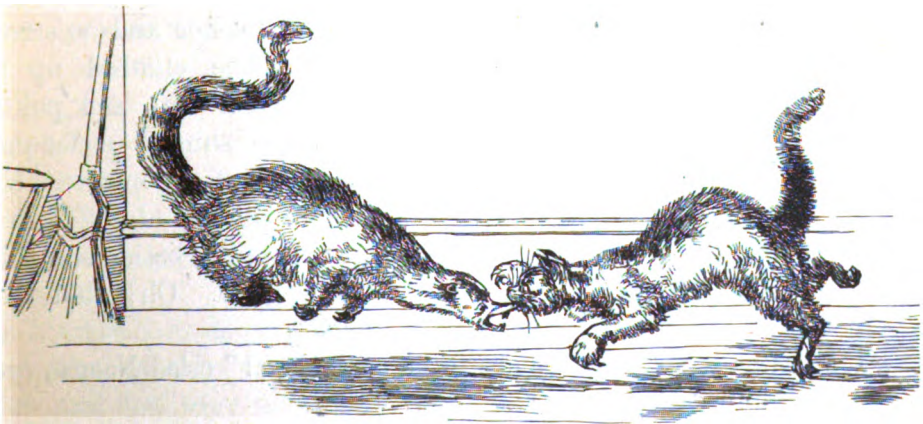
NASNA was a coati-mondi, a cousin of the raccoon family. She was about the size of a cat, with thick, coarse fur, brown on the back and sides, and shading from yellow to orange underneath. She had a head and four legs, and a fat body; but the two most important parts of her, in her own opinion at least, were her nose and her tail. The tail was certainly very handsome, long, and bushy, with black and yellow rings round it. The nose was long, too, — long and sharp, and always poking, poking itself everywhere. There never was such an inquisitive nose. Now it was lifting the lid of a pot on the kitchen fire (for Nasna was tame, and a great pet of her master's), and scalding itself with the steam; now it was sniffing at a bottle of strong ammonia, without seeming to be troubled in the least by the smell; now it was in her master's pocket, trying to find out what it was that went "Tick! tick!"





But what do you think the nose did one day? oh! *what* do you think it did? You never could guess, and so I must tell you.

The old cat had been asleep beside the kitchen fire. She had had a long, long nap,—the sleepy old cat,—and when she woke up she felt that she needed a long, long stretch before she was quite herself again. Now, the way in which the old cat stretched herself was this: she put her four feet close together, and humped her back just as high as she



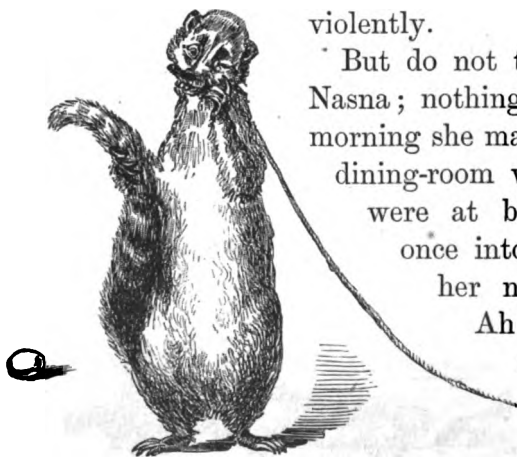
could possibly hump it; then she stretched herself, and opened her mouth to its fullest extent, and said, "Mu-aw-yu-aouw!"

This was a singular performance. Nasna had never seen it before, and when she saw the red mouth open, wide, wider, widest, she immediately said to herself, "Dear me! how very odd! I wonder what



there is inside that red cavern? I'm going to look!" and the next moment the long, velvety nose was poked right into the old cat's mouth, and almost down her throat.

Did the old cat shut her mouth? She did, indeed, my child; and who can blame her for doing so? But there was a sound of woe in the air, and a squealing as of a coati in despair, and the next moment Nasna was crouching in the farthest corner of the room, holding her wounded nose in both hands, and sneezing violently.



But do not think that this was a lesson to Nasna; nothing of the kind! The very next morning she managed to find her way into the dining-room when the master and mistress were at breakfast. She climbed up at once into the mistress' lap, and poked her nose at the shining coffee-pot.

Ah! it was hot. Pop went the nose into the cup of coffee that was steaming beside the mistress' plate. Oh! that was hotter.

"I won't stay here any longer, to be treated so!" cried Nasna; and down she jumped to the floor.

Buzz! buzz! what is that by the window? Something small, flying about, with a black and yellow jacket on. See, now it is crawling on the floor, and Nasna can catch it. Nasna does catch it, putting her soft paw on it. Mr. Wasp extends his sting, as the utmost he has to offer. Nasna squeaks wofully, but does not understand yet, so puts her nose down instead of her paw. This time there is no doubt about the matter, and she retires in great anguish to the kitchen.

One day as she was playing about, tethered by a string to a chair, her master took an egg and placed it on the floor, at a very provoking distance. Nasna could just touch it with one paw, but could not get hold of it. She tried with fore paws, she tried with hind paws; but all in vain: she only succeeded in rolling the egg a little further off. What was to be done? She sat down and looked at the egg long and thoughtfully. At last she put her head on one side and winked: she had an idea. She turned her back on the coveted treasure, and backed towards it as far as she could. Then she grasped her tail with one paw, stiffened it and curved the tip almost into a hook, and, touching the egg with this hook, slowly and cautiously rolled it round in front of her, till she could reach it with her fore paw. Then, in triumph and much pride, she sat up on her haunches, cracked the egg, and sucked it, without spilling a drop. Clever Nasna! I think she deserved a good breakfast, don't you?

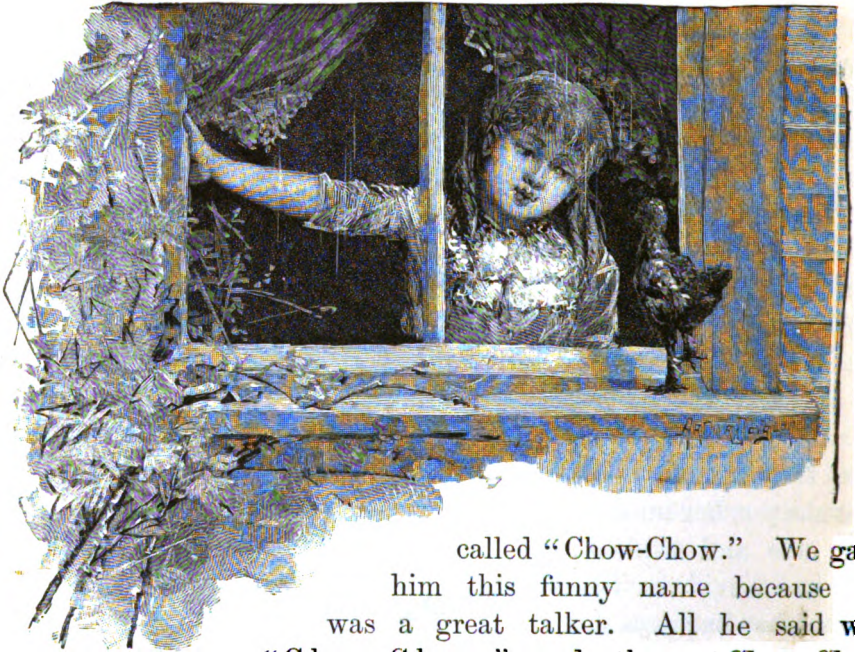


LAURA E. RICHARDS.

“CHOW-CHOW.”

“CHOW-CHOW” was not a pickle, but a chicken, and a real funny one, too.

I made friends with him when he was no bigger than a robin. He was an only child; of course his mother had enough to do to pet and fuss over him. But he would leave her any time when we



called "Chow-Chow." We gave him this funny name because he was a great talker. All he said was "C-h-o-w-C-h-o-w," and then "*Chow-Chow-Chow-Chow*" as fast as he could talk.

His mother was a beautiful buff Shanghai, but he was a long-legged Brahma, dressed in a speckled black and gray suit. As the days got chilly, in the fall, it seemed as if he suffered dreadfully from cold feet. He was always cuddling down in the warm feathers on his mother's back, even when he was a pretty big fellow.

One day I said, "Come, 'Chow-Chow,' don't trouble your mother. I'll give you a good warming by the kitchen fire." I carried him into the kitchen, opened the oven door, and gave his cold feet a good toasting. Oh, how he enjoyed it! He opened and shut his claws as he lay on my lap, and *chow-chowed*, and pecked at the buttons of my dress.

The next day it was pretty cold, and the first thing I heard when I went into the kitchen was a tapping at the window-pane. There was "Chow-Chow" on the window-sill, pecking at the glass, and holding up one foot, and then the other. He was talking, or rather scolding, at the top of his voice.

I let him in. He went straight to the stove, and waited for me to take him in my arms and warm his feet. He seemed to think it was ever so much nicer than his mother's feathers.

One cold morning I was busy when he came in. The stove was very hot, and “Chow-Chow”—silly bird!—couldn't wait for me to attend to him. He flew up on the top of the stove. Then he gave a scream, and landed on the table. That was the first and last time he tried to warm his feet without my help.

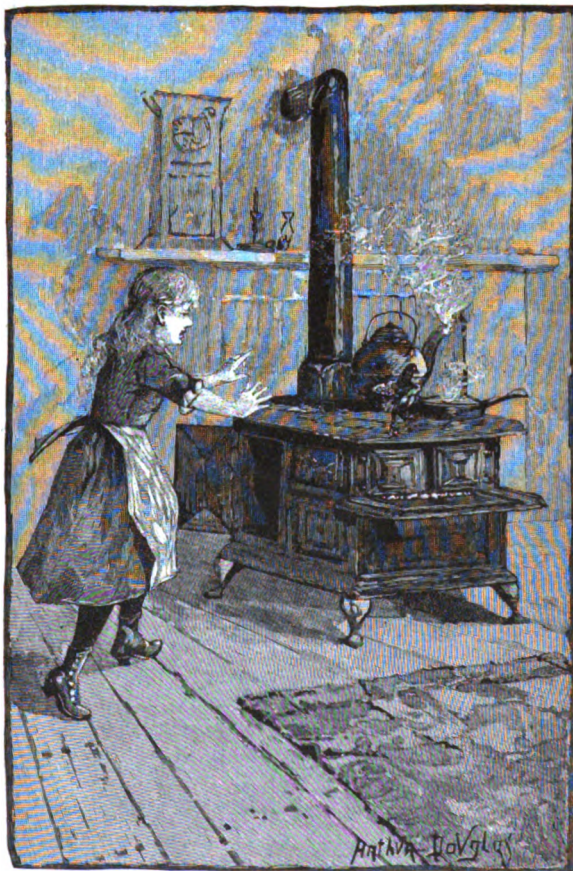
My sister always said that “Chow-Chow” was a hen. I felt sure he was a rooster.

She said, “The first we know ‘Chow-Chow’ will lay an egg.” I said, “The first we know ‘Chow-Chow’ will *crow*.”

After a while I saw some bright red whiskers under his chin. Then such a pretty coral comb. Still he only talked “Chow-Chow-Chow.”

But one morning he came into the kitchen in a great hurry. He jumped upon the table, flapped his wings, and stretched his long neck, opened his mouth, and, oh! such a queer noise! It was a squeak and a roar. I ran upstairs to my sister. “It is a rooster. Didn't you hear ‘Chow-Chow’ crow?”—

“Do you call that a crow? Why, I heard an awful noise, and wondered what it was.”



But our chicken grew up one of the handsomest birds I ever saw. And in a few weeks not a rooster in the neighborhood had such a musical, splendid crow as our "Chow-Chow."

BESSIE PEDDER.



POLLY'S BABY.

ALL in the daintiest cradle
That baby could wish to own,
It lay contentedly winking,
Where Polly had left it alone.
It wasn't a mere doll-baby;
Ah, no! that Polly would scorn;
But this she loved through the daytime,
And dreamed of from night till morn.

A cap its small head adorning,
A robe of cambric so white,
And round its waist, for a "dress up,"
A ribbon so blue and bright!
Its eyes were, Polly thought, lovely,
Because they were gray, and she
Was always brushing the soft hair,
As black as black hair could be.



But once our Polly was naughty,
And struck her baby at last;
When, lo! it jumped out of the cradle,
And scampered from danger fast.
Do you think that was strange for a baby—
For Polly's wee baby—to do?
Why, children, 'twas only a kitty,
Brimful of mischief—and mew!

M. D. BRINE.

HICKORY, DICKORY, DOCK!

WEEZY was so eager to help that she made it hard for herself and for the family. She burned her fingers in stirring hot apple-sauce for Bridget. She woke the baby in trying to curl the few hairs on

his little bald head. She meddled with mamma's knitting-work till she had lost every needle. Papa Haynes laughed at these things; but when Weezy learned to open his writing-desk he looked grave.

"This'll never do," said he to mamma. "The child will be tearing my papers next."

So he locked the desk, and hung the key above the tall clock beside it.

"There, my young squirrel, you won't reach that in a hurry," he said to himself, kissing his little daughter good-by.

After he was gone mamma stepped into the kitchen to tell Bridget about dinner. Weezy stayed in the sitting-room to sing Sambo to sleep. Every time she rocked back in her small chair she could see the

key shining over the clock. It looked very much out of place. She wondered why her papa had put it there. She wanted to whistle



with it. Oh hum ! if she was a little speck of a bird she would fly against it and brush it down with her wings. Or if Sambo was only an angel ! She danced across the floor, and threw him up as high as she could. Instead of knocking down the key she knocked poor Sambo's stocking-yarn head against the wall, and he fell flat upon the top of the desk.

"Lie still, Sambo," cried Weezy, mounting a chair. From the chair she easily climbed to the broad shelf of the desk. There she



rested a moment, leaning her chin on the top of the desk and patting Sambo. But she did not take him in her arms, for not far above him hung the key. She had set her little heart on getting it.

What do you think the little sprite did next ? All by herself she scrambled to the very top of that big desk. Standing on tiptoe, she tried to reach over the clock ! Even then she was not quite tall enough to grasp the key with her chubby little fingers ; but by perching upon Sambo she got it at last.

By the time mamma came back Weezy had opened the desk, and cut one of papa's deeds into paper dolls.

Papa was vexed enough, at noon, when he saw them.

"The loss of that deed will give me a great deal of trouble," said he to mamma. "How *did* Weezy come by the key of my desk?"

"'Hickory, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock!'"

answered mamma, laughing.

"Why, why, is it possible!" said papa, turning pale. "I'm thankful she didn't break her neck,—our little mouse of a Weezy."

PEM SHIRLEY.

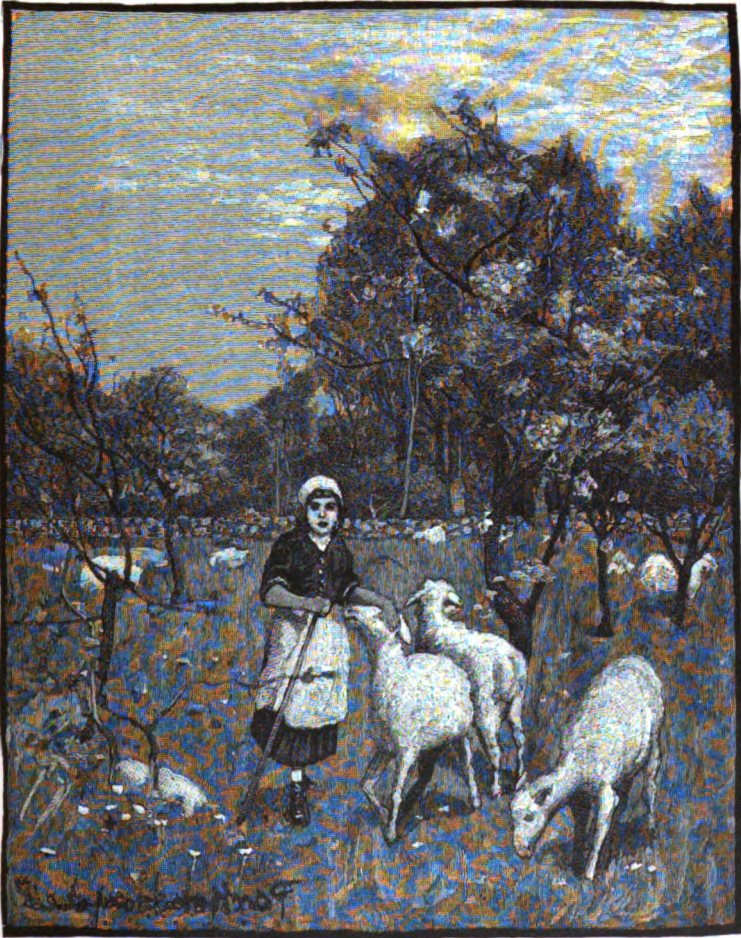


A MEADOW SONG.

A LITTLE daisy in a meadow grew,
Kissed by the sunshine, and fed by the dew ;
And gayly she sang to the passers-by,
"Was ever a daisy so happy as I?"

Then the clover, hearing the daisy's voice,
Began, in her own sweet way, to rejoice ;
And softly sang, to the prettiest tune,
"What bliss to live and to grow in June!"

The violet peeped from her mossy bed,
And round her the sweetest fragrance shed,
Till far and near, on the summer air,
Floated the perfume, fresh and rare.



And the buttercup waked from a golden dream
To join in the grateful and joyous theme,
As daintily over the grass she stepped,
The fresher and sweeter from having slept.

The wild blue flag, with a laughing toss,
Spanned her color the green across ;
"Ho ! ho !" she cried. "Oh, how merry are we !"
Skipping along in her flowery glee.

The sweet-brier, growing beside the wall,
Quickly blossomed to hear the call,
And bent, with a gracious and royal mien,
At the jubilant cries of "Our queen ! our queen !"

Then dandelion, golden head,
To follow where the others led,
Sung till the echoes, loud and long,
Resounded with her joyous song.

The cowslip rose, with a pleased surprise,
And, donning a robe of gorgeous dyes,
Sang in a voice so rich and sweet
The concert now was quite complete.

The meadow-lark, as he heard the song,
Sprung from his nest to greet the throng ;
And, thrilled to his heart by the joyous lay,
Flew, singing, aloft, in the merriest way.

So, in the dewy meadow-grass,
Where all may listen as they pass,
Both bird and flower, in sweet attune,
Make happier all the days of June.

ELIZABETH A. DAVIS.



OUR MOCKING-BIRD

A MOCKING-BIRD made his home in a honeysuckle in front of our cosey house.

In Arkansas, where we live, this sweet shrub is ever-green. Last year the honeysuckle died, and the bird lost his

home; but he liked the place, and he went with his family to the lattice-room, in the rear of the house.

In this apartment he found an old travelling-bag, or gripsack, hanging on a nail. Inside of it



was an old soft hat. This seemed to be what the bird wanted, and he made his nest in it. This was his home all winter, and he was happy there. When the cold weather, which we sometimes have in Arkansas, came, he went to the water bucket to drink, and we fed him with crumbs from the porch.

We started the honeysuckle anew, and when it had climbed to the top of the cedar pole it spread out its foliage like an umbrella. The mocking-bird liked his old home, and he moved back to its branches in the spring. He has a nice family in his nest, and they give us music at all times, night and day.

The father bird was as brave as a soldier. His special aversion is a large Newfoundland dog, who is one of our pets. The bird will dart down upon the dog's back, and make war upon him with a peculiar noise, until he drives him away. He does this because he thinks the dog will hurt the young in the nest. When there are no little ones he takes no notice of the dog.

We think this is a great deal better than keeping the birds in a cage. They are tame, and stay with us all the time ; but they will not allow themselves to be caught.

VAN BUREN.



TROTTIE'S DOINGS.

TROTTIE is a cunning little boy, not quite three years old. His cradle is a little netted hammock. It is fastened at one end to his

mamma's sewing-machine, and at the other to a hook in the wall. When Trottie grows tired he does not trouble his mamma, but gets into the little hammock and rocks himself to sleep.

One day the door-bell rang. The little fellow picked up his mother's best bonnet, which she had placed upon the bed. Crushing it down over his little golden curly head he hastened to the door.

He found the minister there, a tall, stately gentleman, wearing a stove-pipe hat. Trottie's strange appearance made the gentleman laugh, and he asked, "Where are you going, my little man?"

Trottie made no answer, but,



after a prolonged stare at the stove-pipe hat, asked, "Are you Mr. Yankee Doodle?" Mamma came down just then. Laughing, she invited the visitor in.

Not long afterwards Trottie thought he would like to churn. When his mother's back was turned he put his two dear little kittens, "Starry Eyes" and "Blue-bell," into the churn, and poured a cup of water over them. He was just lifting the dasher when his mother heard the kittens mewling and took them out.

He loves the kittens dearly, and would not hurt them for anything.

JENNIE JUDSON.



"Seventeen, Eighteen Maids in Wailing"


By Margaret Johnson :



WHEN the western light is fading,
And the deepening shadows fall,
When the night winds through the
branches
Softly to each other call ;

When in grassy country meadows
Heavy hang the clovers red,
And the stars begin to twinkle
In the dusky arch o'erhead ;





When within the crowded city
Spring the dark lamps into flame,
And long rows of lighted windows
Set the street as in a frame ;

When the busy hours are over,
Cares and worries put away,
And the evening enters softly
After the retreating day ;

When the sound of homeward footsteps
Echoes through the quiet street,
Or the wayside grass is trampled
By the tread of hurrying feet,—

Then, in stately shining windows,
Hung with misty laces white,
Or in low-roofed cottage doorways
Opening out into the night ;

With their merry voices silent,
And their playthings put aside,
Bright eyes, blue or black or hazel,
All with eager watching wide,

Stand a hundred little maidens,
Looking out beneath the stars,
Waiting in a hundred households
For a hundred dear papas ;

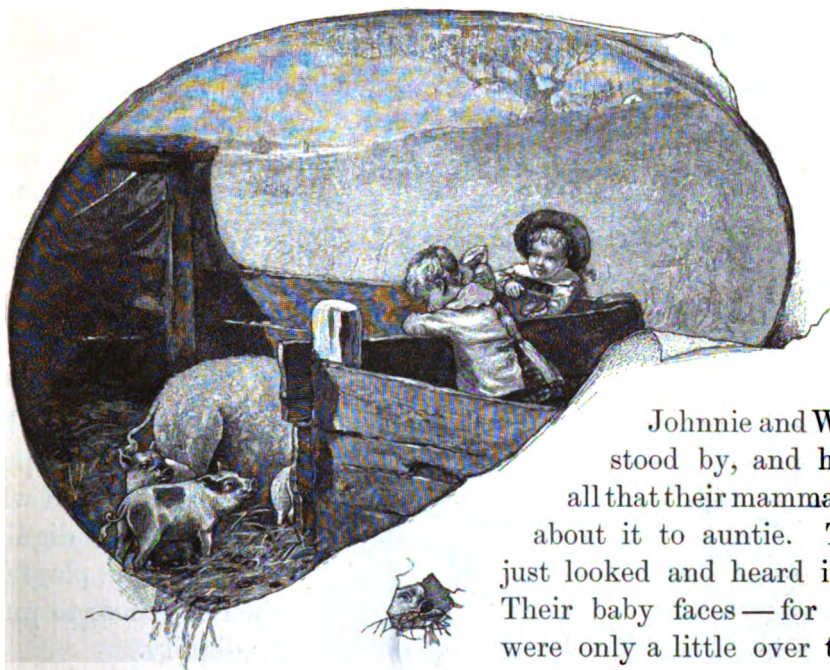
And the quick, familiar footsteps
Nearer through the darkness come,
Till a hundred happy voices
Cry at once their "Welcome home !"

THE PIGS' CHOWDER-PARTY.

Down at Cape Cod there lived two merry little twin brothers. Very full of fun and mischief were they, and seldom quiet except when they were asleep.

One day their mamma bought some clams. She was going to have a chowder for supper. For safe, cool keeping she put her basket of clams on the grass, under a great tree.





Johnnie and Willie stood by, and heard all that their mamma said about it to auntie. They just looked and heard it all. Their baby faces—for they were only a little over three years old—were as solemn as

good old Deacon Pitts', who said he "didn't see why people laughed when there was no occasion."

These two baby-rogues put their bits of plump little hands into the pockets of their pretty white aprons. When mamma and auntie went into the house Nurse Jane sat down on the piazza, knitting in hand, to keep an eye on them. They began to play bo-peep behind the lilac-bushes. When Nurse Jane dropped off to sleep, as she should not have done, then it was that these two small men turned their thoughts to other matters. First, there was a wild chase after butterflies. Pretty soon they trotted down the walk to see Mistress Piggy and her three lazy, grunting children. When the pigs heard voices they, too, piped up, squealing out, as Johnnie afterwards told his mamma, "Give *us* some! give *us* some!"

So at that call the laddies pelted Mistress Piggy and her children with tufts of grass. Straying down the walk for more, they spied the basket of clams. In a minute they were dragging the damp basket over the grass, tugging away at the heavy load until their cheeks

were scarlet. Then such a pelting as Mistress Piggy and her family had. But they were wild with the supper. They crunched and ate until all the clams were gone. A pile of shells lay by the trough where their food was usually put. "They had the chowder," Willie said.

Mamma and auntie had no chowder *that* night!

I do not know what mamma said to her small boys, but I do know that they went very early to bed.

FRANCES P. CHAPLIN.

PUSSY'S ADOPTED CHILDREN.



WHEN I was a little girl I had a dear old pussy. She was black and white, handsome and dignified, yet a grand playfellow when she chose to put off her dignity.

Great was my delight, one lovely spring morning, to find that pussy had two beautiful little babies in an old basket under the shed steps. She was so glad to have me see them, and so proud of the little soft, plump things, that she purred her loudest.

For three weeks mamma, kitty, and I nursed those babies with increasing pleasure. Whenever she wanted to take the air, or call on a friend, I was always ready to sit by the basket till she came back.

One sad night Thomas Gray, an old enemy of pussy's, broke into her house and killed both those darlings. Their mother didn't shed a tear, but my tears fell fast. The little creatures had just begun to be very cunning, and my disappointment was sore.

Over in the brick house across the street was another mamma kitty, with five nice children. They were about the same age as our kittens. Two were very like ours; so I got the idea of begging for them, and giving them to my pussy. Away I ran to ask my mamma's friend in the brick house if she would give me two of her kittens. She laughed, and said, "I wish you would take them all."

I carried home the two I wanted, and gave them to our sad pussy as she lay by the kitchen stove. At first she sniffed at them eagerly, but they didn't smell one bit like her own sweet babies. Then she was angry at the trick I seemed to be playing. Her eyes looked fierce. She rose up, growled, and spit at the little strangers, and tried to run away. But I held her while Mary, the girl, brought some milk in a saucer. Kitty was hungry, and so were the little ones; they tried to lap the milk with her, but they could only wet their bits of noses, and nearly sneezed their ears off.

Then they cried piteously, and looked at our pussy mother in such an appealing way that it seemed to touch her. In a little while she curled down on the floor and let them take her own babies' places.

Presently she began to wash their little heads, and then to sing "gray thrums" to them. At last she made up her mind that they were very nice little things, and she would be a good mother to them. And she was. Nobody would ever guess that they were not her own children.

S. D. L. H.





SEVEN TIMES ONE.

MERRY-Sunshine-Bluebell girl,
All my fond thoughts fly and furl,
Close their wings about your head.
May dear angels round you spread
Joy from morn to setting sun,—
For to-day you're "seven times one."

Winds that fly from you to me
Early, gently, ceaselessly,
Whisper, "We have seen her wake,
Gifts and kisses shyly take;
We have touched her dainty cheek,
Heard her gayly, sweetly speak
Of the day that makes her seven,—
Golden day from morn to even."

Down I wander to the glen,
Meeting whispers there again:
Leaves that shake, and waves that whirl,
Murmur of my birthday girl.
Soft the leaves are, like her hair,
And the brook-foam is as fair.
Over me the sapphire skies
Shine like her own gentle eyes.
Break, O brook, in bubbling laughter!
Only half you copy after
Her who came with morning sun,—
Her who now is "seven times one."

Little morning-glory child,
Bright as morn, as morning mild,
Twine and wreath thy fragile soul,—
Delicate as the waves that roll
Here in rainbows to my feet,—
Twine and wreath thee in our hearts,
Sheltered be from storm and smarts;
Cover us with dainty bloom;
In our love find sunny room
For thy dreams, songs, sallies mild,
Blessed morning-glory child!

DAY NOBLE.



WHAT KATY DID.



“KATY-DID-IT! Katy. did-it!” sang the katy-dids in the trees. Who was Katy, and what did she do, that all night long the insects sang about her?

Who was Katy? Why, a pretty little girl, six years old. Such a merry little girl that every one loved her. Katy had come out to stay with Grandma Lee. Mamma’s sister was very sick, and mamma had gone to nurse her. Papa sent Katy and little Tom, with

their nurse, to grandma’s.

Grandma Lee lived in the country, in a large house, with a beautiful garden to it. Back of the garden was the barn, where Katy liked to hunt for eggs, and play in the hay. So Katy played from morning till night at grandma’s, and was very happy.

One warm afternoon she thought she would go into the parlor and get a book that had beautiful pictures in it. It was on a table that

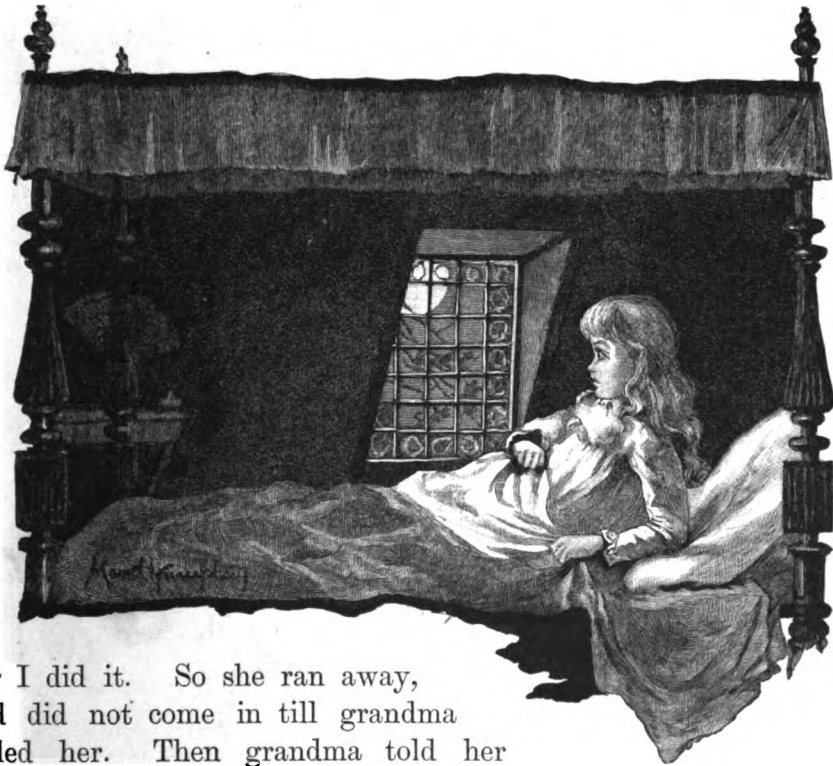
had a scarf hanging over the edge. When Katy reached to get it she pulled the table-scarf off. Down fell the book and a large vase, which was broken all to pieces.

"Oh, dear!" said Katy, "grandma will be so angry. I am afraid to tell her."

Little Tom had followed Katy in, and now stood beside her. Just then Katy heard grandma coming, and ran out on the porch.

She heard grandma say, "You naughty boy, to break grandma's pretty vase!"

Then Katy thought grandma will never know it was I who did it; for Tom cannot talk, and he is always breaking things. I won't tell



her I did it. So she ran away, and did not come in till grandma called her. Then grandma told her that Tom had gone into the parlor, and had broken the vase by pulling the scarf off the table.

Katy did not say a word, but she could hardly eat her supper. When little Tom came up to kiss her "Good-night," before nurse put

him to bed, she almost cried. But she thought it would not do to tell then. She was glad when bed-time came, she felt so unhappy.

Katy slept in a little room that opened into grandma's. In the middle of the night she heard a noise and waked up. The moon was shining into the room, and it was almost as light as day. She heard something which sounded like "Katy-did-it! Katy-did-it! Katy-did-it!"

She pulled the sheet over her head to shut out the noise; but still she heard the singing, "Katy-did-it!"

"They mean me," said Katy. "I wish they would stop." But they only sang the louder.

Katy could stand it no longer. She jumped out of bed and ran into grandma's room, crying, "O grandma, grandma, Katy did it!"

Grandma jumped up, saying, "Why, child! what's the matter?"

"O grandma," sobbed Katy, "Tom did not do it; Katy did it."

"Did what?" asked grandma.

"I broke the vase," replied Katy, "and then let you think Tom did it."

Then Katy told grandma how the Katy-dids would not let her sleep till she had told her all about it. Grandma said she hoped Katy would never be afraid again to say "Katy did it," when she had done wrong. I think, after that, she never was.

AUNT FANNY.

PULL THE WEEDS.

PULL the weeds, my little maid,

That's good work to do;

Better drop the ugly spade, —

It's too big for you.

In the onion bed, you see,

Weeds with onions don't agree;

Pull the weeds and set them free,

Onions then will grow.

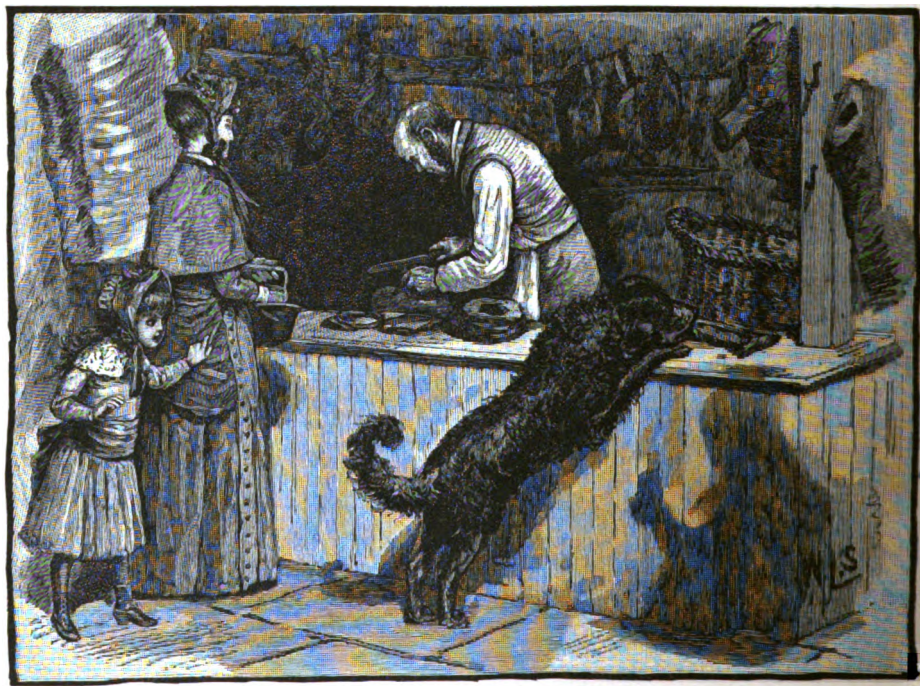


Do you want to help me, dear,
Very, very much?
Careful walk along right here,
And you must not touch;
You must learn to keep the row;
Pull the weeds where'er they grow;
Soon you'll learn to use the hoe,
Rake, and spade, and such.

M. E. McKEE.

he began to think he was neglected. So he picked up a scrap of paper, and very quietly walked away with it to get his meat. The butcher, who knew him well, rewarded him royally for his intelligence.

Another time, while in the market, he became tired of waiting for the ladies to be served. Without even a bark of "by your leave, he



snatched a nice Porter-house steak and away he ran, leaving his ten cents!

His owner thinks that there is not another such Hero in the world. They are often seen together on the street. Hero looks very dignified as he walks by his master's side, sometimes carrying his gloves or newspaper for him.

His long, shaggy hair is clipped every summer. He seems to be ashamed of his appearance for a day or two. At sight of a stranger he will slink under his master's desk, or into a corner.

HATTIE MILLER FOLSOM.

ALL THE LEADING DRUGGISTS SELL PEARS' SOAP

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Adeline Patti



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Henry Ward Beecher

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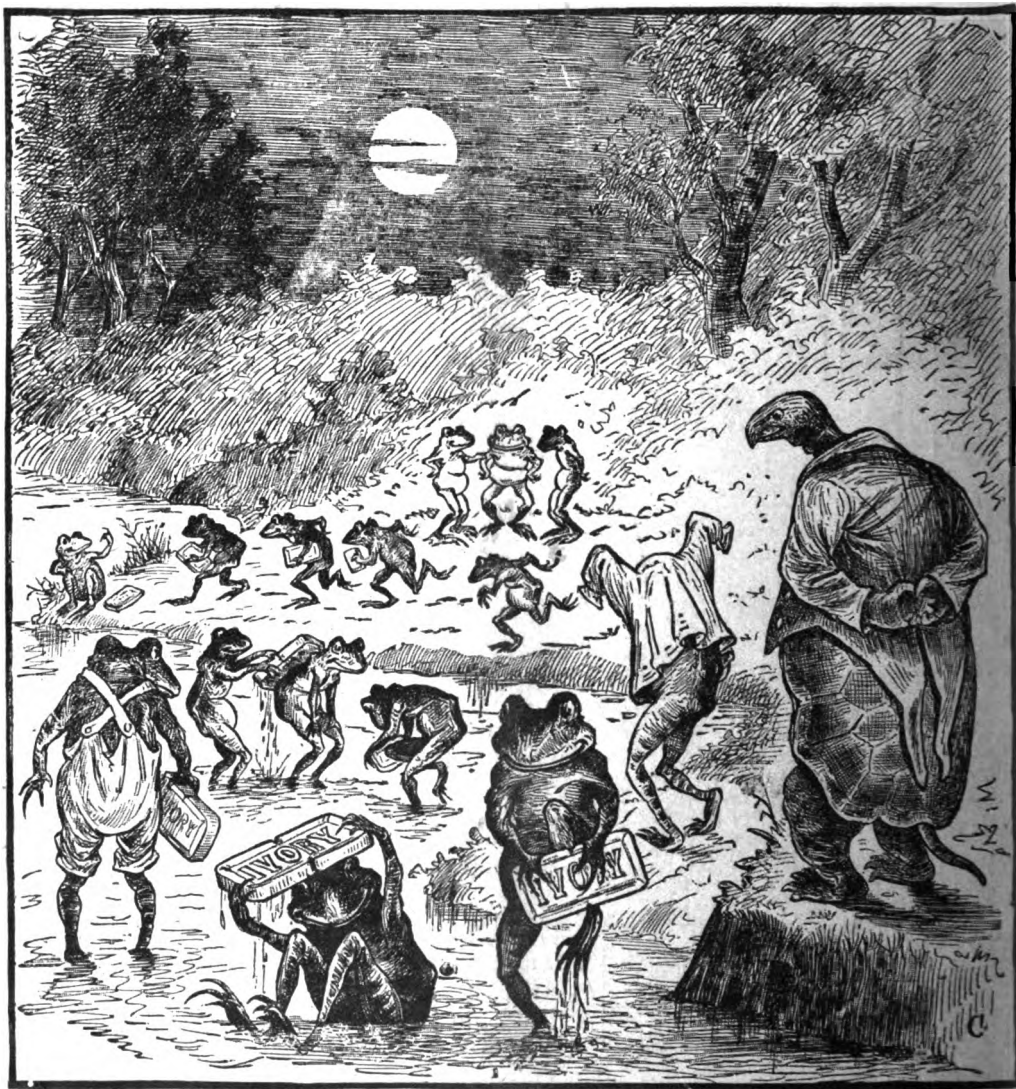
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WISDOM IN HUMBLE LIFE.

On summer nights, when full and bright
 The silver moon gives richest light,
 Through tangled grass and bending brake,
 In haste to reach a stream or lake,
 O'er mossy stone and fallen tree,
 The frogs come leaping fast and free,
 With IVORY SOAP to wash away
 The stains received throughout the day.

Along the bank they sit in rows,
 To scrub their limbs and wash their toes,
 The dirt and stains at once they clear,
 As though dispersed by summer air,
 The very spots that nature gave
 Appear to leave them clean and brave,
 They look so handsome, clean and bright,
 When rising from the water's light.

If your grocer does not keep the Ivory Soap, send six two-cent stamps, to Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, and they will send you free a large cake of Ivory Soap.

OCTOBER
Vol. V. No. 12.
1885.

OUR LITTLE ONES

AND

THE

NURSERY



THE
RUSSELL PUBLISHING CO.
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(MONTHLY.)

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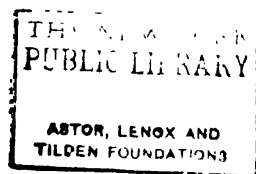
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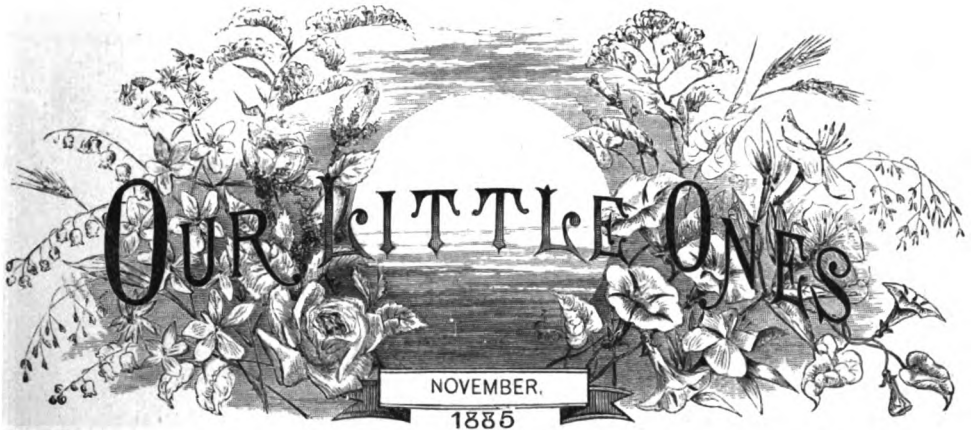
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VOL. VI.

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NO. 1.

WHAT TREASURE?

Lady.

A SHIP she comes a-sailing,
A-sailing o'er the sea ;
Do you long to know the treasures
She brings for you and me?

Little Girl.

Oh, tell me what she bringeth,
A-bringeth then to me ?
As, wind and waves obeying,
She sails across the sea.

Lady.

Perchance 'twill be a sunbeam,
Or a fairy baby's smile ;
Or a root of four-leaved shamrock,
From Erin's Emerald isle.

Little Girl.

That ship may go a-sailing,
A-sailing *back* for me,
If she hath not brought the treasure
I look for from the sea.

SELFISH SAMBO.

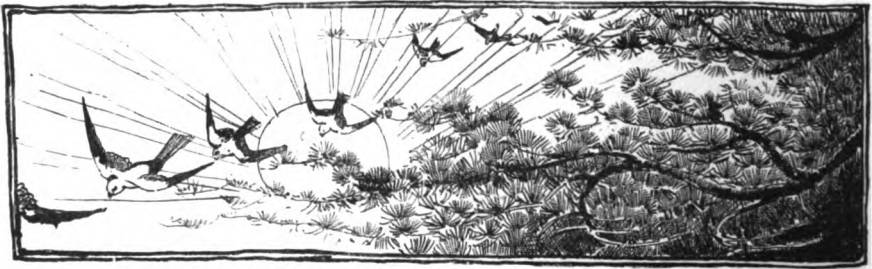
Lady.

Then tell me what you long for,
My little maiden wise,
A-gazing out to seaward,
With longing, wistful eyes?

Little Girl.

I want my own sweet father
To come sailing o'er the sea;
He's just a rough old skipper,
But — he's all the world to me!
That's why I look with longing
Across the stormy sea.

MRS. A. M. GOODHART.



SELFISH SAMBO.

THE apple-tree could not think, but it seemed to know that Sambo liked sweet apples. It dropped one to the ground. Away the apple went, rolling down hill. The apple-tree, you see, stood in a sloping pasture. Sambo was the black pony. When he saw the apple he galloped joyfully after it.

"I want that apple myself," cried little Joe. He was looking through the pasture bars. Grandpa Grey stood by him, holding sister Belle upon his shoulder.



"I think, Joey boy, that there are apples enough left for you. You can spare Sambo this one."

By this time Sambo had chased the apple to the foot of the little hill. It stopped against the wall, and the pony ate it with glee.

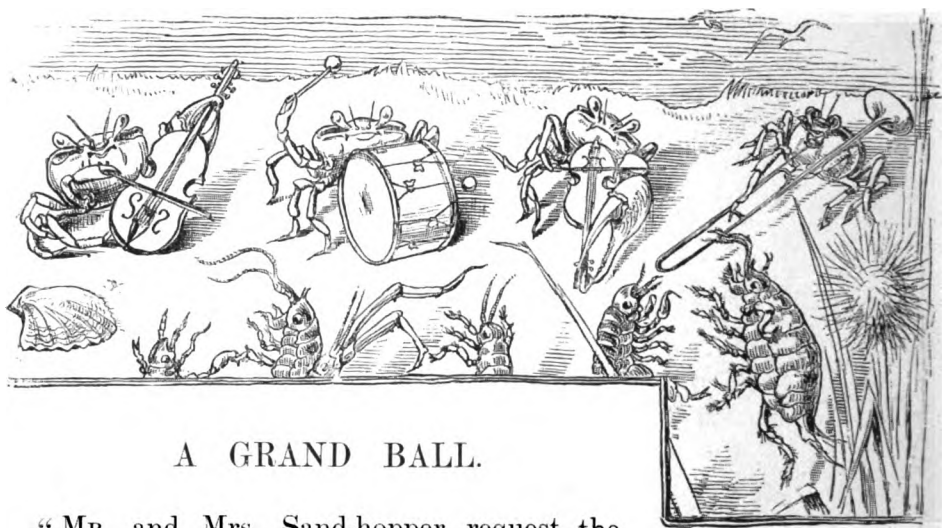
"There! I've lost my apple!" said Joe.

Just then Mitchie, the cow, strolled near the apple-tree. She knew as well as Sambo where the sweet apples came from. She stretched up her neck to reach the fruit. She could not quite do it, and looked sad. But Sambo saw her and did not look sad at all. He set out on a fast gallop for poor Mitchie. He flung his heels in the air at her, and frightened the timid cow away. Then he smelled on the ground for apples, but found none.

"Served you right, you stingy thing!" cried Belle.

"Now, Joey, you see how it looks to be selfish," said Grandpa Grey.

KHAM.



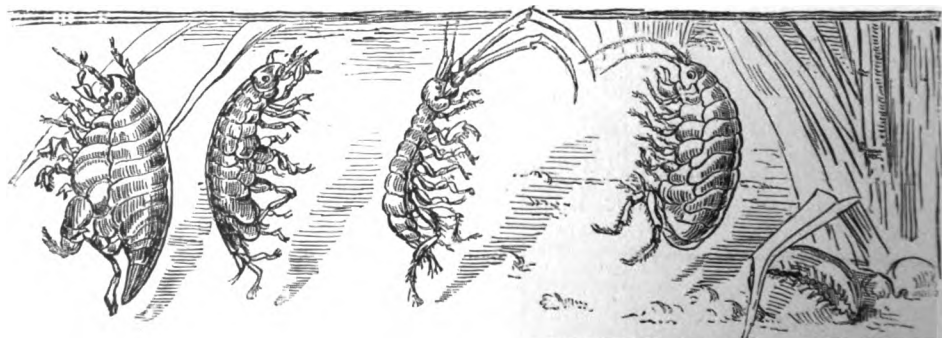
A GRAND BALL.

“MR. and Mrs. Sand-hopper request the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. Sand-screw’s company, on Thursday evening, September 24th. Dancing.”

That is the way the invitations were worded. Now, we were not invited to the party, it is true, but still, as we happen to be strolling in the neighborhood, there certainly can be no harm in our looking in for a moment, to see how the dancers are enjoying themselves; and it will be very easy, for, as it is a warm evening, the ball is held out of doors, on the sand-beach here.

Dear! Dear! What a gay scene! What is it they are dancing?

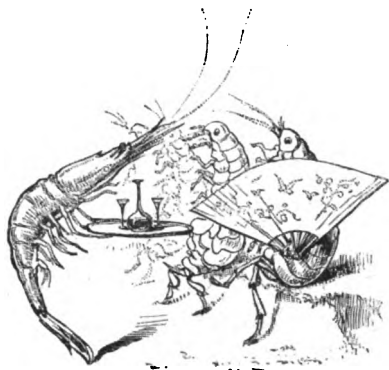
“First couple forward and back, jump over each other, and turn somersault back to places! All hands jump! Second couple right and left, three back somersaults, and hop to places! Ladies chain! All hands hop! Right claw, left claw, down the middle! All hands somersault back to places!”



Well ! I never saw a dance like that before, did you ? And everybody is dancing : no lazy people here. There must be a thousand people. A thousand ! There must be a million !

“Hop ! Hop ! Skip ! Skip ! Right claw, left claw, down the middle !”

Don't you wish we could be sand-hoppers, too, just for a few minutes ? That is Mr. Sand-hopper himself in the picture, the one who is just jumping backward so nimbly. He is dancing with his cousin, Miss Corophium, — that lovely creature with the long, graceful, claw-like antennæ. She is not quite used to dancing on sand, for she lives in the mud at home ; but still she is enjoying herself very much. The lady in the left-hand corner is Mrs. Sand-screw, who is dancing back to back with Mr. Kroyler's Sand-screw, her third cousin. It is quite a family party, you see, for host and guests are all related to each other.

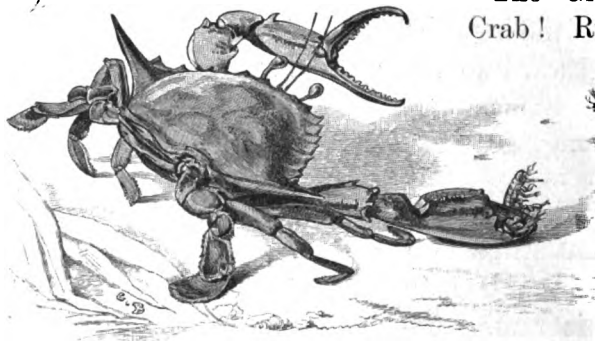


Curious people, aren't they ? The biggest cannot be more than an inch long. Their hard, shining shells are polished as bright as possible, and their claws all neatly arranged. They have twelve legs, some of which they use in walking and some in swimming ; indeed, one of their family names is *Amphipoda*, which means “both kinds of feet.” Some of the ladies are carrying their eggs with them, packed away under the fore-part of their bodies, just where the legs are joined on. Shouldn't you think they would be afraid of dropping them ?

Ah ! Now they are going to supper ! There is the feast, spread out on the sand. Great heaps of delicious rotten sea-weed, and plenty of worms, — a supper fit for a king, if the king happens to be a sand-hopper. They seem very hungry, and no wonder, after dancing so hard !

They will eat anything and everything, — these tiny creatures ; if you were to drop your handkerchief now it would be bitten to rags in five minutes.

The lovely Miss Corophium is beating the sand with her long feelers, to see if there are any more worms under it. Greedy creature! Can't you be content with what is given you? But look! What is the matter now? Oh! Oh! How dreadful! An enemy is coming. "The Green Crab! The Green Crab! Run, hop, burrow under



ground, for your lives!" Off they all go, helter-skelter, Hopper, Screw, and Corophium.

The family, and as many guests as they can shelter, disappear under ground into their tiny holes; the rest make off wherever they can. Have all escaped? Alas! No! The unfortunate Kroyler's Sand-screw has a lame leg, and cannot go as fast as the rest. He is seized by the terrible Green Crab, the enemy of his whole race, and gobbled up before our very eyes.

The ball is over; come away! Somehow I don't care so much about being a sand-hopper now, do you?

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

CATCHING THE BIRD.

SHORT time has little Tудic lived;
 Not much she has to tell;
 Of what she has she makes the most,
 For she the gift of tongues can boast;
 A listener suits her well.

She gives, with vividness intense,
 Brief tales of her experience, —

The yellow kitten's mournful loss,
The frightful dog that looked so cross,
Her wrongs from Tommy's hands endured,
The bruise her mother's kisses cured,



The one-armed doll she loves the best,
The three eggs in the chipbird's nest ;
"And oh," she says, "I caught a bird,
My very self, one day,
But, just before he touched my hand,
That bird, he flew'd away!"

I kiss the pretty face that glows
 Beneath her brown hair like a rose.
 "It was a naughty bird," said I,
 "That would from little Tudie fly!
 But you, my dear, must understand,
 Unless you have it in your hand,
 That in this world you never ought
 To speak of anything as caught!"

MARIAN DOUGLAS.



"COME on, Ruth, I choose first swing. Don't stop over that lily-bed as if it were June, and you expected to find lilies-of-the-valley in blossom."

"But I have found something," called Ruth, whose keen eyes were always ready for searching, and quick at finding everything in nature that was beautiful or rare. Here is some-

thing lovely in the lily bed; and it belongs here, too!" and Ruth held up a lily stem with plump red balls hanging from the very stemlets where snowy bells once swung.



"You're always finding something," said Grace, taking hold of the stem, and eying the pretty balls with wonder.

"Why do you suppose we never saw them before?" asked Ruth.

Grace thought a moment and gave, no doubt, the true answer: "Because we always pick all the lilies. You know then the seeds could not ripen, and these are seed-balls, I should suppose."

"Well, I shall show them to Aunt Louise: you go on to the swing, and I'll come in a minute;" and the golden locks went flying in the direction of Aunt Louise's "den."

"Yes," said her aunt, "these are seed-cups, or lily-balls if you choose to call them so. Do you remember, Ruth, the 'bird's nest' of wild carrot I showed you one day, and the little gray speckled balls I put in for eggs?"

"Yes, and a milk-weed pod for the birds," laughed Ruth.

"Well, if these gray speckled balls had not been picked quite so

soon, they would have turned red, exactly the color of these. They were seed-cups of the Solomon's seal. Now, people in the same family, you know, often look alike, and plants live in 'families.' So the red balls of the lily-of-the-valley and those of Solomon's seal have a right to look alike, for they belong to the same family."

"Sisters," said Ruth, laughing. "Keep these for me, please, while I go and swing."

Aunt Louise took down her paints and brush, and soon put the red balls on a card, and wrote some verses below for Ruth, which she found under her plate at tea-time:—

Hiding away in their leaves of green,
Little red balls I to-day have seen,
Where did I find them — the fairy show —
Little Red Riding Hoods, all in a row ?

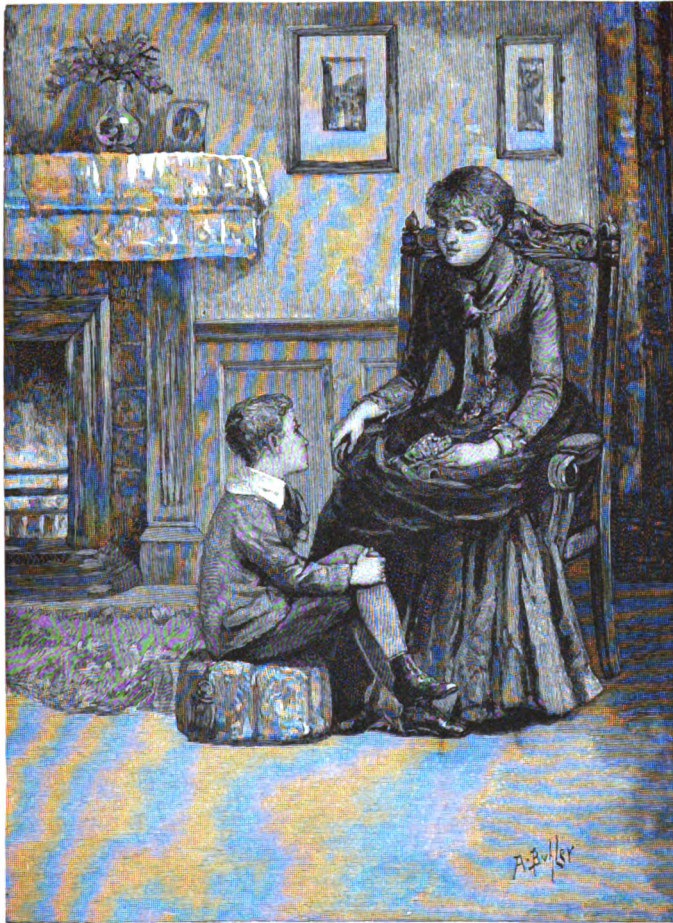
Not where bright roses had fallen away ;
Not where the Solomon's seal loves to stray ,
Not in the woods where the twin-berries glow ;
Not where the "wintergreens" make a bright show ;

But down in the bed where a sweet perfume
Filled my lily bells once, in their snowy bloom,
There to-day my balls of coral swung
From the self-same stems where the lilies swung.

And I heard the green leaves, whispering, say,
"Don't take *all* the treasures, in spring, away,
But leave for autumn, if ever so few,
Some pretty red balls where the lilies grew."

MRS. JULIA P. BALLARD.





SOMETHING ABOUT FIRES.

It was a cold day. Fred was tired of reading, tired of looking out of the window, and so he poked the fire for a change.

"I suppose there are a good many different sorts of fires," he said to his mamma, as he laid down the poker.

"Yes, indeed," she answered. "It is very interesting to know how people keep warm in all parts of the world, especially where fuel is scarce and dear. In Iceland, for example, fires are often made

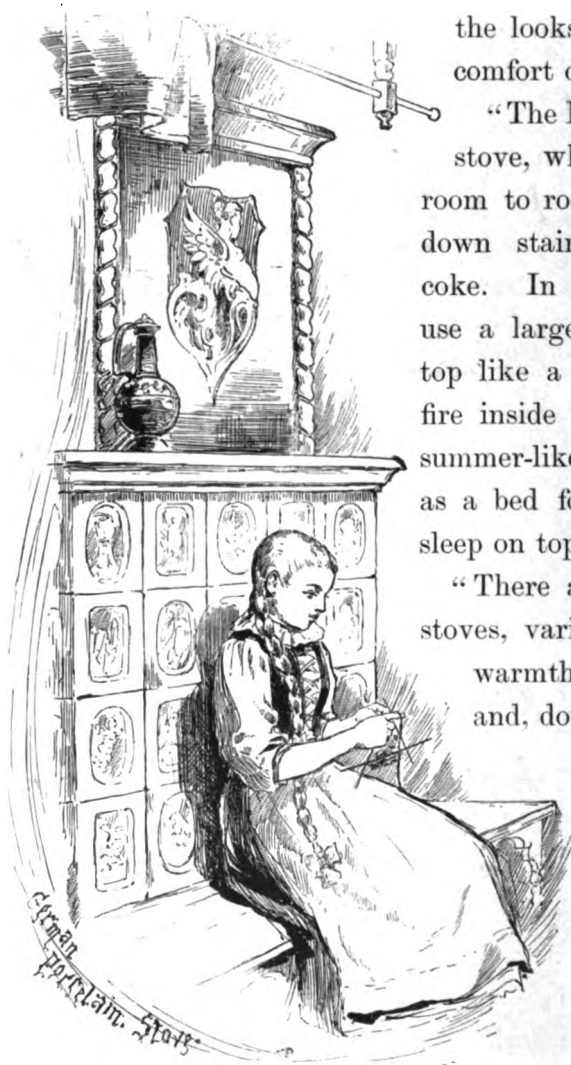
of fish-bones! Think of that. In Holland and other countries a kind of turf called peat is dug up in great quantities and used for fuel. And in France a coarse yellow and brown sea-weed, which is found in Finistère, is carefully dried and piled up for winter use. A false log, resembling wood, but made of some composition which does not consume, is often used in that country. It absorbs and

throws out the heat, and adds to the looks of the hearth and to the comfort of the room.

“The French have also a movable stove, which can be wheeled from room to room, or even carried up or down stairs while full of burning coke. In Russia the poorer people use a large porcelain stove, flat on top like a great table, with a small fire inside which gives out a gentle, summer-like warmth. It often serves as a bed for the whole family, who sleep on top of it.

“There are, besides, gas-stoves, oil-stoves, various methods of obtaining warmth by heated air and steam, and, doubtless, other devices that I never heard of.

“In some countries, however, no fires are needed. In looking at pictures of tropical towns you will at once notice the absence of chimneys.”





Fred looked admiringly at his mamma as she paused.

"There never was such a little mother," he said; "you can think of something to say about everything."



His mamma was pleased at this pleasant compliment.

"Oh!" she replied, laughing, "I could go on and tell you more about bonfires, beacon-fires, signals, drift-wood fires, and gypsy-tea fires; but I have told you enough for to-day."

EDYTH KIRKWOOD.





The Ner- vous Dollie:

By
Frank H. Stauffer



Fred, you noisy fellow!
Stop that racket with
your drum!

My dollie's got a head-
ache,

And her nerves are all
unstrung!

CHARLIE'S TRAVELS.

CHARLIE was a nice little boy, just four years old. One day he heard his brother Frank tell about his travels. Charlie thought that he should like to travel, too, and see pretty things.

So that evening he went out on the street alone. He thought he would travel a little, and then come home and tell what he had seen. He walked to the nearest corner, and saw many fine houses and a large church. He thought it strange that men with such small hands could build such big houses. Then he came to another corner. He turned into a pretty street, where there was a park, with grass and flowers. Many children were playing under the trees. Charlie put his hand through the fence, to pluck a rose for his mamma ; but a



man frowned at him, and told him not to do so ; so he went on, and turned around the next corner.

Here he found a wide street, with many people, and horses and wagons. There were shops, with windows full of lovely things, and Charlie stopped to look at them. But just then a bad boy came along and made faces at him, and pulled his hair. Charlie was scared, and ran on until he came to another corner. Here was a nice, quiet street,

with pretty grass and trees. He felt very tired ; and he was hungry, too. He wanted to go home ; but where was his home ? He had



travelled so far that he had got lost. Charlie went a little way down this street, and sat down on a door-step and began to cry. Oh ! how he wished he was at home with his own dear mamma.

Just then the door behind him opened, and some one ran down the steps. Before Charlie could look round he was snatched up and carried into the house; and there his own mamma hugged and kissed him, and cried. They had been looking for him all the evening.

Charlie had travelled all around the square. And he had come back, and sat down on his own papa's door-step, without knowing it!

SUSAN ARCHER WEISS.



ANOTHER KIND OF STAR.

WHEN the sun has gone down of a warm day in summer, and the moon is not yet up, and the stars are coming out one by one, if you go into the meadow, or down the lane, you will see another kind of star. This is the glow-worm. Though it is called so, it is not a real worm. It is a kind of grub, with a pale fire, or glow, at the end of its tail. But this is not like the fire that cooks your food, and keeps you warm. It will not burn, or give out heat. If you take the bug in your hand it cannot harm you. It will walk up and down, all over it, and will cast a glow so that you will be able to see it very well.

What do you suppose this little glow-worm carries this funny light for? Why, so that its mate may find it in the dark, perhaps. It lies at rest all day, and does not wake up until dusk, when it comes out at the same time with the bat and the owl.

MRS. G. HALL.

The Doll Show.

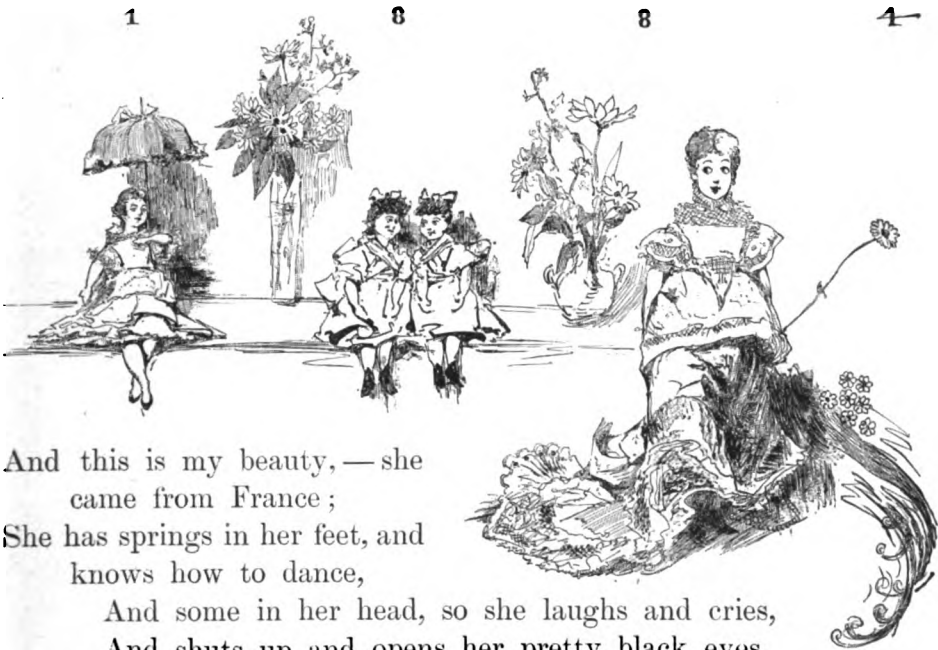
by M.E.N. Hallerway.
pictures,
Brennan



THIS is my oldest dolly, you know,
That grandma gave me a long time ago,
When I was only a very small girl, —
She was the grandma that named me Pearl.

I had that one in the sweet blue suit
Because I was good not to cry for fruit
Once, when I was sick; and I had the next
Because I was good to remember the text.

That one with the parasol, over there,
Uncle John bought at the last Ladies' Fair;
And here are my twins, and both of these
Santa Claus hung on the Christmas-trees.



And this is my beauty, — she
came from France ;
She has springs in her feet, and
knows how to dance,

And some in her head, so she laughs and cries,
And shuts up and opens her pretty black eyes.

But I don't love her any more than the rest, —
I believe I love my old dolly the best ;
We've been together so long, you see,
I know all about her ; she knows all about me.





AUTUMN.

THE MOUSE SINGS WITH THE CAT.

ONE night a wise old mouse crept down the garden path. Perhaps he was looking for the moon. But the moon was hidden behind the barn.

Buzz, the cat, was sitting beneath a currant-bush. When the mouse came by he pounced upon him.

"Ah, my fine fellow!" he purred; "I will eat you in a gray coat this time!" Then he climbed to the roof of the shed, and took the wise old mouse with him.

The mouse began a little, peeping song:

"Why do you sing?" mewed the cat, putting him down on the roof, with one paw upon his back.

"I always sing at this time of night," squeaked the mouse. "I should be very happy to have you sing with me."

This pleased Buzz, who was vain. He stretched up his neck, as if to look over the barn at the moon, and began to sing.

The wise mouse peeped softly, but the cat was fond of his own voice, and sang with all his might.

Then he took his paw from the mouse to beat time.

When the tune was done Buzz looked down and only saw a hole in the roof.



Just then the moon peeped over the barn, and looked into the hole. A little star twinkled there. It was the merry eye of the wise old mouse.

Since that day it is noticed that cats sing sadly in the night-time.

UNCLE FELIX.

GRANDMA'S DOLL.

ONE day Frisk an' I were all alone at grandma's. There was S'mantha; but then she was 'way down in the kitchen. An' grandma? Well, yes, she was in, too. But she was in her room, fast asleep in her chair. An' so Frisk an' I were all alone.

There wasn't much to do. We couldn't make a noise, for fear it would wake grandma. An' Frisk is kind of stupid, because he's grandma's doggie, an' not used to little girls. Grandma's house is a lovely one, with lots of big rooms, an' everything is awful old.

Downstairs, in the back parlor there is an old chest, all carved an' pretty. While Frisky an' I were playing that day I saw a bit of ribbon hanging out. Of course I had to open it then, 'cause it was untidy. 'Sides, I have always wanted to look into that chest ever since I can remember.

The cover was awful heavy; but, oh, there were lovely things in it! Such a beautiful silk dress, an' a funny old bonnet! An' then I found a doll! I never saw such a fright. An' there it was in among all those nice things. A horrid old rag doll, with ravelly yarn for hair, and bead eyes. Why, I wouldn't let my doll Flora play with such a thing!

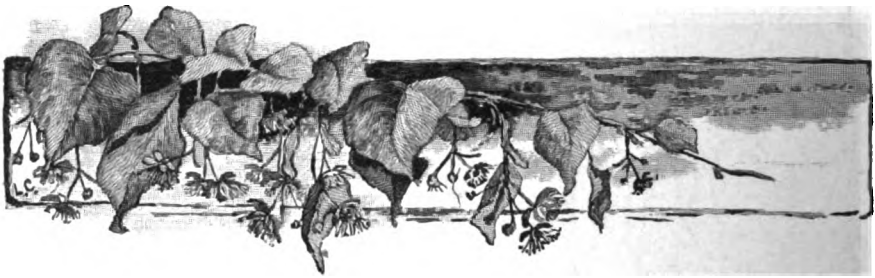
It was dreadful. An' Frisk thought so, too. An' we wondered who put it there. While I was looking at it grandma came, an' I was afraid she'd scold. But she only said, "Why, Bessie, where did you find my dear old doll, Beauty?"

Such a name for that fright! An' then she took it, an' kissed it, an' I saw tears in her eyes!

What do you s'pose she was crying over that old thing for?

E. S. TUCKER.





TELEPHONING.

MINNIE Midget, on the floor,
Puts the dumb-bell to her ear:
“Hallo, Central! don’t you hear?
Give me Forty-Twenty-Four!”

“Mamma’s house; halloo! halloo!
Mamma lives at Rocking Chair.
That you, mamma? Stay right there!
I’ve a message all for you.”

Mamma answers, far away,
With a big spool at her ear:
“All right, baby! I can hear;
What would Midget like to say?”

“Mamma, are you truly, true,
Hearing every single thing,—
What I think, and say, and sing,—
As if I were close to you?”

“Yes, I hear, my little one.
Every word’s so plain and clear
I might almost think you here,
Speaking with no telephone!”



“Well, you please to tell the doctor
 Dolly has the stomach-ache;
 Wants some peppermints to take.
 All the day I’ve sat and rocked her.

“And please, mamma, I love you!”
 “All right, baby, here is one
 Doctor sends by telephone,
 And a kiss for Midget, too.”

“Thank you, mamma; now I’ll try
 To get Seventy-One-Two-Nine. —
 Aunty’s house, — to talk with mine;
 All through, mamma dear! Good-by.”

GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

PLUME, THE BABY SQUIRREL.

A BOY stole a
in the trunk
to tame
would
was



young squirrel from its nest
of a tree. He wished
it for a pet; but it
not eat. When it
well-nigh dead
he gave it to a
young girl
named Ruth,
who ran
with it to
her aunt,
and said:—

“Oh, see!
the poor little
thing will die,
if it does not
eat.”

Ruth's aunt got a
bottle, with some warm milk
in it, and put a bit of sponge
in the place of the cork.
When the sponge was full
of milk she told Ruth to let
the squirrel suck the sponge.

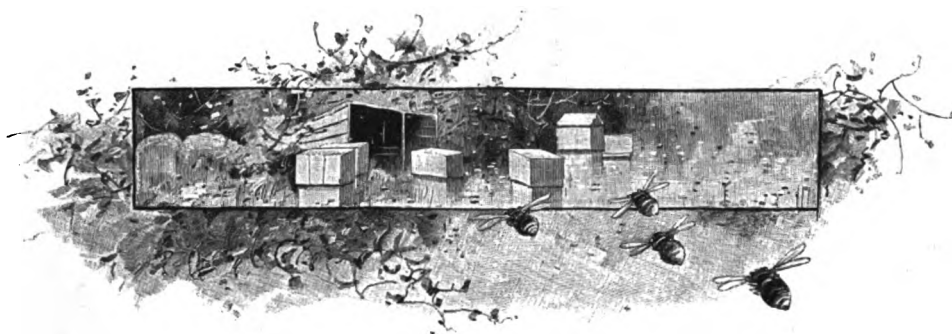
The wee thing, which was too
weak to stand, Ruth held with her left
hand, while she put the sponge to its
mouth. It did not heed it. Ruth's aunt
opened its mouth and let it shut on the sponge. Then it sucked the
milk.

Ruth was glad, and took such good care of her pet that it was soon
bright and well, and did not have the least fear of her. She named
him Plume. He would sit on her arm or her head, and run all over

her, and go with her where she went. He had a house, made of a small box, in Ruth's room where he slept, and once each night he waked her by a noise to feed him.

One warm night he would not suck his milk, but sat up and cried more and more till Ruth found out that his milk was sour and got him some new. Soon he could eat bread and fruit, and seeds and nuts, and would lay by stores of food in sly nooks. He went out of doors, and up trees, and came at Ruth's call, and did not run off. One day the cat got him, but Ruth caught the cat, and choked her till she let him go. The cat touched him no more, but was his friend. Plume would play roll over, and do a great many nice things, and lived a long time the pet of the house.

HERBERT NEWBURY.



WHAT MAMIE LEARNED ABOUT BEES.

"Now, mamma," said little Mamie, with her sewing in hand, "I'm going to be as busy as a bee, and do lots of sewing for my dollie, to-day."

"Perhaps my little girl doesn't know that bees, even, are sometimes lazy, and neglect their work," was the answer.

"Why, mamma!" exclaimed Mamie, her round, big, black eyes rounder and bigger than ever, if possible, "who ever heard of such a thing as a lazy bee?"



“Not long ago I heard of a colony of bees that were taken down to Florida, the land of sunshine and beautiful flowers. They soon found that there was no need of working hard for their living, as in the cold, bleak North. At last they gave up their old habits of industry, storing up no honey. They simply lived ‘from hand to mouth,’ as the saying is. And I have also heard about some bees that, in some way, got a taste of brandy. It caused them to act very much like human beings. They became idle and lazy, and, finally, turned thieves. They stole the honey which their respectable and thrifty neighbors had laid up against a rainy day.”

E. M. C.



Her Fourth Birthday—

Poor 'ittle baby sister May,
I's sorry now for you,
For, while I's four great big years
old,
You's only just turned two.

Now stand up on your tip-tip toes,
And don't you let it fall,
I'll give you some of my dessert
Although you are so small.

KAY BEE.

WINTER BIRDS.

Words by A. H.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

VOICE.

Gaily. mf



1. Six pret - ty brown birds, all in a row, Hop-ping a - long on
2. Down to this spot as sure as the sun, Dai - ly they come when
3. Ka - tie our cook who bakes and who brews, Says lit - tle brown birds

PIANO.



top of the snow; Brave lit - tle fel-lows who ne'er flew a - way, When the winds became
chickens are done, These nev - er eat all their meal quite up clean, And ma - ny sweet
are good for stews, Cru - el old Ka-tie! I'd starve wouldn't you? Be - fore I would



keen and the skies be-came gray. Where do they hide and where do they
mor - sels the lit - tle guests glean Till smooth and round and plump they have
eat an - y one of the crew. So lit - tle brown birds all in a



sleep That safe from Jack Frost they manage to keep.
grown, They laugh at the birds that far off have flown.
row Come hop a - long safe on top of the snow.



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Adelina Patti

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JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

John Anderson, my Jo John,
 When first I was your wife,
 On every washing day, John
 I wearied of my life.
 It made you cross to see, John,
 Your shirts not white as snow,
 I washed them with our home-made soap,
 John Anderson, my Jo.

Ah! many a quarrel then,
 Had you and I together,
 But now all that is changed
 We'll never have another
 For washed with IVORY SOAP
 Your shirts *are* white as
 And now I smile on washing
 John Anderson, my Jo.

DECEMBER
Vol. VI No. 2
1885.

OUR LITTLE ONES

AND

THE
NURSERY



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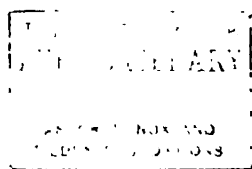
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VOL. VI.

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NO. 2.

“HASN'T GOT TIME.”

SHE's the busiest little one ever was known ;
With her dolly and tea-set she plays all alone.
First the table she spreads, then they sit down to tea ;
Then she sweeps up the room just as nice as can be.
Now, there's dolly to wash, and to comb, and to dress ;
Then a few calls to make, — lots to do, you may guess.
When I ask for a kiss, with an air that's sublime
She quietly says: “Oh ! I hasn't got time !”

With a neat little basket to market she hies,—
That's in the next room,—funny things there she buys:
A bonnet for dolly, some chops, and some “'goric,” —
It's “lovely,” she says, “for the headache and colic !”
So busy she is that I'm quite in the way,
And I get but short answers to all that I say ;
But I'll cunningly wait till the day's closing chime
For hugs and for kisses. Ah ! then she'll have time !

GEORGE COOPER.



OUR LITTLE ONES IN HOLLAND.

HOLLAND is a very strange country. Most of the land is below the level of the sea. The people have built dikes on the sea-shore, and on the banks of the rivers, to keep the water out. These dikes are high banks of earth. In some places they are built of stone. They plant trees on the dikes of earth, and the roots keep the water from washing them away.

On many of the dikes there are long lines of windmills. They are used for pumping out the water from the inside of the dikes. There are a great many canals in Holland. In some of the cities canals are used as streets. Boats go all over the country. A great many people spend their whole lives on the water. Our little ones there are often born, brought up, and spend their days in boats.

The whole family of the boatman eat and sleep in the little cabin. The children play about the deck. The Dutch women are very neat, and they keep the cabin as nice as a parlor. The space is small on the boat, but the home is just as it would be on the land. The growing plants, and pussy eating her milk, seem to be odd sights on a boat.

Some of the vessels go out to sea. The family go with them. The fisherman often has his wife and children on board. The mother of the little ones has to work like a man. She helps catch the fish and land them. Sometimes mamma has to steer the boat. Sometimes she and the boys have to drag the boat with a rope while papa steers.

In Holland dogs have to work for their living. They are harnessed to small carts or wagons. They draw the milk, butter and cheese,



fruit and vegetables, to market. The farmer's wife usually goes with them, and sells the load in the city. I have seen carts and wagons drawn by from one to four dogs. Sometimes half a dozen of the little ones take a ride for pleasure.

The children in Holland, as in America and England, are very fond of flying kites. The country is flat, and the winds are steady. The boys and girls of the poorer classes wear wooden shoes. They are heavy and clumsy, and make a clumping noise when the wearer walks on the floor or pavement. Little girls wear caps like grandmothers.

UNCLE FORRESTER.





THE LARCH TREE.

A FAIRY TALE.

ONCE there grew a beautiful maple tree in the centre of a large park. All summer it had stood there covered with green leaves. Many people had stopped to rest beneath its shade.

But when fall came a change took place. The leaves began to turn red and yellow. Then the people said, "How beautiful the maple is! In all the park there is not a tree whose leaves are so pretty and bright!" The maple was so pleased to hear herself praised that she began to flutter her leaves and toss her head in a very proud, vain manner.

She spread out her boughs so far that a little larch close by was almost hidden from sight. But the maple said, "It does not matter if I do hide the larch, for no one cares to look at him, he is such a plain little tree. His leaves do not turn red and yellow like mine!"

The larch heard the unkind words of the maple, but did not say anything. He only rustled his stiff little leaves and sighed.

The good fairy of the park passed by just then and said, "Why do you sigh, little larch? Do you feel unhappy? The larch replied, "I only sighed because the maple is so much more beautiful than I, and seems to please every one."

The good fairy felt sorry for the poor little larch, for he did look plain and small by the bright maple. She touched him with her wand and said: —

"Tree, tree, be cheerful for me,
And you forever green shall be."

The little larch smiled brightly and rustled his leaves contentedly.

In a few days the bright maple leaves turned brown and fell to the earth, and left the branches bare. The beauty of the maple was gone.

Then the snow came, and in all the park there was but one bright, cheerful spot. There the little larch bravely stood, his leaves as green as when they first came out. And all through the cold winter he cheered the people who passed. So they said, "Let us call the larch an 'evergreen'!" And to this day the larch keeps green all the year round!

H. M. L.



WHAT SHE SAID.

“WHEN I am a grown-up lady” —
(Yes, this is what she said) —
“I mean to sit up every night,
And never go to bed!



“When I am a grown-up
lady
I won't have any curls,



For they were made on purpose
To bother little girls.



“When I am a grown-up lady
I'll have a candy store,
And keep such heaps of goodies
As you never saw before.

"I'll give away my aprons,
And wear the dress I choose,
And make mud-pies, play in the rain,
And wear my best new shoes.

"And when I am a grown-up lady
I mean to find the way,



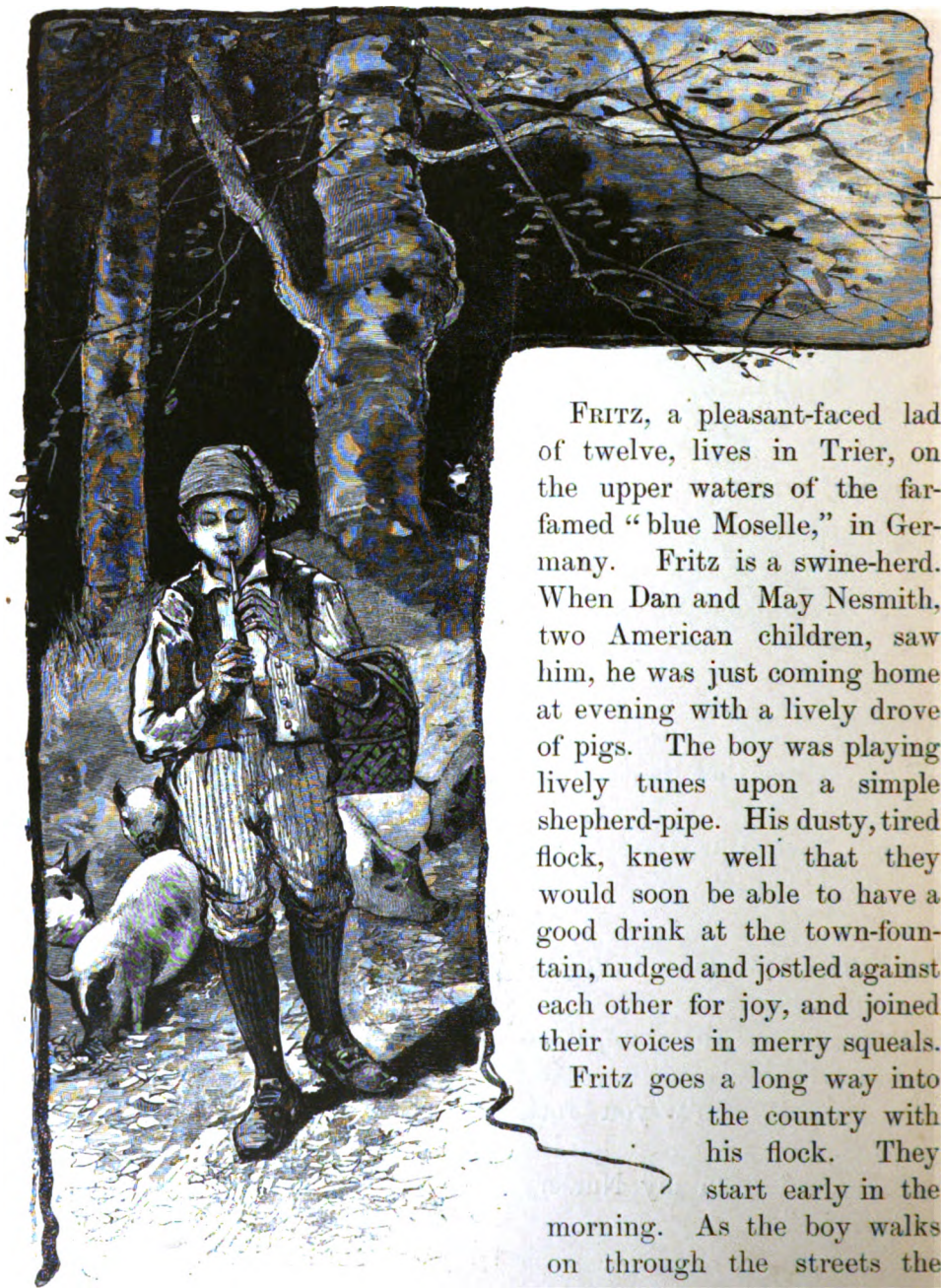
Wherever 'tis, that Santa Claus
lives,
And have Christmas every
day!

"When — I — am — a grown-
up — lady —
How funny the lamps do
look!
O mamma! won't you rock
me,
And read from my Nursery
book?"



LUCY RANDOLPH FLEMING.

FRITZ, THE LITTLE SWINE-HERD.



FRITZ, a pleasant-faced lad of twelve, lives in Trier, on the upper waters of the far-famed "blue Moselle," in Germany. Fritz is a swine-herd. When Dan and May Nesmith, two American children, saw him, he was just coming home at evening with a lively drove of pigs. The boy was playing lively tunes upon a simple shepherd-pipe. His dusty, tired flock, knew well that they would soon be able to have a good drink at the town-fountain, nudged and jostled against each other for joy, and joined their voices in merry squeals.

Fritz goes a long way into the country with his flock. They start early in the morning. As the boy walks on through the streets the

pigs come forth, each from his master's cabin-home, to join him. He plays his pipe and the grunting herd manifest great delight in each other's society. If any of them hide behind a bush, or stray from the highway, happy-hearted Fritz pipes up a livelier air. Then the frisky creatures, with many odd antics, drop into line again.

All summer long this is Fritz' business. His lunch-basket is on his arm, and in it are the hard black bread and harder cheese he loves so well. He lies upon the grass under the trees, and watches his pigs. They can have no greater joy than to roam about in sweet country-places and "root" and rest. Sometimes Fritz cuts pretty things from wood, and sells them to people whom he meets on the way. Dan bought a pipe like the one Fritz plays upon. May has a small wooden box with a pig's head carved upon it, very perfectly done. She puts her three pretty rings in it at night.

Dan gave the merry swine-herd a bright red woollen cap, and, if you could have seen how Fritz' face lighted up when the silver coins for pipe and box were dropped into his plump brown hands, you would have thought he had never seen so much money before. He bowed and bowed, and shook his curly head, and capered and danced about to make one laugh until tears came. Now that Dan and May are once more at home they often speak of merry Fritz of Trier, whom they met in a country far away.

F. P. CHAPLIN.





JUST AS FAT.

Just as fat
Is my little man,
Who eats and sleeps
And does all that.
With dimpled chin
And cheeks like bubbles,
He knows no care,
And has no troubles.

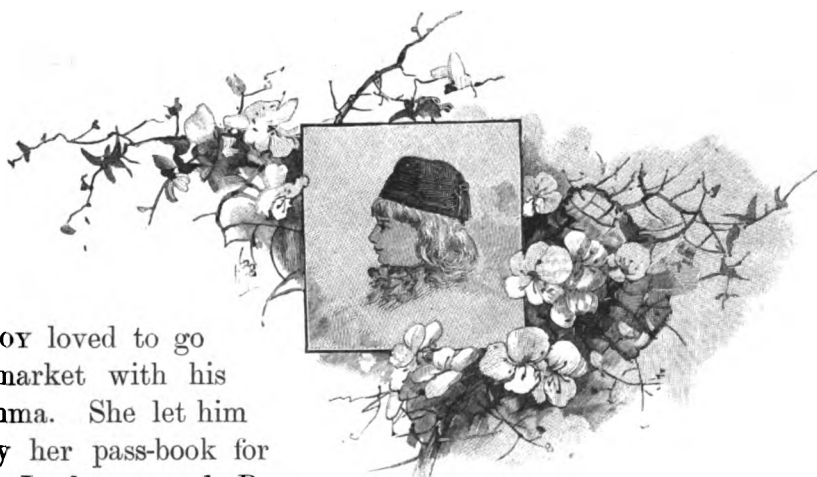
Yes, he's fat,
Is my little man,
Who winks and blinks
And does all that.
With double chin
And cheeks like bubbles,
He's far too fat
For baby troubles.

Just as fat !
How pretty his cheeks !
So jolly plump,
And pink at that.

Tickle his chin
And touch those bubbles,
And you'll see why
He has no troubles.

WM. B. OLESON.

A HARD LESSON.



ROY loved to go to market with his mamma. She let him carry her pass-book for her. It always made Roy happy to help his mamma.

Now, a "pass-book" is made of clean white paper. Each day the store-keeper writes in it the list of the things which are ordered. At the end of the month he sends in his bill, and the one who buys looks it over with the book. In this way no mistakes will be made.

One morning Roy saw at the grocer's a fine black cat, sitting on a pile of boxes. He gently stroked her. Tabby seemed to like it, for she purred loudly. Before summer was over she knew Roy well. She always ran to meet him as soon as she saw him.

Roy's papa told him one day that they were all to go across the ocean to stay a year. At first Roy was glad. His tongue never tired with talking about it.

But by and by a terrible thought crept into his curly head. He must leave Tabby!

That night he cried himself to sleep. But Roy was not the boy to waste time in useless fretting. He soon dried his eyes and set about thinking of some way out of his trouble. It was only when he saw Tabby that the tears would come.



At last Roy 'woke one morning with a light heart. He had made up his mind what to do. He asked nurse to take him for a walk. When he was ready he took his mamma's pass-book and they hurried off to the place where Tabby lived. Roy offered the book to the grocer, as he had seen his mamma do. Tabby rubbed coaxingly against him as he said :—

“Please, sir, I'll take Tabby. You may put her on the book.” Then he lifted the cat in his arms.

“Not so fast, my little man,” answered the store-keeper. “We could not part with Tabby at any price.”

Roy's bright face clouded. He put Tabby down and his tears fell on her pretty fur. Then he gave her one good-by hug and walked manfully out of the shop.

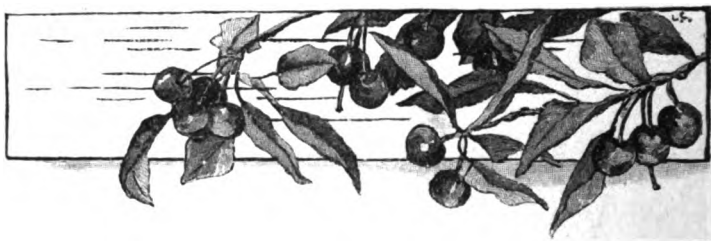
When his mamma heard about it she kissed him and said :—



“Mamma is sorry, dear. But you must learn that money cannot buy everything. Besides, we do not always know what is best for us. We could not take Tabby with us; so she is happier where she is.”

When Roy came home again one of Tabby’s kittens was waiting to welcome him.

C. EMMA CHENEY.



THE TRUANTS.

LITTLE John and his sister Nan, —
Sing heigh-ho, sing heigh-ho, —
Made in their little heads a plan, —
Sing heigh-ho! —
When tired of play they were, one day,
They set their hearts on running away;
And with no regard for this or that,
One would carry the old white cat,
And one would carry the small white kit,
That sometimes scratched and sometimes bit,
And they would run so far, so fast,
They would come to the end of the world at last;
So fast and far they would fly and fly,
They could touch the blue edge of the sky.

So, little Nan and her brother John, —
Sing heigh-ho, sing heigh-ho, —
With neither a hat nor a bonnet on, —
Sing heigh-ho! —
He with his arms shut close and tight
Round the neck of old pussy white,
She with her arms around the kit,
Carrying, hugging, squeezing it,
Started to run so far and fast
They should reach the end of the world at last;
Started so fast and far to fly
They could touch the blue edge of the sky;
But cat and kitten proved such a weight,
They got no further than the gate.

MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.





SHIP AHoy !

"SHIP ahoy ! What ship's that ?"

"The Physalie."

"Whither bound ?"

"Wherever she pleases."

"Under whose orders?"

"The King of Portugal."

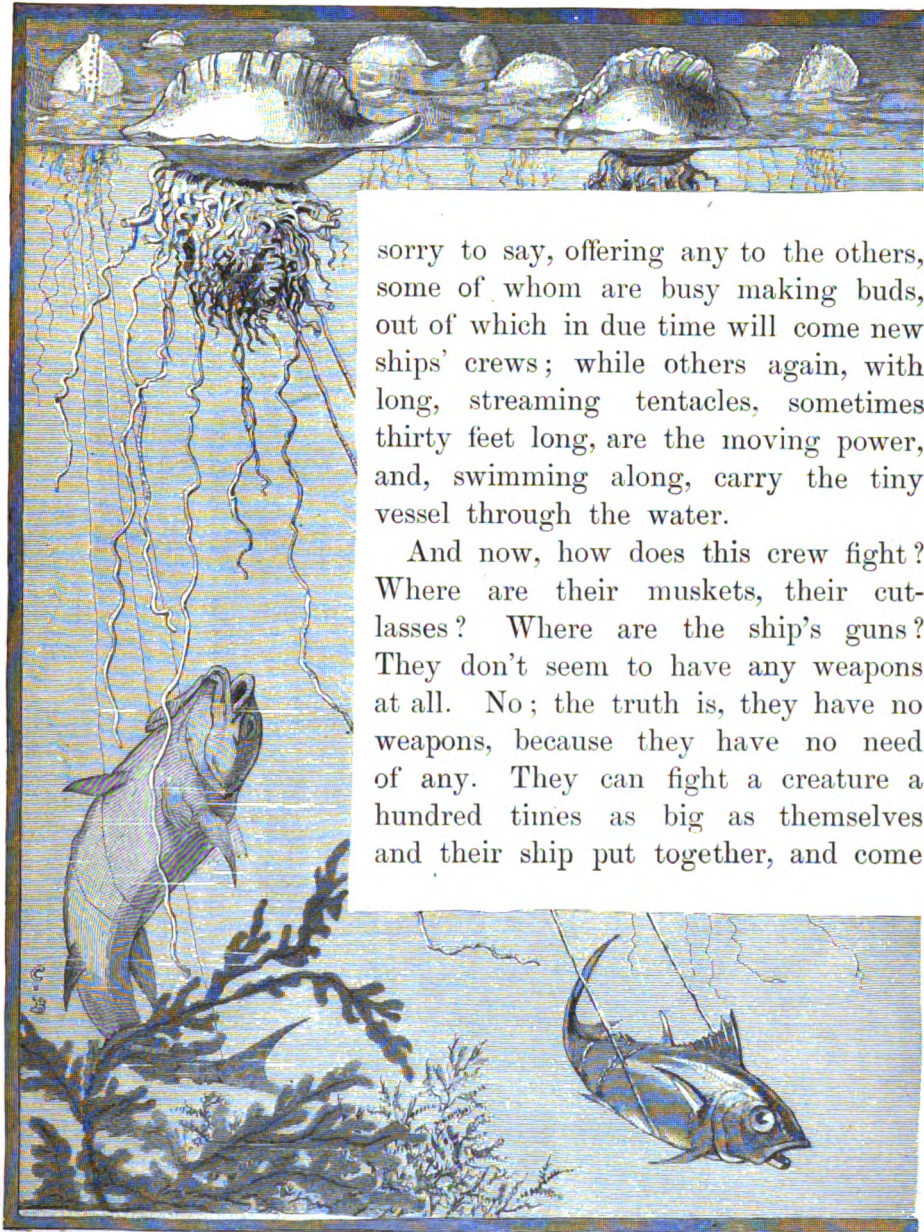
Look at the ship, children ! You do not see her ? There she is, in the picture. She may not look exactly like the ships you are accustomed to seeing ; but for all that she is a ship of the line, all manned and equipped and ready for action.

She is a tight and trim vessel, and sails, I take it for granted, under the orders of the King of Portugal ; at least, she is always called a Portuguese man-of-war. Very trim she is, and very compact, too, for you could hold her in your hand, as far as her size is concerned. If you should *try* to hold her in your hand, however, you would very quickly find out *one* reason for her being called a man-of-war, though perhaps it is not the reason generally given.

You see all those delicate curling threads and tendrils that hang from the beautiful shell-shaped bubble which floats so lightly on the water ? They are the crew of the good ship Physalie.

Instead of being different parts of one creature they are themselves creatures, distinct and separate, and yet all living together in such perfect harmony and peace that they seem to belong to one body.

Each member of the crew has his place and his work. Some spend their time in catching food, and eating it, without, I am



sorry to say, offering any to the others, some of whom are busy making buds, out of which in due time will come new ships' crews; while others again, with long, streaming tentacles, sometimes thirty feet long, are the moving power, and, swimming along, carry the tiny vessel through the water.

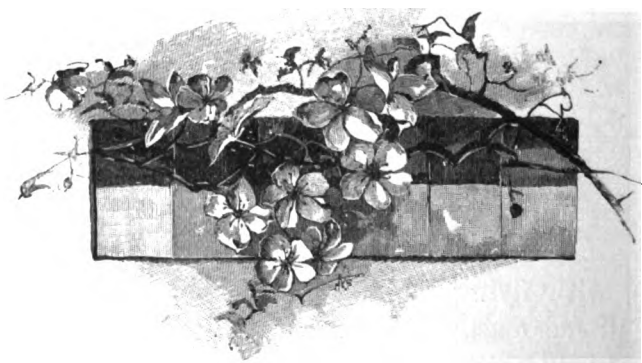
And now, how does this crew fight? Where are their muskets, their cutlasses? Where are the ship's guns? They don't seem to have any weapons at all. No; the truth is, they have no weapons, because they have no need of any. They can fight a creature a hundred times as big as themselves and their ship put together, and come

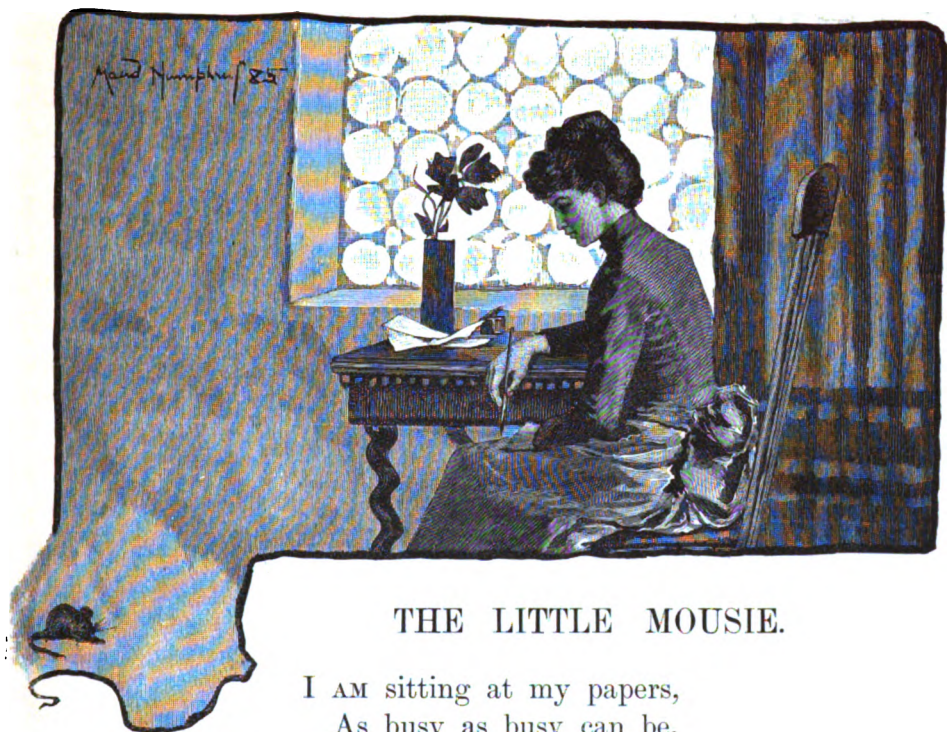
off victorious, with flying colors. I will tell you a story which a gentleman told me once, about his meeting a Portuguese man-of-war; then you will understand all about it.

He was living at the time on one of the islands in the West Indies, and used to go in bathing every morning. One morning he had been swimming about for nearly an hour in the clear warm water, watching all the strange and beautiful creatures which were also taking a morning swim, and thinking how pleasant it must be to be a fish. At last he floated on his back, and let a great, curling, white-crested wave carry him to the shore. Now, this same wave was bringing a whole fleet of "galleys," as the natives call the Physalie, in from the open sea, and just as Mr. La Blond touched the shore one of the galleys touched his arm, and instantly grappled it, flinging round his shoulder its beautiful streamers of crimson, pink, and pale blue. He felt a thousand sharp, darting pains, so intense that he grew dizzy. Exerting all his strength, he tore the Physalie off and flung it into the sea; but some of the thread-like tendrils remained glued to his arm, and he nearly fainted away with the pain. He managed to get some oil, and swallowed some, and rubbed his arm with the rest; but it was some hours before the pain left him, and he was not well until the next day.

So you see the tiny man-of-war is not so innocent as it looks; and if it can so powerfully affect a man, just think what a hard time the little fishes must have when they meet a fleet, or even a single vessel! They just curl up their little tails and die in despair, and the heartless crew of the galley make a meal of them.

LAURA E. RICHARDS.





THE LITTLE MOUSIE.

I AM sitting at my papers,
As busy as busy can be,
When running across the carpet,
What do you think I see?
What but a little mouse so gray,
Running about in open day.

He runs beneath the table,
While I steal out the door,
And quietly bring the mouse-trap
I always keep in store.
And then I sit down again to write
And wait for the mousie to come in sight.

And soon poor mousie smells the cheese
And clambers on the trap,
He puts his little paw down through
The wires, — the cunning chap! —
But 'tis "no go," and in despair
He steals into "the lion's lair."



Down comes the door and he is caught,—
Poor, little, trembling one!
Too frightened now to eat the cheese
He ventured for in fun,—
From school the children come, and, lo!
We let the little mousie go.

KATE UPSON CLARK.

THE BROKEN BOWL.

HOWARD was about ten years old. He was generally a good boy, and he tried to be a brave boy. But he was a coward about one thing. He was not afraid of the dark, nor of being naughty; but he was afraid of being punished. If he did anything wrong, he did not tell of it, but waited to be found out.

He had a big dog, named Nero. Nero was very fond of Howard, and would let no one touch him to harm him. Howard's mother had a beautiful blue china bowl. It stood in her parlor, on a table. It cost a great deal of money, and she was very fond of it. One day, while she was out, Howard was in the parlor playing with his ball. He should not have been playing there, and he knew it. He thought nothing would happen.

But something did happen. He tossed his ball up, but did not catch it when it fell. The bowl did catch it and was broken in pieces. Howard was so frightened he ran out of the room, without stopping to shut the door. He played in the yard for a little while, and tried to forget, but could not. He knew he ought to tell





his mother as soon as she came home ; but he was afraid. He knew she would be displeased and punish him. Pretty soon he went back into the house. Nero was not with Howard. He liked so much to lie on the soft parlor carpet, that when Howard ran out, leaving the door open, he went in and laid down. When Howard's mother came home and found the dog in the room with the pieces of the bowl, of course she thought he had broken it.

"O you bad dog!" she said; "I shall whip you for this!" She went into the hall for a little whip that was there. Howard stood by the door.

"What are you going to do, mamma?" he asked.

"I'm going to whip Nero," she said; "he has broken my bowl."

Howard followed his mother into the parlor. Nero looked very sad when he saw the whip. Then Howard grew very brave, for he could not let Nero be whipped. "Don't, mamma," he said, catching her hand; "Nero did not do it; I did!"

Howard had to stay all day in his room, and have nothing but bread and water for dinner and tea; but he was very glad he had not let Nero be punished.

ANNA M. TALCOTT.



THE YOUNG NATURALIST.

LITTLE Edna Hayes is so fond of animals, birds, and insects, that her father often calls her his little naturalist.

While her playmates are busy with their dolls she can often be seen wandering alone in the garden or orchard, trying to find some new kind of insect to add to her store. She has a place in one corner of the yard where she keeps her strange little pets, and there she makes little houses for them, and the oddest little beds, and does all she can to make them live.

But there was one time when her love for these little creatures got her into trouble.

It was just at twilight. Edna was standing by the window when she saw something creeping along on the wire screen. She thought

it must be a large fly, or perhaps a grasshopper trying to find his grassy nest, that he might go to sleep.

"Poor little thing!" she said. "You must have got lost. I will take you to my house in the yard and give you a bed."



She reached up and took it in her little hand. Alas! what could be the matter? Such screaming and dancing about was really frightful. Mamma hurried to light the gas, the children came running in from their play, and papa hastened in from the yard to see what could be the cause of such an unusual noise.

"He bit me! He bit me!" was all little Edna could say; and this she kept repeating as she tossed her hand wildly about. On searching for it the little creat-

ure was found on the floor near the window. It was a wasp.

Edna is still as fond of insects as ever, but she is more careful about taking them in her hands, unless she knows them to be such as are harmless.

H. L. CHARLES.



THE ORPHAN TURKEYS.

A TRUE STORY.

TWENTY-TWO little turkeys
Were hatched by two hens,
And, one by one, some of them
Came to bad ends ;
Till only six turkeys
Were shivering with cold.
The old hens had weaned them
When scarce a month old.
And now, when the rain comes,
Oh, where can they go, —
Each disconsolate turkey,
The picture of woe ?
It was time for a venture,
So the poor little things
Crept up for a shelter
'Neath the old rooster's wings.
That old Brahma rooster
Didn't say, "What a fix !"
But with his broad wings
He sheltered all six.

And not only then,
But the next rainy day,
He sheltered them all
In the same friendly way.



The farmer's wife saw it,
And said, "I declare,
Kind-hearted old fellow!
Your life I will spare.

I fully intended
To take off your head;
But those two old hens
Shall lose theirs instead."

My dear little children,
You always will find,
With folks or with fowls,
It pays to be kind.

MRS. H. E. JENKINS.



ONE OF GUSSIE'S MISHAPS.

"Now be sure and bring Gussie," wrote Aunt Madge, who liked Gussie none the less because she was mischievous. Rumor whispered that auntie herself had been something of a rogue in her youth.

"Be sure and bring Gussie. I have some students in the house just now, but Gussie will not be afraid of them."

"What is students, I wonder?" asked Gussie, in an awe-struck tone. But mamma was talking about something in the letter, and did not hear.

"Anyhow," thought the child, "if they don't hurt Aunt Madge they won't hurt me."

"I am afraid to take you, Gussie," said mamma; "you are certain to get into some mischief."

"I will be so careful, mamma," said Gussie, in such pleading tones that mamma finally consented.

So that afternoon Gussie was dressed in her best dress and new shoes, to her great delight's house" with papa

Gussie was at first



light, and went to "aunt-and mamma.

very careful. She went demurely with young Mr. Blake to look at the new kittens all curled up in the hay, and the little white calf.

After tea, however, she forgot herself, and had a frolic with Rover. Rover was a great black Newfoundland dog. Both he and Gussie enjoyed their romp very much.

Katrina, who was washing dishes in the kitchen, suddenly heard a scream from the barn-

yard. Dropping her towel she hurried out.

Alas, poor Gussie!

In auntie's barn-yard there was a sink-hole. It was not a very deep one, fortunately for Gussie. But it was deep enough to come up to her chin when she stood on her toes.

Katrina pulled her out, sputtering and scolding as she did so. By that time the rest of the household reached the scene.

"She will have to go to bed," said auntie, "and her clothes be put in water. You can send her some clean ones in the morning."

So poor Gussie was sent to bed, when it was still daylight. Auntie brought a large book of pictures to amuse her, and then went downstairs.

When auntie went to bed that night she looked in to see if Gussie was all right. She found the child sitting up in bed, her cheeks very red, and her eyes full of tears.

"O auntie!" said she, "I was hoping you'd come, I'm so afraid."

"Why, dear child," said auntie, sitting down on the bed and drawing Gussie close to her, "there is nothing to be afraid of. What were you dreaming of?"

Gussie hesitated a moment; then, lifting her head from auntie's shoulder:—

"You told about students in your letter, auntie,—what is students?"

Aunt Madge, to Gussie's surprise, burst out laughing. Then she explained. When Gussie knew that auntie had some young men boarding with her, who went to school just as Gussie did herself, she laughed too.

Next morning Gussie had her breakfast in bed, for her clothes had not come.

"Just as if I was sick," thought the child, as she nibbled her slice of toast and ate a fresh egg. Gussie was pretty tired of playing invalid before papa came with her clean clothes. He was going a few miles beyond on business, and would stop for Gussie on his way back.

MRS. I. A. THRESHER.



STAR OF THE EVENING.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

VOICE.

p Andante espress.

cresc.

- | | |
|--|------------------------------------|
| 1. Star of the eve - ning, Shin - ing on high, | Queen of the beau - ti - ful |
| 2. Eyes that are watch - ing, Gaze up - on thee; | Eyes that are anx - ious - ly |
| 3. Day - star of glad - ness, When o'er the skies, | Tem - pests and dark - ness sweep. |

PIANO.

f *p* *cresc.*

Gem of the sky.	Light of the trav - el - er,	Long - ing for rest,	Ev - er - more
Watch - ing for me.	Light of the wan - der - er,	Ev - er - more thine,	Smiling I
Do thou a - rise.	And when faith fail - eth us,	Light of the blest,	Shine on our

f *p*

peace - ful - ly	Glow in the west.	} Star of the eve - ning, Shin - ing on
gaze on thee, Smile thou on mine.		
wan - der - ings, Guide us to rest.		

f *p* *pp*

high, Queen of the beau - ti - ful, Gem of the sky.

"Not for a day, but for all time."

This is not a book for the particular amusement of the baby while a baby, but is a dainty diary in which the mother records the birth, the weight from time to time, the first step, the first tooth, the gifts, the first attempts at speech, and all the other wonderful events of babyhood, for her own gratification and the future benefit of the hero or heroine of the pictorial biography.

The illustrations being in gold and colors, we are unable to reproduce a specimen here. The cut below represents, in black, the title-page, reduced.

Baby's Kingdom



Wherein may be chronicled by the loving mother the story of the events, happenings, and cunningness attending the progress of "My Baby," as a memento for grown-up days. Designed and illustrated by ANNIE F. COX. Printed in colors. Bound in elegant style. Cloth and gold, \$3.75; Turkey morocco, \$7.50; Tree calf, \$7.50; all gilt edges.

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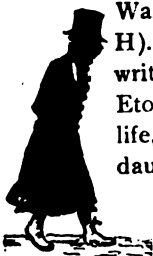


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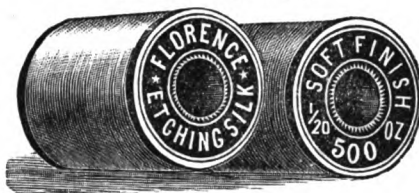
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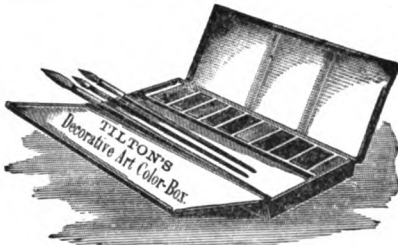


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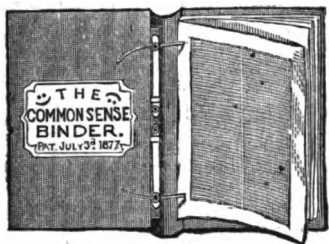
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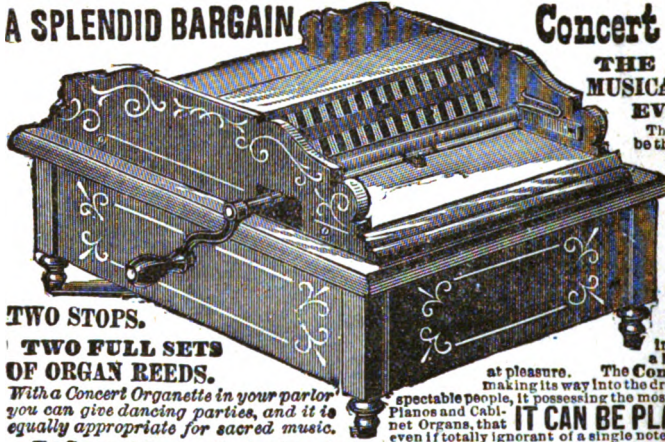
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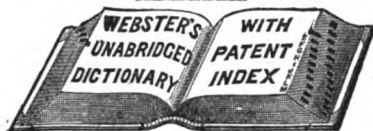
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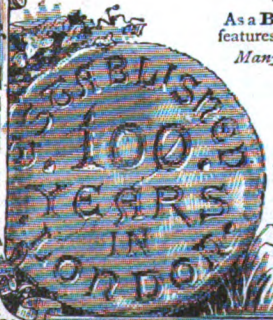
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